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BIOPOLITICS: SCIENCE, ETHICS, AND PUBLIC POLICY

By LYNTON K. CALDWELL

LAST year a front-page column of the New York *Herald Tribune* carried a whimsical description of a new science of biopolitics. J. P. Miller, already secure in his reputation for social criticism through satire in *Days of Wine and Roses,* recounted an imaginary interview between an official government biopolitician and a newspaper reporter concerning the meaning of the "new science" of biopolitics, "the science of proving that what must be done for political reasons is biologically safe for the human race."

The reported interview occurs sometime after 1971, when the collapse of the nuclear test ban treaty has been followed by a resumption of massive testing in the atmosphere and soaring levels of fallout. In order to relieve popular fears and prevent panics and anti-government demonstrations, official biopoliticians "prove scientifically that the previous human tolerances to radioactivity and all other by-products of nuclear testing, including strontium 90, had been estimated far too low." The official pronouncement has "a wonderful calming effect on the people." Public confidence is restored.

But, asks the reporter, suppose that an increase in bone cancer is being caused by heavy concentration of strontium 90 in human and animal marrow? Some unofficial scientists say so. But the official biopolitician replies that statements which frighten people are certainly not in the public interest. Bone cancer and strontium 90 cannot be linked, he declares. "The

people wouldn't like it. Therefore, by definition it is biopolitically impossible."

In the tradition of the moralizing fable, Miller is posing one of the biggest, most difficult questions of our time: are science and politics really compatible? The philosopher-dramatist with a sociological turn of mind can put the question this way. Presumably the political scientist could too—but he rarely does. As "scientist" he finds it impractical to ask questions about the extent of man's political capacities that the present state of knowledge does not permit him to answer. Moreover the discipline of political science in America has, in its subconscious, assumed the infinite perfectibility of man. To hypothesize that political man cannot or will not reshape his goals and values in the light of scientific knowledge seems disloyal to the tradition of the discipline. But while the question cannot be usefully posed in absolute and theoretical terms, it is by implication being posed daily in limited and practical situations. In the language of politics "it is a condition that confronts us, not a theory."

An explosion of biological knowledge and technology is raising questions of public policy which until recently were hypothetic, and were therefore from a practical point of view unreal. Whether there is, can, or should be in any sense a science of "biopolitics" can easily be dismissed as facetious. But the conscientious man grows uneasy when he reflects upon the mounting problems which the life sciences (in particular) are posing for political solution. There is certain to be more biology in politics and this could mean, as J. P. Miller implies, more politics in biology.

The scientist, the politician, and the philosopher, each in his own way, is confronted by the question of how political reactions to an expanding, innovating biology will affect its application to the public happiness and welfare. And unfortunately for the policy-makers, happiness and welfare do not always follow from the same course of action. Yet there are urgencies in our present "biopolitical" state of affairs that compel a reconciliation of

ethical values and scientific facts in public policies involving t
biological nature of man.

"Biopolitics," then, though it certainly does not designate
science, is a useful piece of shorthand to suggest political effo
to reconcile biological facts and popular values—notably ethi
values—in the formulation of public policies. It affords a sel
tive focus on a portion of the larger issue of the relationship
science to society.

For several decades, spectacular developments in the ph
ical sciences have overshadowed major but less readily demc
strable advances in biology. Moreover the impact of appli
biology upon society often occurs on a time scale that obscu
its effects—at least in the early stages. Thus the present popu
tion explosion has been underway ever since public health a
ministration and medicine began to eliminate the "natura
controls over human reproduction. The explosion of popu
tion may be as inexorable and destructive as the explosion
nuclear energy, but the consequences of the nuclear bomb a
all too readily observable whereas the potential consequen
of the population bomb are inferred through the dry and l
convincing medium of statistics.

Although there is widespread and profound disagreement
to its implications, the population explosion is now genera
acknowledged. There is less awareness of a concurrent explosi
of biological knowledge, an accelerating geometrical expansi
of knowledge, the culmination of long years of accumulating
quiry in the various bio-sciences. It is the contemporary cc
vergence of these two explosions—of people and biology—tl
justifies, indeed necessitates, a focus on biopolitics.

If the popular press and political behavior are taken at fa
value, people are nowhere (certainly not in America) ready
cope either conceptually or politically with the population e
plosion. This circumstance in itself is a major element in
larger body of evidence suggesting the unreadiness of most pe
ples and their governments to deal effectively with an impendi
explosion of biological knowledge. That extraordinary advan

in biological science and biotechnology are imminent seems certain. To this there has been informed and responsible testimony for some time. Detlev W. Bronk, President of the Rockefeller Institute, has stated that ". . . we have learned more about the nature of living matter and the mechanisms of living organisms during recent years than in all prior human history." And the rate of learning accelerates. The revision of man's perception of himself and of nature that the biological sciences may require could be as drastic as the changes made by the physical sciences in man's perception of the cosmos. William K. Wyant, Jr. recently noted the likelihood that "the rough jolts of the future, in the way man thinks of himself, will come from studies done with the microscope."

The more sensational speculations growing out of biological congresses make news headlines and sober editorials. Commenting on the unprecedented implications of the emerging biotechnology discussed at the Eleventh International Congress of Genetics, an editorial in the New York *Times* declared that "the moral, economic and political implications of these possibilities are staggering" and then asked rhetorically "is mankind ready for such power?" In the judgment of some of the most thoughtful students of man's biopolitical behavior the answer is "No." Representative of misgivings in the scientific community is the regretful observation of Theodosius Dobzhansky that man, comprehending the meaning of his biological evolution:

> . . . should be able to replace the blind force of natural selection by conscious direction, based on his knowledge of nature and on his values. It is as certain that such direction will be needed as it is questionable whether man is ready to provide it. He is unready because his knowledge of his own nature and its evolution is insufficient; because a vast majority of people are unaware of the necessity of facing the problem; and because there is so wide a gap between the way people actually live and the values and ideals to which they pay lip service.

Public unreadiness to use an expanding biotechnology wisely is not merely a speculative conclusion. Popular behavior and political action (or inaction) indicate prevailing attitudes toward biological realities. A cursory look at some of the current bio-

political issues suggests a mixed and contradictory picture. In each case a confrontation of biological facts, political exigencies, and ethical values occurs in the course of policy-making.

Biopolitical issues tend to fall into two general groups differing chiefly in the directness and generality of their effects. The first group may be termed environmental. Issues in this category arise when environments are impaired as a consequence of deliberate or inadvertent human action. The most dramatic of these concerns radio-active fallout. The attendant confusion of counsels and political recriminations hardly need comment. Whenever biological innovation is believed to threaten public health and happiness, and when scientific evidence can be marshaled in support of opposing views, a biopolitical row is inevitable. The fluoridation controversy, chronicled recently in the *Saturday Review,* is a case in point. Another is the danger of chemical poisoning through pesticides, dramatized by Rachel Carson's *The Silent Spring,* which engendered controversies described by René Dubos as ". . . disgraceful both from the scientific and social points of view."

Biopolitical controversies, frequently as heated, have arisen over efforts to conserve scientific and esthetic values in natural landscapes and in plant and animal wildlife. More recently questions concerning the effects of noise and of crowding upon human populations have been pressed forward. But in none of these matters has public policy making been pursued with the vigor urged in most of the polemic and some of the scientific literature. Perhaps this is because a clear and unequivocally right course of action seldom emerges from the research findings and the contradictions of scientific and of popular opinion.

For this failure to deal effectively with environmental problems the scientific community bears some responsibility. In a recent critique on environmental biology René Dubos takes his fellow scientists to task for gross neglect of ". . . the problems posed by the response of the total organism to the total environment." He argues that the potentialities of medicine for human welfare will be severely restricted until medical science has been provided with adequate scientific knowledge of "the effects of

the total environment on the human condition." When scientists themselves offer no adequate explanation of the responses of body and mind to the impact of modern technology, has the politician any choice other than to trim biological facts to fit political circumstances? If science cannot speak authoritatively regarding the threats to physical and mental health posed by "constant and unavoidable exposure to the stimuli of urban and industrial civilization; by the varied aspects of environmental pollution; by the emotional trauma and often the solitude of life in congested cities; by the monotony, the boredom, indeed, the compulsory leisure of automated work," how can the politics of these issues be guided by science? It may indeed be argued that science, and biology in particular, are providing society with a powerful array of tools and problems, but with no adequate conceptual basis for relating tools to problems in practice.

A second group of biopolitical issues are more directly and specifically physiological than environmental. More personal in immediate impact although scarcely less general in ultimate ramification are biopolitical issues relating to individual human behavior in the use of cigarettes, tranquilizers, narcotics, and alcohol—and extending to the biochemical control of personality. Even more personal and at the same time of greater social implications are questions relating to human reproduction, to social concern for the numbers and qualities of future populations. In addition, ethics and biology become mutually involved in the political issue of public responsibility for public health and medical care. And finally the relations between biology, politics, and ethics are perhaps most starkly posed in the issue of biological warfare. In few of these areas have people demonstrated a readiness to be guided by verifiable knowledge in a search for policies equal to the problems. On many matters, inadequate as our knowledge may be, our failure to make full use of what we do know is all the more regrettable.

Biopolitical problems—particularly the major ones—grow increasingly national, international, and even global in character. The continuing flow of air and water and living organisms

around the world has always tended to spread biological phenomena into any receptive environment. Modern technology multiplies and accelerates these possibilities, but it also enables us to discover and to understand the processes of dispersion and interaction. Where cause-and-effect relationships in these processes have become clear they have sometimes influenced political behavior as, for example, when the sciences of epidemiology and plant pathology led to the establishment of quarantines at national frontiers and were among the factors leading to international cooperation in public health and agriculture. Continuing difficulty in controlling international traffic in narcotics and the recent tragic consequences of the sale of the dangerous drug thalidomide in international commerce underscore the lesson that there can be no biopolitical frontiers.

A convincing argument can now be made that old-fashioned political nationalism is one of the principal obstacles to biological sanity. How much positive harm or deprivation may a nation lawfully inflict upon the rest of the world in pursuance of its alleged "sovereign rights"? Atmospheric testing of thermonuclear devices has posed the question dramatically, but a list of other major biopolitical issues, current and impending, could be extended to great length and in great variety. Obvious illustrations are found in national policies pertaining to the destruction of wildlife, allocation of water from international rivers, disposal of harmful wastes, control of plant and animal diseases, and increase in populations.

The inadequacy of conventional political mechanisms to deal with the problems of the new age of biology is nowhere more apparent than in the oceans from which life may well have come and from which man is increasingly drawing sustenance. As knowledge of the influence of the oceans upon terrestrial life continues to grow, so too does apprehension concerning impairment of their life-sustaining qualities. Massive discharge of untreated biological and industrial wastes into rivers, lakes, and coastal waters has impaired or destroyed important resources of food supply and recreation; residues from oil-burning seacraft have been so harmful to marine life that international control

efforts have been sought; and proposals to bury radioactive wastes in the sea have aroused fears and controversy. But deliberate pollution is not the only problem. The Surgeon-General of the United States Public Health Service reports that the insect-killer DDT in some mysterious manner has invaded the water environment of the world and is being found in surprisingly large concentrations in the fats and oils of deep sea fish.

But the most portentous biopolitical issues relate to the evolution of man himself. The coincident and related explosions of human population and of biological knowledge may conceivably represent the most critical stage in human evolution since the last great ice age. The ability and necessity to control the numbers and hence (in some respects) the genetic characteristics of future populations could create a situation without precedent in human existence. And, in addition, the availability and refinement of chemopsychiatric drugs suggests both hoped-for and frightening possibilities for the manipulation and control of human behavior. Never before have the necessity and the possibility of control over man occurred at so decisive a conjunction.

Popular (and political) "wisdom" tends to avoid facing issues in advance of a compelling necessity. Questions as sensitive and confused as those just mentioned are especially good candidates for relegation to some indefinite future. But if society's ability to deal effectively with a problem requires policy decision *before* the matter becomes a compelling issue, then some means must be found to enable political action to anticipate the future. Practical biopolitics calls for a degree of foresight that the lexicon of conventional wisdom would term "theoretical." And practical democratic politicians find it difficult to persuade themselves or their publics of the necessity of dealing with tomorrow's uncertain problems when the self-evident issues of today press for attention.

At the root of these issues one finds the familiar dichotomies: fact and value, science and tradition, knowledge and action. If society moves ever more rapidly into an age of biology, how well can public leadership—scientific, educational, and political—

bridge the gulf between the realities of popular concepts and the realities of scientific fact? If a massive reorientation of popular attitudes would be necessary for society to benefit fully from the *present* state of biology, how much more orientation may be required to develop a popular receptivity to the biology and biotechnology of the emerging future? There are wide gaps to be bridged between the biological sciences and public policies, and present resources are not adequate to the task.

The building of a better bridge between science and society leads to consideration of four basic elements in the process. These are: first, prevailing perceptions of man's relation to nature; second, the meaning of science as interpreted by formalized education; third, communication between scientists and policymakers; and fourth, leadership toward a policy synthesis of scientific knowledge and ethical values. Whatever utility the concept "biopolitics" possesses is primarily in relation to this fourth element. But all four are ultimately interrelated.

It is commonplace that man's perception of himself in relation to his environment is influenced by his culture pattern. In cosmopolitan and dynamic societies, these perceptions may range widely, as they have for example in the history of the American people. But in the realm of politics and social policy, some perceptions prevail over others. And, with acknowledgment of the inevitable exceptions, it is generally true that man's perception of his environment has in the main been possessive, exploitative, and short-sighted. From science, society has more often sought technology than understanding. The eminent ecologist Paul B. Sears has said, "The power of applied science has been overwhelmingly employed to exploit space, while those aspects of science that could illuminate its wise and lasting use are still largely ignored."

Industrial man (which until recently meant Western man) has for the most part seen himself as separate from and outside of nature. From this inference he has frequently concluded that he may exploit nature with impunity and that where nature fails to meet his wants, science through technology will synthesize a substitute. As *The Wall Street Journal* optimistically edito-

rialized with respect to man's insatiable needs: "Technology, as always, can serve them." There has also been in Western civilization a perception of man *in* nature and a belief that he should seek understanding of his true needs and welfare through science. But this has been a minor current in a mainstream that uses science as servant rather than as teacher.

How science is used depends in large measure upon how its meaning is interpreted in the processes of formalized education. Science has been a potent influence upon education, but educational theory and practice have also shaped the course of science. Today more than ever the development of science depends not only upon the amount but also upon the nature of the incentives and support accorded it in the educational structure. For example, progress in fields as apparently diverse as medicine, human relations, and city planning is currently retarded because of past neglect of the environmental sciences. Interpretation of the implications and the needs of science to educators and to the public at large therefore becomes a crucial element in the advancement of science as well as of society.

The expansion, specialization, and diversification of biology and of all other sciences multiplies the difficulties of communication. New sciences create a need for new syntheses to relate and interpret their findings. New interdisciplinary areas take shape to deal with the new questions emerging between diverging sciences. In time, many of these interdisciplinary areas develop into coherent disciplines—into new sciences—and the process of specialization and of divergent and emergent disciplines continues.

Throughout this process direct and meaningful communication between the highly specialized research scientist and the public-policy-maker becomes ever harder to achieve. Popularizers of science have appeared in response to popular need and interest. But their status is as uncertain as their role is difficult. The best of them may find careers in journalism and may win recognition among scientists for informed and competent reporting. But there is at present little room for them in the structure of formalized education even though the need for better com-

munication between science and the rest of society is now widely recognized.

The problem of how to organize this communication is yet to be solved. This is perhaps because communication is not merely exchange of information. And information is itself more than mere data; it is data plus meaning, intended and understood. The possession of scientific knowledge holds no promise of its use in discovering the true needs of men or in serving the public happiness or welfare. There is need for more knowledge but even greater need for more understanding.

Development of valid and coherent concepts of man-in-nature requires an interrelating and a synthesizing of knowledge. It is a task of interpretative leadership. Committees of specialists may assist the clarification and integration of knowledge, but synthesizing insights and perceptions more often originate in the minds of individuals who only then can become the expositors, the interpreters, and the advocates of a new view of man and nature. This mediating role between science, ethics, and public policy may be filled in various ways by persons from varied backgrounds—from the sciences, from professional education, from philosophy, religion, or public affairs.

Among the more effective intermediaries between science and ethics in political life have been those public servants who have in their own ways been "biopoliticians" in the best sense. These men and women have not only seen a relationship between scientific knowledge and the public welfare, but they have acted on this insight to influence the course of public policy. One may cite as examples Harvey W. Wiley's crusade for pure food and drugs, Hugh H. Bennett's lessons in soil conservation, and Ira Gabrielson's labors to substitute science for folklore in the management of wildlife. In each of these instances and in more that could be cited, scientific knowledge, a fundamentally ethical perception, and skill in communication were fused in effective policy leadership.

Granted that some aspects of biopolitics rest upon solid scientific support, the fact remains that we have not yet laid down a comprehensive biological foundation upon which a "science of

mankind" can safely be erected. The scientific basis of biopolicy is fragmentary and will most likely remain so until the need for a comprehensive, verifiable, conceptual foundation for a healthful, creative, self-renewing society is more widely felt than it is today.

Better popular understanding of the biological factors in society should follow from a more accurate popular comprehension of science in the broadest sense. George Gaylord Simpson has pointed out the integrating role of biology among the sciences: life is the phenomenon to which all principles of science apply. In certain specialized areas of biology, notably in relation to agriculture and medicine, there has been a continuous flow of knowledge from the laboratory to practical application. The histories of the agricultural extension service and of the public health movement in the United States afford cases in point. But the dual explosions of population and biology create a much broader need for the desirable kind of biopolitics that has been so effective in particular cases. To achieve this objective may require new machinery in government. More certainly, it will entail changes in the structure and content of formal education and the addition of new elements to the career development of teachers and public officials who in the long run are among the principal architects of public policy.

It is neither possible nor necessary to examine here the ways in which the machinery of government might more effectively promote and utilize scientific knowledge. Relations between science and government have been analyzed at length and are under study by several Congressional committees. There is agreement in principle that government must be adapted to the new conditions wrought by science, but less agreement on what changes should be made. The United States Public Health Service's proposed Center for Environmental Health illustrates how the growth of knowledge calls forth new agencies to extend and apply that knowledge.

The changes in education that are needed to bridge the gap between biology and politics are more clearly evident. Through-

out the modern world communication and understanding suffer greatly from gaps in the structure of education—gaps that appear with specialization and with divergence among the sciences and between them and the humanities. But even C. P. Snow's pessimistic analysis of "the two cultures"—the sciences and the humanities—does not postulate a gap that is unbridgeable. And it can be argued that the structuring of knowledge in Western society is a major factor in the cleavage that he has dramatized.

There is perhaps no *one* best way to obtain a more adequate communication among the disciplines and a more effective integration of related knowledge. Among the older disciplines changes in concept and emphasis may be needed as, for example, in geography where the discredited "environmentalism" of the past generation is being replaced by search for a more valid basis for understanding man-environment relationships. We may also need new disciplines to interpenetrate the older ones—to give us syntheses—to provide the form and substance of a more comprehensive understanding of man and nature. The beginnings of answers to these needs may be discerned in some aspects of the behavioral sciences and in the emerging environmental sciences—some, such as ecology hitherto relatively neglected; others such as biometeorology, regional economics and outer-space environmental research, relatively new in concept and method.

If the conditions for a better biopolitics require more realistic popular perceptions of man-in-nature, one way to assist this popular understanding is through the re-education and training of teachers, public officials, and opinion leaders. Updating and improvement of the teaching of biology has been for some time a subject for attention by the American Institute of Biological Sciences. The development of an awareness and comprehension of the significance of scientific developments by persons *outside* the fields of science is a different although related problem. Both developments are needed in strengthening the foundation for an enlightened biopolitics.

An important but relatively neglected avenue toward broader public understanding of science is adult education in its various

forms. There is special need for an interpretation of science in its most fundamental sense to be built into career development programs for executive officials in government, business, labor, and the professions. Science (and particularly the biological sciences) has heretofore received comparatively little attention in these efforts, possibly because the relevance of the sciences to most fields of career development has not been fully appreciated. If mankind is rapidly confronted by unprecedented possibilities growing out of biological research and by increasing difficulties resulting from increasing populations, the need for biopolitical reorientation may soon gain a general recognition that it does not now enjoy. But this task of reorientation will not be done well unless the implications of biology can be reduced to terms and concepts meaningful for public policy.

To bring about an up-dating of the biopolitical understandings of teachers and leaders in public affairs, a valid conceptualizing, interpretative educational leadership will be needed. Some of the leadership may come, as it has, from government itself. More will need to come from the universities, the learned professions, and research institutes. For it should not be inferred that biology offers ready answers to all the problems it defines or its applied technology creates. Closing the gaps of knowledge and restructuring that knowledge for attack upon new or persistent biopolitical problems will be, even more obviously than it has already been, a multidisciplinary task.

Some eminent scientists have shown skill in relating science to social needs and ethical values. But these extraordinary individuals have been too few and too infrequent to accomplish unaided the task of bridging the gaps between bioscience and biopolitics, between science and society. The sheer mass and specialized complexity of expanding knowledge create a need for a systematic and continuing effort toward synthesis from which intelligible conceptualization and communication may be forthcoming. As yet the task is barely attempted and then in only a few places.

Does all this then imply the need for a "science" of biopolitics

for purposes quite the opposite of those suggested by J. P. Miller? The answer is both yes and no. It is no if biopolitics is understood *only* as a new formal academic discipline to deal comprehensively with social applications of biological knowledge. This is not to say that such a discipline is unnecessary—or would be impractical—or that it could not be developed. We have been concerned here with the problems and the needs suggested by the term "biopolitics," with general approaches to solutions rather than with specific remedial methods. But if a science termed "biopolitics" is not specifically implied, the need should be evident for a more effective relating of the biological to the social sciences and of both to public policy and ethics.

Without the interrelation and distillation of scientific findings into issues amenable to political action, the gap between science and politics cannot be successfully bridged. Science as technology may be readily available to the lower and more routinized levels of administration. But at the higher executive and legislative levels of the governmental hierarchy where the broad public policies are formulated, the science most relevant to the issues will be more conceptual than technical. The impact of scientific thought upon public policy will in large measure depend upon its being expressed in terms meaningful to political and administrative practitioners. The legislator and public administrator must make their own policy syntheses, but they can do their jobs more effectively if the data relevant to these decisions have been organized and reduced to understandable terms. The case for aid to the administrator in his task of synthesis has been stated with exceptional clarity by Paul H. Appleby:

> Specialist after specialist pursues analysis; who pursues synthesis, or even pursues analysis with any sensible orientation to the larger function of synthesis? It is the synthesis which involves all the heavy burdens of practitioners, and these burdens are heaviest when the social action is most complex and most complexly environed. Synthesis becomes more and more important as one goes up the hierarchy, and more and more important as one moves from the relatively specialized fields of private administration to public administration.

This synthesis does not necessarily require new sciences. Ecol-

ogy, for example, has long been an established if insufficiently utilized "organizing" science. Its further development and involvement with the social sciences could provide much of the needed synthesis. It also seems probable that new emphases will emerge in established disciplines, that interdisciplinary studies will increase, and that new formalized disciplines may emerge. New arrangements to facilitate interdisciplinary studies involving synthesis of the social and biological sciences and relevant professional fields—notably architecture, engineering, public health, and natural resources administration—are already under consideration in a number of universities. From these developments might come major contributions to the formulation of public policy in the years ahead.

"Biopolitics" therefore suggests a need that may be met in many different ways. It would be difficult to argue that existing educational resources are adequate. But because few educational needs can be shown to be fully served, the question will be asked: How important is this underdeveloped area of biopolitics in relation to other unfulfilled educational demands? Restating biopolitics in broader terms as study of the role of science in society, its priority is of the highest. We have been paying heavy and steadily rising prices in dollars, health, and happiness for its relative neglect, and have entered, inadequately prepared, upon a decisive test of our capacity to avoid becoming the victims of our own ingenuity.

The "condition that confronts us" calls for more than the mere tolerance of imaginative innovation in reshaping and accelerating the education of society. Tangible and timely encouragement is needed for pathbreaking efforts, for the ever risky tasks of synthesis, for the continuing development of creative individuals capable of conceptualizing and interpreting the issues that arise at the meeting point of science, ethics and politics. The study of biopolitics—whatever it may be called—requires an extraordinary fusion of understanding, audacity, and humility.

REFLECTIONS ON NARCOTICS ADDICTION

By MARTIN HOFFMAN

AT present there are roughly two schools of thought on how to deal with the problem of intoxicating, habituating, and addictive drugs: the punitive, led by the United States Bureau of Narcotics and especially by its recently retired Commissioner, H. J. Anslinger, and the medical, led by such men as retired Assistant Surgeon General Lawrence Kolb of the United States Public Health Service, author of *Drug Addiction: A Medical Problem.*

Until recently, the punitive school has had the upper hand. For the past fifty years (i.e., since the passage of the Harrison Narcotic Act in 1914) apprehended drug addicts have been treated for the most part as criminals, have been denied access to drugs, and have been locked up whenever possible. The culmination of the efforts made by the punitive school was the Narcotics Control Act of 1956, which prescribed extremely long sentences for narcotics violations, which the judge was not allowed to suspend even if he felt it wise to do so, and which almost always made the prisoner ineligible for parole. Therefore in several ways this law made the punishment for narcotics offenses more severe than penalties for such crimes as murder and rape. James V. Bennett, director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, said the Act "has made a travesty of our concepts of justice," but it is still on the books.

Partly as a result of some of the disputes between the two factions, President Kennedy called a White House Conference on the subject in the autumn of 1962. While no definite steps were taken at this meeting, the participants seemed ready to shift the emphasis from the punitive to the medical approach, and there is abundant evidence that interested members of the public are eager to find another way of dealing with the problem. My own

experience as a staff psychiatrist at the United States Public Health Service Hospital in Fort Worth, Texas, where for two years I was exclusively concerned with the study and treatment of narcotics addicts, has convinced me that changes are necessary.

At first glance it seems curious that the punitive approach to drug addiction should have dominated the field in an age that prides itself on an enlightened, humane, and scientific attitude toward social problems. The reason seems to be that out of a cloud of misinformation and confusion there has been created a terrifying picture of the "dope fiend"—a creature driven half-crazy by his drug, who robs, rapes, and murders indiscriminately—that places him outside the bounds of society and almost beyond the borders of human consideration. Once this picture of the addict had been created, it was taken up by the popular press and driven home by sensational reporting and headlines, with the result that both our legislators and the general public became convinced that the drug addict was a terrible menace to society and must be dealt with as severely as possible.

This view has received official support. The recently retired United States Commissioner of Narcotics, Mr. Anslinger, was never reluctant to use his office to buttress it. The drug addict inspired in him a moralistic fury that he was successful in communicating both to our lawmakers and to the general public, although it was often supported by statements about the nature and effect of drugs that have no scientific basis. In his book *The Traffic in Narcotics*, written in collaboration with W. F. Tompkins, a lawyer, and published in 1953, his remarks about marihuana, for instance, would find little substantiation from the scientific community. "*Marihuana*," he writes, "*has no therapeutic value*, and its use is therefore *always* an abuse and a vice. This important fact should never be forgotten." Here is a curious mingling of fact and opinion. Many things have no current therapeutic value—cabbage, for one—although their use is not therefore to be considered a vice, and calling something "an abuse and a vice" is not an "important fact"; it is not a fact at all, but a moral judgment.

On the same subject Anslinger further pontificates: "marihuana is only and always a scourge which undermines its victims

and degrades them mentally, morally, and physically. . . . The drug has a corroding effect on the body and the mind, weakening the entire physical system and often leading to insanity after prolonged use." Yet marihuana is not even addicting; unlike the opiates, no tolerance is built up to it. It is "habituating," like coffee, tobacco, Coca-Cola, angel food cake, and all the other things in this wide world that people like and get into the habit of taking into their bodies. As Marie Nyswander has pointed out, there is no evidence that it inflicts serious harm on the smoker. That marihuana does have an intoxicating effect, no one denies, but as an intoxicant it cannot begin to compete with alcohol. It is also true that occasionally a criminally-inclined individual will commit a crime after having smoked a marihuana cigarette, but there are probably murders on record that followed the ingestion of fluoridated water. The claim that the use of marihuana "often" leads to "insanity" is more than an exaggeration; it is completely false. Such assertions have had the practical effect of condemning many essentially noncriminal men and women to years behind prison bars. The statement of a panel of medical experts, convened at the request of President Kennedy to study the drug problem for the White House Conference, that "the hazards of marihuana use have been exaggerated" seems all too mild a corrective.

When, in his book, Anslinger turns from marihuana to the opiates, a group of drugs of which heroin is the most popular at the present time, his vocabulary becomes, if possible, even more excessive. Opiates are a "source of human degradation"; they are "vicious" and a "poison." Their supposed baleful effects result not only from their addicting power *per se,* but also from the power to cause crime that they are alleged to have. Actually, most of the accepted notions about the relation between addiction and criminality—that addicts are largely recruited from the ranks of the criminal class, that the effect of the opiates is to increase the tendency of the addict to commit crimes, and that a large part of American crime is caused by addicts—are simply not correct.

To support his contention that there is a close relation between crime and drugs, Anslinger quotes R. S. S. Wilson, ex-

chief of the Canadian "Mounties" and, according to Anslinger, a noted narcotics expert, who says, "In nearly all cases the addict was a criminal *before* he became addicted." Yet in the records of the several hundred narcotics addicts with whom I have worked personally at Fort Worth, in only a minority of cases was there any history of prior non-narcotic criminality, and I am sure my experience in this regard could easily be corroborated by anyone else working in the field today. The true professional criminal is not usually an addict. Anslinger says, "It is well established that a large proportion of . . . professional gamblers . . . are addicted"; but in fact a Fort Worth inmate complained that the main reason he was barred from practicing his trade of professional gambling in his home town (a large Eastern city) was that the syndicate didn't want to have addicts working for it, since their need to get drugs through the black market made them too unreliable.

Contrary to Anslinger's position, Retired Assistant Surgeon General Lawrence Kolb says, "Instead of serving to incite crime, the use of morphine and heroin generally tends to suppress it. When these drugs are taken in large quantities by a morose, unstable, restless, discontented person, they bring on a mood inflation which makes him agreeable, pleasant, and nonaggressive." Unlike alcohol, our accepted national drug, opiates do not cause those who take them to become boisterous, rowdy, uninhibited, and violent. Opiates soothe the individual, make him relaxed, quiet, often semisomnolent. As John A. Clausen has pointed out, among the Chinese literati opium smoking was long an approved way of achieving a highly valued contemplative state.

Kolb's book contains an extensive analysis of the relation between crime and drugs, of which the author says: "A critical review of all the evidence strongly suggests that the impact of drug addiction on major crimes is so slight that it is imperceptible in statistics." There are, of course, occasional criminals who take drugs, just as sometimes a criminal will be a heavy drinker. But while the alcohol may tend to intensify the criminal impulse by releasing inhibitions, opiates will not.

The real relation between drugs and crime is this: Because the current policies of our state and Federal governments have made

legal drugs unavailable and have thereby fostered the creation of a black market, many addicts are forced into minor crimes against property in order to get money to buy the drugs they crave. Often, in order to avoid these minor crimes, which appear to be foreign to many of them, they will sell a portion of their drugs to friends to make enough to buy some of the drug for themselves. Thus they become "dope peddlers" and subject to more severe social sanctions, although these "addict peddlers" are very different from the big-time, nonaddict professional narcotic traffickers—a fact that is just beginning to dawn on our legislators.

The attempt to deal with drug addiction punitively has not succeeded. As the distinguished attorney Rufus King has written, "This chronicle of federal intervention is an epoch of dismal failure." The policy followed in the last fifty years has not eliminated drugs. It has merely driven them underground, created a lucrative source of income for the underworld, driven the addict into certain types of crime, and caused our prisons to be filled with a large number of essentially law-respecting citizens whose real offense was that they could not control their need for drugs.

One significant result of the punitive approach has been to jeopardize the relation between the drug addict and the medical profession. Before the Harrison Act, physicians were free to prescribe opiates as they saw fit. The Harrison Act did not in itself stop this. It was, curiously enough, a tax law, and designed to regulate the flow of opiates in this country. But the regulatory law became a prohibitory law by means of certain Supreme Court decisions, in which, according to King, "The High Court was the victim of a trick." In *Webb vs. U.S.* (1919), *Moy vs. U.S.* (1920), and *Behrman vs. U.S.* (1922), the Treasury Department presented to the Court a series of very flagrant abuses. It was, therefore, able to obtain rulings which indicated that a physician was not legally entitled to prescribe opiates for addicts. Following *Behrman*, a 6 to 3 decision with Holmes, Brandeis, and McReynolds dissenting, the narcotics agents, to quote King, "launched a reign of terror." They threatened physicians who wanted to treat their addict patients in the way they felt medi-

cally proper, by warning them that imprisonment would be the result.

In 1925, another narcotics case went to the High Court, *Lindner vs. U.S.* Here, in a unanimous opinion, the Court severely qualified the earlier *Behrman* opinion. It was able to do so because the case was not a flagrant one like the three mentioned above. The Court held that the *Behrman* case "cannot be accepted as authority for holding that a physician who acts bona fide and according to fair medical standards, may never give an addict moderate amounts of drugs for self-administration in order to relieve conditions incident to addiction."

But by this time the medical profession was frightened away. No one cared to risk his professional reputation by being indicted for a felony and hauled into court, even if the case might later be won in a long, expensive suit. The Narcotics Bureau more or less ignored the decision in *Lindner vs. U.S.* The present-day publications of the Bureau which inform doctors of their rights under the law do not refer to *Lindner* but instead paraphrase the discredited language of *Webb vs. U.S.*, tried six years earlier. In his book Anslinger does not even mention the *Lindner* case.

The prevalent current medical and psychiatric view of drug addiction is somewhat different. According to the President's Panel, "Drug abuse is not in itself a disease, but rather a manifestation of underlying psychologic or physiologic disorders about which we have little knowledge and no 'cure' at present." Narcotics addiction is associated with almost any group of behavioral phenomena that can be classified as a "mental illness." Some addicts are schizophrenic, many are neurotic. But by far the largest group seems to have what are called "character disorders." A person with a character disorder has neither symptoms of mental distress (such as the neurotic and psychotic have) nor signs of psychotic behavior; it has been said, with a good deal of truth, that what a man with a character disorder has is a "character that the diagnosing individual disapproves of." In short, the diagnosis of character disorder is a value judgment. But virtually all psychiatric diagnoses are value judgments, as

the terms "mental illness" and "physical illness" are. But with the character disorders, which include what were formerly called "psychopathy" and "moral insanity," the value judgment appears in a purer form. The individual so diagnosed doesn't feel distressed and doesn't act crazy. But he does things that we do not like: he may rob, crack open safes, lie, engage in forbidden or promiscuous sex, use drugs, etc.

We seem to have developed a very interesting pattern in contemporary society. First we forbid some kind of behavior. This may be done for any of a number of reasons, e.g., if it is thought dangerous to society or if it violates religious or moral codes. But then, when we have done this, we find ourselves with a group of nonconformists. To handle these, we usually punish them, or at least ostracize them. Prior to this century, that was generally all that was done to most non-psychotic deviants. But now we have a new technique. We diagnose them as "suffering" from some form of "mental illness." This means that they can be considered as problems of the medical profession and as candidates for "psychiatric treatment."

The hitch in this seemingly neat scheme is this: Our present principal technique in psychiatry, namely psychotherapy of one form or another, was designed for people who *wanted* to change in some way, i.e., neurotics and, to some extent, psychotics. It requires the cooperation of the patient. In short, it simply does not work, as the President's Panel implies and as anyone who has tried it knows, with pure character disorders.

We are now in what has been called the Age of Manipulation, but we have not yet discovered all the techniques necessary to make it work. Some day, perhaps, we will have techniques to manipulate these social deviants back into conformity with prevailing standards. (What has been called "brainwashing" doubtless shows something of the possibilities.) But when all social deviance becomes "mental illness" and when psychotherapy becomes inducement to conformity, then something will be going on that will have a good deal more to do with politics than medicine.

At any rate, as of today, we are just barely able to help what

one analyst calls "the decent neurotic." Schizophrenia remains basically incurable, even if the phenothiazines do control the psychotic behavior to a remarkable degree. As for the character disorders, unless there is a large component of neurosis in the given individual, psychotherapy is of no avail.

Lately, something called "milieu therapy" has come upon the scene. As originally described, this term means that an awareness and control of the institutional setting is of great importance in helping the disturbed individual to regain psychic equilibrium. With this there can be no quarrel; it sounds reasonable and seems to have worked in the few small, well-financed institutions where it has been tried.

In 1929, Mr. Bennett of the Bureau of Prisons suggested to Congress that the Federal government set up hospitals for the treatment of narcotics addicts. This resulted in the establishment of the two United States Public Health Service hospitals for addicts, one in Lexington, Kentucky, and the other in Fort Worth, Texas. Dr. Kenneth W. Chapman, formerly Medical Officer in Charge at Lexington, has the following to say about his institution: "Actually, it is only a hospital in the most general sense of the word. It is a kind of penal institution, with certain hospital aspects." And the same could be said of Fort Worth.

I sometimes used to wonder, when I signed out prisoners who had done a five-year sentence at Fort Worth as having received "milieu therapy," just whom we were fooling. Certainly not the inmates, for they were well aware that a prison is a prison, even if it is called a hospital. We may have been fooling ourselves, yet I can't imagine a competent medical man being convinced that an inmate who had spent a five-year term in the institution just "doing time," without having participated in individual or group psychotherapy, and without having ever really been interested in staying off drugs when discharged, could in any sense be said to have had "therapy."

I do not, of course, wish to imply that a number of inmates do not get adequate psychiatric treatment while at these institutions. Many do. What I do wish to point out is that no semantic game is going to change the fact that those addicts who are opposed

to altering their basic behavioral characteristics cannot be forced to do so. The results of Pescor's "follow-up" study of "treated" addict-patients, done at Lexington in the early 1940's, are testimony to this fact. Admittedly Pescor's study was crude (he uses the word "treatment" in an indefensibly loose way), but his is the only large-scale study of the subject so far undertaken, and the results are at least indicative, and they are far from encouraging. Of the total of 4766 male patients, excluding those who had died (some, no doubt, of drug overdose) and those who could not be located (40 percent of the total number, the majority of whom undoubtedly went back to drugs), 75 percent returned to drugs and 25 percent were drug-free after a period ranging from six months to five and a half years. Adjusting these figures for the drug deaths, the unknowns who relapsed, and those who relapsed after the study was completed can only lead to a guessing game, but no one can doubt that the proportion of discharged addicts who remain off narcotics is very low.

Recently a more encouraging form of "milieu therapy" for addicts has emerged. This is Synanon, an experiment in group interaction, which consists of a number of addicts who live and work together and who are sincerely motivated to stay off narcotics. As the program of Synanon has been described several times in widely read magazines, I shall not go into it further, except to say that, after having visited the Synanon establishment in Santa Monica, California, I agree with all the praise that it has received from such distinguished men as Dr. Karl Menninger and Senator Thomas Dodd.

An unusual feature of Synanon is that it has arisen without the help of any "narcotics experts." One of the fears of the Synanon people is that, with its growing renown and requests for information from other areas in the country where there is a wish to start similar programs, the "experts" will take over and ruin it. In view of the past fifty years of "expert handling" of drug addiction in the United States, it is difficult not to sympathize with them.

One reason that it is so difficult to solve the drug problem is

that for the addict there is no adequate substitute. For some people who take heroin, for instance, including probably the majority, nothing in this world will do for them what heroin will do: not tranquilizers (which many have tried), not sex (which they abandon when addicted to the drug), not work (which many of them dislike or find meaningless), not respectability or even freedom (both of which they eventually lose under current conditions). Thus the addiction to heroin tends to become the center of their lives. This tendency is much heightened by current law, which forces them to spend much of the time finding money to support their habits and seeking out their "connection," who will supply them with the drug. For many people whose lives are otherwise anxiety-laden, empty, and meaningless, heroin transports them to a realm where they can find perhaps the closest thing to meaning and purpose that they will ever know.

In spite of the fact that our current population of addicts contains a high percentage of individuals with personalities that are inadequate to satisfactory social adjustment, it must never be forgotten that, especially in times when drugs were legal and even to some extent today, many addicts have been able to lead socially acceptable, productive, fairly happy lives *while on drugs*. It is well known that several very eminent Englishmen were chronic opiate addicts, notably the writers Coleridge and De Quincey, the M.P. and abolitionist William Wilberforce, the Lord Chancellor of England Sir John Erskine, and a number of others. Kolb has said, "I know brilliant doctors who would be drunk in the gutter instead of successfully practicing medicine, but for opiates." Opiates are particularly beneficial to alcoholics, since they do not cause the aggressive behavior alcohol induces or damage the body in the way that chronic use of alcohol does. Yet we throw opiate addicts in prison and sell whiskey in the corner drug store.

Kolb tells of a woman, 81 years old and mentally alert, who had taken three grains of morphine daily for 65 years, while raising six children and managing her household successfully. There must have been millions of such people in the past, and

there are probably still some today; Judge J. J. Goldstein of the New York Court of General Sessions has said that in his twenty-four years on the bench he has never seen a wealthy addict nor has he heard of any other judge who has. No doubt an addict who can afford black market prices for drugs without resorting to crime to pay for them can still often lead a relatively normal, useful life, as can physicians, nurses, pharmacists, etc., who sometimes take drugs surreptitiously for long periods of time.

In the days after the Harrison Act was passed the plight of the abandoned addict led to the establishment of clinics operated by local health departments. There is much controversy about these clinics, which closed in the early 1920's, and the evidence is incomplete and too complex for review here. But a number of physicians who ran these clinics, such as Dr. Buchler of the Los Angeles clinic, have pointed out that many addicts who were responsible, productive citizens as long as the clinics operated, were thrown on the mercy of the black marketeers when they closed. Many lost their jobs and turned to petty theft. Very often their marriages ended in divorce, and finally they went to jail. Sometimes they died of an overdose of the drug—a frequent effect of drugs bought on the black market, since their strength is unpredictable.

In spite of the continuing problem of addiction, drugs have never been popular in our culture (unlike alcohol, in many ways a much more harmful substance), and much of our fear of them is the usual though irrational fear of the unknown. Yet there is one very valid point to be made against the suggestion that opiates be made legally available: opiates have a capacity to cause a strong physical dependence. Therefore, in most cases the user reaches a point when he is no longer free to take or not to take the drug. He must either take a dose at regular intervals or become physically ill. This capacity of the opiates to cause an addiction is clearly their greatest disadvantage. It is not a matter of dispute, furthermore, that if some form of legalization of narcotic drugs were introduced into this country the use of narcotics would probably increase. Those who are able to

avoid the drugs because of their great fear of present legal consequences might well use them if they were more respectably available. And in that way the number of individuals who would lose a measure of their freedom to the addicting power of the opiates would rise.

Nevertheless, some changes in the way we handle drugs should be made. Marihuana, which is not addictive, should be completely "legalized," i.e., it should be made available to anyone who wants it in a way that is no more restricted than the availability of alcohol. The current Federal laws (and similar state laws) which prescribe incredibly long, no-parole sentences for narcotic addicts should be repealed. Addicts who want to give up drugs should have medical facilities available in their local communities where they can undergo withdrawal. Both Synanon organizations and psychotherapeutic services should be made available for those who want and can profit by such help.

Even if these suggestions were adopted, however, we would still be faced with the problem of what to do with those who cannot or will not give up opiates. The most popular current proposal for dealing with them ostensibly shifts the emphasis from the punitive to the medical approach. Addicts would not be classified as felons but would instead be subject to civil commitment procedures similar to those now in use for dangerous psychotics. They would be sent to a special institution for addicts, no doubt to be called a "hospital," where they would be kept for about five months. Then they would be released with very long periods of supervision and be subject to recommitment at any time they were found to be re-addicted. (The idea of a five-month period of incarceration and a long period of supervision seems to date from recommendations made by Pescor at the conclusion of his study of "treated" addicts. However, a close reading of his report fails to disclose how Pescor's conclusions could be derived from his data.)

Civil commitment is a well-established institution in psychiatry, though it is by no means free from controversial features. Thomas Szasz, who has written widely in the field of forensic psychiatry, has pointed out that such commitment often partakes

less of the nature of treatment than of the nature of social restraint. Since there is no cure for addiction at present known to science, it would appear that commitment of addicts is clearly a matter of social restraint. Addicts would no doubt gain some degree of social respectability by being committed to a "mental" institution rather than going to a penitentiary, and they would surely be treated more humanely, but they would still be locked up—and locked up *not* primarily because we want or know how to make their lives better. What we really want to accomplish by recourse to civil commitment of addicts is to stop the spread of addiction to other persons. The only logical alternative to civil commitment is some kind of medically supervised, legalized drug administration, such as the English have. And this we do not want, apparently.

But neither do we want the cruelties of the present system. So we have arrived at a plan that keeps the imprisonment feature of the present approach but transfers the administration of this imprisonment from policemen to physicians. Thus the medical profession is given both the power and the impossible task that goes with it. In a sense, we have abandoned the already addicted in order that we may prevent further addiction. We admit we cannot cure the addict but we lock him up to "treat" him. What I am suggesting is that when the pseudo-medical terminology is cleared away we have the same old incarceration system in a slightly altered form. Addicts will continue to be developed by the same combination of psychological, physiological, and sociological factors that have been producing them in our time. And the black market will still exist as their only source of drugs. They will continue to be locked up, and since most of them seem to be either unwilling or unable to stop using drugs, they will spend their lives under this new plan, as they do now, alternating between the frenzied life of the contemporary "free" addict and the depressing life of the incarcerated inmate.

The only way to avoid continuing an incarceration system and the attendant black market in drugs is to adopt a variant of the English system, in which opiates are legally available to

addicts under medical supervision. There is no gainsaying the probability that, if such a plan were adopted, addiction would increase. To some extent the choice depends upon an estimate of the long-range social effects of this form of legalizing narcotics, and there is no real body of evidence available that would permit even the most diligent student of the problem more than a mere guess as to those effects.

My own view is that there will really be no good solution to the narcotics problem until we have a drug that has all the desirable effects of morphine and heroin without their addicting power. Although for many years this has been a subject of pharmacologic research, no such drug has appeared. It may be that the very structure of the nervous system makes such a drug impossible; perhaps we will always have to deal with addiction when opiate-like effects are obtained.

As in so many other complex social problems, science can go only so far toward a solution. To reach a practical solution requires a moral choice. The alternatives are fairly clear: a smaller number of incarcerated addicts versus a larger number of addicts at large in society. Since I am personally opposed to incarcerating human beings unless they are a danger to society, and since the evidence clearly shows that addicts are basically harmless, I think we should not imprison or commit the addict, but should supply him with the drug he craves under medical supervision. Imprisoning addicts "for their own good" is merely another way of saying we lock them up because their behavior is morally distasteful to a majority of citizens. As I am opposed to this, so I am also opposed to what I think is the real reason behind the wish to lock them up—to save others from temptation.

However, this is merely my personal opinion. I am less concerned with advocating it than with showing what the real alternatives are. Most of all, I want to point out that the final solution will always be dependent on moral judgments. In our society it will, therefore, ultimately rest with the democratic process.

ENTREPRENEURSHIP AND THE DEPRESSED AREA

BY STANLEY FOSTER REED

THE wild West Virginia flora and fauna keep the community courts at Arthurdale, where Eleanor Roosevelt, in the depths of the 'thirties, planned, dreamed deep, and built an experimental community, the white hope of freedom from the black despair of coal-dependency for thousands of coal miners. Arthurdale was a dignified trial in possibly rational socialism. The object was to diversify the economy of the region away from its dependency on coal alone by training the then-unemployed miners in crafts and manufacture.

The project was a nearly continuous failure from the very first. Few people cared to buy the authentic and sturdily constructed furniture, the hand-woven coverlets, pewter pitchers, and other hand-crafted objects. Eventually vacuum cleaners were assembled there in a plant designed for the purpose, and during the Second World War various complicated electromechanical aero-training devices were built, putting to good use the cost of retraining borne by the government. But after the war, when the mines started paying high wages and benefits, many of the men, uncertain of Arthurdale's future and attracted not only by high wages but by the substantial social security promised by the union welfare funds, returned to the mines, and it looked like the end for the Arthurdale experiment.

Obviously such an experiment in semi-socialism came into conflict with our entrepreneurial-based culture, and the experiment failed. The history of our country is full of tales of such failures at idealistic, utopian, communal endeavor. (See Stewart Holbrook's *Dreamers of the American Dream.)* The mystery is not so much why they fail as why they are ever begun. It is doubtful if any scheme to effect mass social change can exist entirely outside our present and highly successful entrepreneurial system.

And who can deny its success? With 6 percent of the earth's eople, we produce 25 percent of the world's goods. The great najority of our citizens stagger under a load of luxury unknown y any other civilization. But the process which produces such vealth, based on a system that combines the efficiency of govern-nent with the efficiency of business, still has one fault: some ndividuals and some whole communities do not share, in quity, the fruits of the system. And we are all too busy to escue the 10 percent of our citizens shoved overboard and lrowning in the wake of technological progress.

Lavish government expenditure to improve the lot of this im-overished 10 percent will be only a transitory benefit (as it vas in Arthurdale) if it is merely disguised largess. What is eeded is a revival of the lost art of entrepreneurship. A region ike Appalachia, in spite of its peculiar history, must once have nown that art, because the pioneering that created the region equired entrepreneurship in a particularly dynamic form. ome residents of the coal towns argue that the art and means of ntrepreneurship were stolen from them by absentee ownership, ut in fact they all rode that coal train happily and greedily as ong as it ran. But, just as garbage-raised seagulls die when the own dump is replaced with an incinerator, so men who know no vay to make money other than by coal or coal-based activities re lost when the income from coal stops.

The recovery of entrepreneurial drives and skills is a complex rocess. We need to know more about how to identify and en-ourage the genuine entrepreneur. (Research in this subject is n appropriate task for government.) We need too to realize hat entrepreneurship has both a business and a social aspect. here are both business and social entrepreneurs. (Occasion-lly the two are combined in one person.) The business en-epreneur risks time and money in an effort to produce a profit, hile the social entrepreneur risks his reputation in an effort to in respect in the eyes of his contemporaries or posterity. The ntrepreneurial process is twofold: there is first the entrepre-eurial act itself and then the community reaction to it. Where community has lost its receptivity to new ways of making a

living, it must be reeducated. Where it has been conditioned reject any business that does not derive from a single source income, it must be deconditioned.

It is through his interaction with the community, financia and politically, that the business entrepreneur is able to co bine labor and capital in such a manner as to produce rent i the capital, wages for the labor, and an entrepreneurial prc for himself. But he must first attract capital with an innovati that promises more return than an alternate investment. And a community that cherishes the past, the innovator is usually : jected by the community not only socially but also financial Faced with a new idea, the *status quo* can only be preserved obstructionism; faced with a really good idea, it can only be p served with malevolent obstructionism.

Is it a coincidence that one insurance salesman in Charl town, West Virginia, in the middle of one of our most depress areas, last year sold a record eight million dollars of personal l insurance—a form of investment that offers no support to lo economic activity? Is it a coincidence that the Young Preside Organization, with nearly 2000 members, each heading a milli dollar corporation, has one lone member in West Virginia a none at all in Kentucky?

In a certain town in West Virginia, named Williamson, percent of all economic activity derives from coal. It is n unique; a hundred towns like it sit over and around the co seams which sustain them. And Williamson is a sick town. wealth, the tiny residue of fifty years of lumbering and minin lies moldering in the bank vaults and is not used, as insuran investment cannot be used, to support local economic activiti In most towns in the United States, 60 percent of the money deposit is out on loan to sustain the economic activity of t community. This is not the case in Williamson. The bar there appear to be less than 25 percent loaned. Nearly all th money is in United States Government bonds. This is a so thing in a community desperate for any kind of economic : tivity, a community where 20 percent of the working force

unemployed and 50 percent of the population receive some form of public beneficence. The fears of the elite whose decision this is can be understood only when it is realized that none of them has ever seen any solid income derived from anything except coal and coal-based activity (such as its transportation). They have a fear of the new and different that is unknown in communities familiar with economic diversification. In their frustration they have created some strange gods to worship. One local banker boasted that in the middle of one of the worst economic situations the area had ever seen, he still had not had a single loan go bad. In fact, he said that, with nearly ten million dollars on deposit, his average losses for the past eighteen years were $600 a year. Another banker described his ideal of economic behavior in these words: "There is a good outfit down the river, the boy has made money from the day he started in business, and you know he never had to borrow a dime!" Such bankers are like those legendary librarians whose idea of a good library is one with every book on the shelf. One gains the distinct impression from people in the area that the power elite consider the borrowing of money to be, somehow, immoral—and yet it is one of the most important forms of the credit function in America. Without banking help, it is doubtful that any non-coal indigenous economic activity can take place at all, because banks not only supply local help to new enterprises but also give them the legitimacy and status necessary to attract help from outside. But in Williamson, non-coal-based activity has almost no chance of real financial or community support, and Williamson is not substantially different from a hundred other depressed communities. The reasons deserve serious consideration.

It can be too easily said that as the young people leave these areas for lack of opportunity the entrepreneurial spirit goes with them. It is true that in Eastern Kentucky, in the heart of the hard-core poverty area, in the town of Hazard, not far from Williamson, 45 percent of the high school graduates left town this year. Consequently these poor communities are paying the educational bill for more successful parts of the country. But

more important is the loss of potential leaders, the sons and daughters of the present power elite, who through investment of inherited capital would normally be expected to contribute to future economic development. Historically venture capital from inheritance has played an important role in the American entrepreneurial process, and even where the older generation is deeply conservative it can sometimes be lured into joining in new economic undertakings if it can find there an area of common interest with the next generation.

Those who leave are not leaving entirely of their own volition; they are being encouraged to leave by the present elite, who see in the exodus of the young people the only escape they can find from their own responsibility to the community. It is a vicarious escape for themselves, but it is more than that; it is real in that it yields a haven away from the visible and invisible dross of their life's effort. In these coal towns there survives the kind of social paralysis that anthropologists have described in remote parts of the world, where status is generated by strict adherence to the *status quo* and leadership is gained by rote recitation of the epic past. And it may be that some tinge of it will be found in any community that has drawn its sustenance from only one or two sources of income for two generations or more.

For a single source of wealth, whether it is coal or fish or rubber or movies or cotton or automobiles, becomes over the years the godhead from which flows both good and evil. A kind of worship grows up around it as the source of all things—even spiritual things—and knowledge of and participation in the great events of its past have a high correlation with community status. The only innovative acts allowed are those which heighten the beauty or romance of the community's relationship with its source of wealth or which disguise the harsh facts of the incredibly stupid game most of its leading citizens have played. Any normal innovative act of a potential entrepreneur is rejected because it does not harmonize with the set of values generated in the hallowed past.

Nor are these the only reasons for lack of entrepreneurial activity. A young man in the coal towns can hardly be trained

in the entrepreneurial process, because most major business decisions are made in distant cities. Even if he had the capital he would scarcely command the logic necessary to back up his enthusiasm. He would have trouble in communication, for the local economic elite does not speak the language of modern business. He would have a hard time acquiring experience in mass merchandising in a region where most merchants promote the sale of only necessities and near-necessities.

Most of the depressed communities seem to be locked in a closed system with only two sources of power, the bank and the political machine. You are either "in" or "out," and the "ins" are dead set against change. There is some reciprocity between the two sources of power; when the economy weakens, the political machine strengthens. Its control of welfare funds is the primary reason for its vigor. But reciprocity is not opposition; the two sources of power combine to form the local establishment, whose stewards become almost deities in their little worlds.

In his classic work *Holism and Evolution* the late Jan Christian Smuts suggested that any organism, even a community or a country, has or can have a personality or character of its own which, though deriving from the character of its separate parts, is something other than the sum of its parts, something unique and individual, in his word, holistic. It follows that the personality of a community can be sick or healthy, and the problem then becomes first a diagnosis of the sick community and second a plan of treatment to restore its health.

Diagnosis of the community whose sickness results from dependence on one commodity or one resource or one product is not difficult. It shows up in the ossified power structure, in the automatic rejection of whatever is new and different. Treatment, however, is a more serious problem. Somehow the power elite of the stagnant communities must be pulled out of their burrows and exposed to the bright light of our national economic culture. They will have to learn that their present policies not only stifle growth but will in time lead to the com-

plete deterioration of their communities, and anyone who has seen the sabotaged equipment and talked to some of the workingmen in Eastern Kentucky knows that the day of complete deterioration is not far off. It has all been beautifully described by Harry M. Caudill in his fine book *Night Comes to the Cumberlands.*

These wielders of power will have to learn that only a rebirth of entrepreneurship can prevent the threatened chaos of a 90 percent welfare state. They will have to learn that they, and the many who depend on their leadership for work, are only sleeping, not dead. The men of Eastern Kentucky, I am convinced, are as ready to work as men are anywhere, and studies of the depressed areas of Appalachia show that there could be lots of non-coal activity there: mushrooms could be grown in the miles of coal mine caves; ponies could be raised on the hillsides and in the valleys; fish farms, one of the most promising sources of revenue, could be established by damming a few streams, with added benefits for flood control and recreation; toys could be manufactured; and precut, dimensioned lumber could be produced for the furniture mills both north and south. (Curiously, chicken and turkey raising are not recommended.) Many other suggestions could be turned out by anyone with a little imagination and some knowledge of the region.

But the authors of the studies that set forth these suggestions are wrong if they believe that they are the first to think up such diversified economic activities for the coal towns. Most of these ideas have been suggested and considered again and again. What they come up against every time is an entrenched ethic that regards them as trivial or evil or beside the point. The wealth of the region, such as it is, is based on coal, and that is that. No one is going to be taken seriously in the community who talks about crazy subjects like mushroom growing or making toys or raising ponies. They aren't coal. Coal will come back. You'll see. It always has and it always will. Anyone can raise mushrooms but it takes a man to mine coal.

In recent years under the prodding of both state and Federal agencies, a few tiny chinks have been driven into the armor of

fear and apathy. Under pressure one old gentleman sitting on seven million dollars of non-working bank funds in a moment of guilt involved his bank in a dimensioned lumber plant, certainly a logical operation, since his community is surrounded by land 90 percent covered with forests. He insisted on a hundred percent guarantee against loss by the United States Government and got it. But in spite of his guarantee—and because getting the plant going is taking longer than originally planned—he plaintively told me, "We need the plant but it's a bother, it's a worrisome thing—we just don't understand that kind of business."

Apparently it is the only new thing that the community has ever gone into. It is of enormous benefit, providing directly one hundred desperately needed jobs and indirectly a hundred more; but the old gentleman is very, very unhappy about it and may pull his bank out the first chance he gets. He has trouble not only in relating the economics of the dimensioned-wood plant to his fifty years of experience in financing coal-based ventures, but also in relating his bank's activity to the spirit of the community. Obviously he is not worried about his capital. He is worried about what his fellow bankers would say about him if this harebrained (non-coal) project should fail. A man who has fought for fifty years to attain status in the community will seldom risk losing it simply to make a profit. Of course, in most American communities a man gains status if he involves his institution in the new and different, but not in the Cumberland.

Whether this kind of leadership can be reeducated or must be replaced no one knows. Certainly the recovery of these depressed communities requires stimulation of the entrepreneurial process, and with it the difficult—but not impossible—job of identifying the potential entrepreneur. Once he is spotted, then our vast program of retraining blue and white collar citizens that gets so much attention and such substantial public funding today, will be matched by a program to train potential entrepreneurs.

No one disputes the right or necessity of government to involve itself in the solution of these vexatious problems, but the

manner of its involvement is of utmost importance. The antipathy between the businessman and the government official is endemic, but it is particularly marked in Appalachia because of the history of brutal exploitation of land and people by big business there. Yet a permanent solution to the region's problems requires that local entrepreneurs and community elites be trained to participate in modern business. Fear of the unknown and inability to communicate are the two greatest blocks to progress in any undertaking, and the depressed community has both.

One thing the government could certainly do because it has already done it for businessmen of Japan and West Germany and other foreign nations. It could assemble the economic elites of these depressed towns in a seminar and for a dozen weeks pump them full of modern business knowledge. It could fly them to some of our great trade centers and to trade shows and the like. The students could study fifty or sixty actual case-histories of prosperous business enterprises and see the kind of value system that underlies the successful orchestration of capital, labor, and innovative entrepreneurship, in this way coming to recognize the nature and shortcomings of their accustomed values. They could be introduced to representative leaders of the national business culture. At the end of the seminar the government could stake the best of them, perhaps on a matching fund basis, to a sufficient amount to start new businesses in their local communities. By pooling they should be able to finance some healthy businesses right off. In this way the government would be largely out of the decision-making process and the government program of retraining workers would be balanced by a program of retraining employers. Certainly it is far better to train one entrepreneur who will hire a hundred employees than to retrain ten coal miners for zero employers. There would be difficulties in such a program, but very little is happening now in Appalachia in spite of the government's enormous effort at improvement. If the competitive spirit could be stimulated in one community, and community pride restored, others would rush to follow suit.

Oddly enough, the visitor to Mrs. Roosevelt's Arthurdale to-day finds it a prosperous community. The old furniture plant is making valves—precision valves. A new foundry has gone up next door to supply the castings for the valve bodies. Some 300 good-paying jobs have been created, the only new and permanent non-coal jobs created in the county in fifty years. Chickens and turkeys are raised in quantity, and the chicken manure is fertilizing some of the land normally ravaged by strip-mining. Lakes created by strip-mining are used for fishing and recreation. All this is the outgrowth of the work of one entrepreneur who bought the old furniture-sweeper-aero plant after the Second World War. He found in Arthurdale and the surrounding communities a nucleus of people who had learned that coal is not the only source of wealth in the world and who were trained in many of the skills needed for industrial enterprise.

So in the long run the Arthurdale dream became a reality, not through the revival of dying crafts but through adaptation to a changing economy, not through direct government sponsorship but by government creation of a milieu in which the entrepreneurial act could take place. Only in such a way can the partnership of the entrepreneur and the community, the basis for the most successful society man has yet devised, continue to secure its benefits to ourselves as a nation and to serve as an inspiring example to the world.

L'AVVENTURA: A CLOSER LOOK

By SIMON O. LESSER

EXCEPT in a few notable books, such as *From Caligari to Hitler* by Siegfried Kracauer and *Movies* by Martha Wolfenstein and Nathan Leites, and, more recently, in the criticism of Norman Holland, the knowledge of the unconscious now at our disposal has been largely ignored in the criticism of movies. The neglect is scarcely surprising. Despite all the rather tiresome (because in most instances merely opinionated) talk about whether such knowledge *should* be used in literary criticism, it is honored there more in the breach than in the observance—and when used is often applied either gingerly or rashly, with a second-hand, inexact, and incomplete knowledge of the concepts upon which it is supposed to be based. Movie critics have less incentive than their colleagues who discuss books to acquire the formidable body of background knowledge needed for making profitable use of what is known about the unconscious. They may feel that their readers prefer superficial commentary, and except where certain kinds of films are concerned (and perhaps then only if the critics have a relatively sophisticated audience or unusual gifts for simplification) this feeling is probably correct. Critics for dailies, and even weeklies, may also be deterred, and are certainly handicapped, by the need for working under short deadlines. The most valuable insights about what a work of art is communicating at the unconscious level are often slow in presenting themselves.

However understandable, the indiscriminate neglect of depth psychology in movie criticism is regrettable. As I have suggested in my book *Fiction and the Unconscious,* novels and short stories probably register on our minds to an unappreciated extent in terms of sense impressions, chiefly visual ones. But movies are cast in these terms from the very beginning; they are "written" in the very language of our dreams and fantasies. Theoretically,

movies are in a better position than any other genre to bypass the conscious intelligence and communicate with the unconscious with little or no mediation. Perhaps the chief reason this is not better appreciated is that until recently few makers of movies were aware of the potentialities of their own medium. They concentrated on superficial subjects which could be conveyed through conventional symbols and which evoked ready-made responses, created or reinforced by popular literature. More sadly, even in dealing with promising material directors were usually overexplicit and heavy-handed, perhaps because they assumed that the understanding of images requires more intelligence than in fact it does, perhaps simply because they lacked visual imagination. But the possibilities of the medium have always been there and they have occasionally been realized —most often, perhaps, until recently, in movies with no trace of "artiness," such as comedies and melodramas. A Hitchcock thriller, *Vertigo,* will serve as an example. Though it seemed to be concerned with a purely external thing, a man's fear of heights, at the latent level it explained his fear, and showed how he was defeated by the clever exploitation of more hidden and encompassing personality weaknesses.

Vertigo, however, had an exciting, clear-flowing story to tell, and thus lent itself with at least apparent ease to customary ways of using the medium. Today a number of directors are emerging who recognize that movies can be utilized for more complex narrative purposes: to tell stories where the action is disjunctive, negative in character, or so elliptical that there may seem to be no story; to project the inner feelings of characters, complex interrelationships, even the moods, unverbalized and perhaps not even verbalizable, which may engulf, say, a couple or even a large group. And these new directors, of whom Michelangelo Antonioni and Ingmar Bergman are the supreme exemplars, accomplish these things not by finding unobtrusive ways of working in an unusual number of verbal cues but by making fuller and more imaginative use of the screen's natural visual idiom.

Besides using more and fresher symbols, Antonioni and Bergman frequently employ overdetermined ones, so that, like novelists for example, they can suggest additional implications of the story they are telling. To the extent that they do this they must resort to symbols which cannot be too easily penetrated, for the more hidden level or levels of meaning are nearly always ones that would arouse anxiety or revulsion in viewers if consciously perceived. Occasionally, moreover, again like their colleagues who depend upon words, they will tell a story which is not intelligible or perhaps even interesting on the basis of its manifest level of meaning, a story which is not likely to be affecting, much less enjoyable, unless it is apprehended unconsciously.

It is when one deals with films of these two kinds that one most keenly regrets the neglect of depth psychology in movie criticism. It must be assumed that these films are intuitively understood by most of the large number of people all over the world who evidently enjoy them; the enjoyment of films of the second kind in particular is inexplicable unless one assumes that they are unconsciously understood. But precisely because they are understood in this fashion, it seems unlikely that many viewers can *account* for their response to the films; to do so, in the face of strong internal resistance, they would have to formulate what has been grasped only subliminally and nonverbally.

It may be surmised that one of the most powerful factors impelling these viewers to read movie criticism is the hope of finding commentary which will help them to understand their own reactions. Unfortunately, most reviewers share the helplessness of their readers and are unable to satisfy these desires. What is worse, and less apparent, is that—more or less inevitably—they often mislead their readers. *Something* must be said, and if a critic lacks the skill to explicate below-the-surface meanings and is not content to be vague, he is likely to stumble into misinterpretations. Nor does the harm which results from the lack of psychological knowledge always end there. Because of a natural tendency to bring one's judgment of a work of art into line

with one's intellectual formulations about it, the misinterpretations may sometimes lead to inaccurate appraisals. Unable to decode the meaning of a picture, a critic may conclude that it has none and write a review which fails to do justice to his own immediate, and more correct, reactions.

These tendencies are in evidence, it seems to me, in some of the press and magazine commentary on Michelangelo Antonioni's cinema masterpiece *L'Avventura.* For example, Bosley Crowther of the New York *Times* shows respect for Antonioni's artistry, but declares that in watching *L'Avventura* he felt he was trying to follow a picture of "which several reels have got lost." Even in a piece written long after his original review he refers to the picture's "deliberately garbled story-line." As I shall try to show, the story-line is, on the contrary, tight and faithfully adhered to. A review by Edith Oliver in *The New Yorker* may be an example of the second, and more regrettable, kind of critical failing. She dismisses *L'Avventura* as tedious as well as incomprehensible. Still, she refers to evidence "that Mr. Antonioni has something in mind," and at another point writes, "One reason I am so angry and harsh is that there are also indications, here and there, that some original ideas—Mr. Antonioni's own ideas—have gone to waste." Evidently Miss Oliver felt baffled when she tried to explain *L'Avventura,* but such comments, I like to think, may be vestigial remnants of an intuitive initial recognition of the picture's stature.

The idea for *L'Avventura* may have come as a phrase: *"There is a search. But one has forgotten for whom one is searching."* The idea, even in its more impersonal forms, stirs reverberations. You go into a room to find something and realize you have forgotten what you were looking for. Then you remember, but perhaps feel some vague sense of dissatisfaction: "Was that really it?" This sense of bafflement is likely to be keener when you plan a day, a month, a career. The goals and purposes of life, which in youth may have seemed self-evident, in adulthood seem impossible to define; it goes without saying that the route

to one's destination, whatever it may be, is unmarked also. This is one of the themes of Kafka's *The Castle*.

In the erotic life of man the situation seems, if anything, more difficult. How can you possibly find her whom you seek? Her image is blurred. At one time it may seem impossible to find her because there are so many women among whom to choose. At other times it may seem impossible because there are so few. Either way, the essential difficulty remains the same: how can you recognize your long-sought beloved when her image and her qualities are so indefinite and indistinct? How can you know love itself and distinguish it from its innumerable partial embodiments and counterfeits? After a time the hope of success may all but disappear. Because of need, the search may continue, but be pursued with a growing sense of futility and disillusionment.

L'Avventura is, among other things, the story of one such compulsive, interminable quest for someone whom the hero does not really expect ever to find. But *L'Avventura* is not all story—it is part poem and part essay as well—nor is this all it has to say. The movie makes a sweeping, it could almost be said an encompassing, statement about the erotic life of modern man. It is doomed from the start, the movie asseverates: doomed because the quest for the beloved is hopeless and because its hopelessness breeds disenchantment, cynicism, and self-hatred; doomed because sexual fulfilment is so often unsatisfactory and guilt-ridden; doomed because sex is used, wrongly, as solace for frustrations and defeats, as an anodyne for the soul-sickness which afflicts us because of our own compromises, weaknesses, and corruption, and as an outlet for angry, destructive feelings which besmirch it; doomed, finally, because despite all this the quest goes on and must go on, though joyless, sterile, and, after a time, devoid of any prospect of success. Eternal restlessness and frustration are the inescapable conditions of our erotic life.

From first to last *L'Avventura* is a story of baffled search. It is important to note that Anna and Claudia, to say nothing of the movie's minor characters, are searching for something, just

as Sandro is. Anna's father is aware that his daughter is desperately looking for something, but warns her that she will not find it with or through Sandro. She is herself half aware of this. Her sulkiness is only partly explained by the need to choose between father and lover. One senses that to a far greater degree it is a product of her own doubts—about her lover, their relationship, and something in herself.

At the beginning Claudia is left to one side, unexplained and almost unnoticed, but in retrospect it is easy to see that she, too, is searching, and that her search is no less desperate than Anna's. At the beginning, in fact, she is in the unenviable position of searching *through* her friend. She has no lover herself, and no unattached male has been invited on the cruise as a possible partner for her. Nevertheless, she accompanies Anna. It is not an accident that time after time—beginning of course with the lovemaking of Anna and Sandro very early in the picture—she is forced to witness "primal scene" material. She is the observer —the outsider, the third party, the child watching the parents— of the weary, paid-for lovemaking between the Princess and her paramour, of the hostility that is the only link between Giulia and Corrado, the only married couple on the yachting party, and, later, of the exultant, vengeful lovemaking between Giulia and the young Italian "artist." Toward the end there is the more poignant confirming scene where she finds what she has been unconsciously searching for, her father-lover entwined in the limbs of the wanton he found at the Princess' party. Here she can feel her grief more fully, more poignantly and, as it were, more justifiably, for she has at once recreated and reversed the prototype situation: she is still the outsider, but now in part a betrayed outsider, the mother from whom the envious daughter has stolen the father. It is chiefly through Claudia, whether as jealous daughter or, as in the last scene, part daughter, part wronged mother, that we are reminded that love almost invariably involves competitiveness and a sense of taking from someone else, one of the reasons it is tainted by feelings of guilt. Claudia has reason to know—not only because she has appar-

ently failed to work out her jealousy of her mother but also because, even though Anna is evidently dead, she has the feeling of having stolen Sandro from her. At some level his infidelity is not only an expected and familiar pain but a warranted punishment, one reason she is able to forgive him.

It is upon Sandro's search, however, more than Anna's or even Claudia's, that *L'Avventura* chiefly focuses. Gabriele Ferzetti is able to suggest that his restlessness long antedated his relationship with Anna, confirming the doubts her father's warnings have already implanted in us. While we are not fully prepared for Anna's physical disappearance, we are prepared for the fact that Sandro's search will not end with her.

The failure to explain what happened to Anna is undoubtedly one source of the complaint that *L'Avventura* does not tell a coherent story. At first glance the criticism may seem justified, for Anna's disappearance is one of the most dramatic external incidents in the movie. But *L'Avventura* is nowhere concerned with external events for their own sake; certainly it is not a mystery story in which our main concern should be, "What happened to Anna?" It is a psychological story of the quest for love and the beloved.

Once this is remembered—and Antonioni never forgets it—it seems clear that this incident is treated with the same sureness as everything else. An explanation of Anna's disappearance would be not only superfluous but distracting. The discovery of her body, for example, would call for additional reactions from everyone and in all probability would raise further questions. The movie confines itself to what is relevant: Anna disappears. She vanishes from Sandro's life and, very quickly, from his consciousness also, as in one way or another she was bound to. And she disappears while herself searching for something—or perhaps fleeing from something, which is another aspect of the same thing.

Except as a reproach, she soon disappears from Claudia's consciousness also. From the beginning Claudia has envied Anna and wanted her lover, who, we sense, is attractive in part because

he is her lover. The scene toward the beginning when she is compelled to wait outside, with feelings we can divine, while Sandro and Anna make love is only one of the things that whisper this to us. We sense it also from the readiness with which she borrows her friend's clothing, both before and after her disappearance, from the scene in which she dons a brunette wig, and from her immediate sensitivity to Sandro's desire for her. Though she makes no overt gesture of enticement, it is significant that the first physical contact between her and Sandro occurs as a result of her stumbling as she tries to pass him. Speedily enough she reaches the point where she confesses that she no longer cries for her lost friend but fears that she may be alive.

The more difficult and audacious thing *L'Avventura* achieves is to make Sandro's quick acceptance of Anna's disappearance so understandable that we do not refuse to identify with him. Here we have little to go on except the longing for Claudia which quickly manifests itself (and this would arouse revulsion if we were not in part prepared for it) and what Gabriele Ferzetti has been able to suggest about Sandro's character and inner feelings. In part because we do not have to be given an explanation but simply reminded of one, this is sufficient: we intuitively realize that Sandro has no real desire to find Anna. Before her disappearance, we sense, the relationship was played out. Anna had already been exposed as a surrogate, one of a long succession of women who had to be possessed and then renounced because none was the one for whom Sandro was searching. This is another reason why psychologically it is better that Anna's fate should be left in doubt: the search for her is at bottom a pseudosearch. It is engaged in to save face and to relieve guilt rather than to find Anna.

Such sorrow as Anna's disappearance does arouse in Sandro, it may be surmised, is due to what it does to recall the disappearance of the original love object, the mother. At the very deepest level the failure to account for Anna's disappearance rings true psychologically because it recapitulates that earlier

experience, which cannot be explained in terms of the love object's being alive or dead. She has "disappeared" because she has been thrust into the unconscious and can no longer be sought for *in propria persona:* she is taboo.

What we sense about Sandro's real feeling for Anna, and all the nameless women who have preceded her in his life, helps us to work our way to the core of Antonioni's picture. It can almost be regarded as a dramatization of a text from Freud:

> . . . when the original object of an instinctual desire becomes lost in consequence of repression, it is often replaced by an endless series of substitute-objects, none of which ever give full satisfaction. This may explain the lack of stability in object-choice, the "craving for stimulus," which is so often a feature of the love of adults ("The Most Prevalent Form of Degradation in Erotic Life").

We know in advance, and Claudia knows, that Sandro's feelings for her will be subject to the same vicissitudes responsible for his easy acceptance of the loss of Anna. Claudia is a surrogate also, as we are reminded by Sandro's infidelity with the prostitute he finds at the party. It is a virtue of *L'Avventura* that even though the relationship between Sandro and Claudia survives this, no assurances are given that it will endure indefinitely; the picture ends on an uncertain note. Indeed, far from trying to dissipate the melancholy impressions conveyed by the first part of the picture, the latter part deepens them. The relationship of Sandro and Claudia seldom escapes the burden of guilt which has encumbered it from the start. He is never able to feel any happiness, and some of the things which occur after the search for Anna becomes no more than an excuse for him and Claudia to travel together help to explain why this is so.

In one of the towns to which their search brings them Sandro leaves Claudia and goes for a walk. He chances upon a drawing in which a young man, evidently an aspiring architect, has faithfully reproduced the beauty of a detail of a nearby building. The drawing is at Sandro's mercy; the young man who has made it has walked some distance away to chat with a friend. Sandro lets his key ring dangle ever closer to a bottle of ink near the

drawing; in the end he cannot resist the impulse to ruin the drawing by knocking over the bottle.

He rushes back to his hotel full of inarticulate grief about his act and the cluster of feelings responsible for it. We know that the impulse to sully the young man's work was born of the angry realization that he has sullied his own. Precipitately, brutally, impersonally, he tries to compel Claudia, who is well aware that at the moment he is scarcely aware of her, to have sexual relations with him. He seeks to use her, and sex, to console himself for the dreams he has forsaken. Antonioni is in effect asking a rhetorical question: what chance does sex have to give us happiness or even pleasure when it is misused in this fashion? Taken as a whole, moreover, his picture tells us that sex is likely to be so misused, particularly in our time.

But there is nothing condemnatory about Antonioni's attitude. He is not indicting sex, or his characters, or, like *La Dolce Vita,* with which *L'Avventura* has been mistakenly linked, an age or social system. Tears are a purge also, and the Sandro who weeps at the end of *L'Avventura* feels genuine sorrow—sorrow for the suffering he has caused his beloved and sorrow for his own unhappiness, for the restlessness and richly rewarded mediocrity to which he perceives himself to be doomed.

THE HUSBAND'S TALE

By FRIEDA ARKIN

GEORGE often has the feeling that Justina would like him to remove his shoes as soon as he comes in the front door. He knows how she feels about the rugs, which have come to her from her mother, who received them from her mother before her. There is, in fact, a direct line of four women through whom they have so far descended. Some of the rugs are over a hundred years old, the Chinese still tightly woven and much of the blue retaining its original color (Mother Hartley had kept it covered with a sheet, rolled and wrapped in brown paper in the attic in Cincinnati). It is true that the Brussels shows some wear, but for the entire eleven years of their marriage it has been used as an overlay, in the living room, for a prized Kirman whose pattern George does not remember.

Justina has her eyes on higher things as well. There is a fine edition of the entire Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf ranged behind glass but dusted monthly nonetheless, as are the complete works of Tennyson, Emerson, Hawthorne, and the Jowett translation of Plato, bound in russet calf. These have come to Justina from her late father, a scholarly Congregationalist minister, who said truthfully that not a book reposed on his library shelves which he had not read. Justina, her sisters and her mother are not readers, but the books—having had every page turned meditatively by a sternly judging yet ardent man—have gained immeasurably in value thereby, and are dear to her.

And the chandelier. George is not clear in his mind as to how or when it entered the family. Designed to illumine a cubic area about the size of the Astor ballroom, its prodigious splendor has had to be secured flush to the dining room ceiling where it hangs, dripping crystal, still so low that Justina must forego centerpieces lest guests on opposite sides of the table be totally estranged from one another. George suggested once that they trim an inch or so from the chair legs so that his nightly view of Justina's pale angular face need not come to him in prismatic

sections, like a Modigliani in mosaic. But it has never occurred to him to object to its presence in their four-room apartment; he knows Justina too well. Like her mother and her sisters, she is designed to be a caretaker of things. The girls have a magnificent heritage, much of it spiritual, but in the main complicated by possessions both delicate and cumbersome, which have been in the family for generations. Justina being the first of the girls to marry, it devolves upon her to give house-room to the multitudinous furnishings and objets d'art which she will hand on in her turn. George often feels that he holds his own life cupped in his hands under this same transient trusteeship.

But they have been married eleven years, and still there is no child. Which of them is responsible for the procreative blockage, neither feels sufficiently secure to inquire into. True, George once remarked tentatively, during an annual physical check-up, on the pity it was that Justina had only inanimate objects on which to lavish her hours. Dr. Offenlach, with a practice mainly of the family kind, barked merriment as he continued to percuss and palpate George's chest and belly. "Now, now," he chided George, "you don't think Justina would tolerate peanut butter on her Aubussons, do you?"

When George asks Justina for a divorce, he is certain that children have nothing to do with it. He is, in fact, not fond of them, and privately considers their friends' progeny an irritating lot who run incessantly from their beds clamoring to pass the hors d'oeuvres, begging sips of Martini so as to have an opportunity to clown and contort their faces into masks of torture. No, he wakes one morning with an idea which has quietly crystallized in the night: that he and Justina have coexisted in near-silence for years, that they have nothing to say to one another. In a flash of morning clarity he sees how short life is, and that he himself is one of those thousands of comic-strip husbands who care nothing for Sèvres or bisque or bowlegged furniture with taloned claws. He admits freely, suddenly, to a longing for the smell of burning hickory, and to a hatred of the odor of lemon oil.

"Of course you may have a divorce," Justina says glacially, holding her hand out from her body as though their marriage

were a rag which she has been only waiting for his request to drop at his feet. "Please don't think I want to stand in the way of your happiness," Justina tells him. That she can so instantly acquiesce gives George lightness of heart. He leaps to her word, thankful that there is no pressure for further discussion. Words, he knows, have never come easily to her tongue. Their past vague altercations have always ended by her withdrawal into silence, and in this final instance between them the advantage, for once, is his. He packs his things the same day—there is little that belongs only to him in this house—assures her that he will get two lawyers working on it right away, deposits a brotherly kiss on her cool cheek, and departs. He moves into a small hotel apartment and does not see her for two months, during which, with a delight he finds indescribable, he rediscovers the joys of smoking.

It is not in character for Justina to kill herself. When the police phone George, he lays down his pipe—he has switched from cigarettes because of a bitterness on his tongue and a heaviness in his chest—and examines his feelings to determine whether his shock includes sorrow.

The handyman discovered her body. Would a woman contemplating suicide make a complaint about a dripping bathroom tap? Justina so complained that morning, extracting from Willie Bartleman his promise to come up at eleven sharp. It must be eleven, Justina told Willie explicitly; she would be out until then, and again from twelve-thirty on. A woman whose regularity was uncompromising, whose philosophy never allowed her to come to grips with the world's procrastinations, Justina has gambled and lost on the word of a handyman. Willie Bartleman, entering with his passkey at 4:30 in the afternoon, will henceforth be on time for appointments for the rest of his natural life. Dr. Offenlach estimates that she died at three. Brimful of barbiturates, Justina has—unintentionally, it appears—entered through the gates of heaven.

George calls Mother Hartley in Cincinnati and delivers his news perhaps too curtly, for there is an overwhelming silence at the other end, then he hears the receiver drop into place. He knows that she will enplane immediately, with Sophie and Car-

oline. He walks into Justina's living room and meditatively seats himself on the Georgian sofa. After the two months of bright daylight which floods his living room-bedroom combination, he finds everything here obscured with gloom, the overlay of death having little, he feels, to do with it. The three-quarters-drawn shades have always been necessary to preserve ancient colors and lacquered finishes and now he feels death itself has settled tidily in one corner, to be dusted weekly.

The funeral home he has chosen is one he selected from the telephone book. He chose it because of the severe etched Doric columns which rim the advertisement in the yellow pages, and because of the absence therefrom of the more ephemeral accoutrements of death: dewy roses, lilies, or burning candles.

A peal of chimes awakens him, and George sits up, his head immediately clear, and knows Justina's family awaits him beyond the door. He at once advances and opens it, and reads in the stiff huddle which the three women present to him that Justina has written them about the divorce. They are all of the same height, dressed in black. They enter like ramrods, dispensing with greetings which, he has to admit, might not from their view be appropriate. Nevertheless he extends a hand to each of them, receiving in return a handshake which is like a trickle of lukewarm water. He explains the little he knows about Justina's death and offers to take them where she is. Mother Hartley asks in a brittle voice for the address—it is Justina's voice she speaks with—and he knows his presence is not requested. He watches them depart down the hallway. They are all three of them spinster-shaped women; beholding them, one can almost forget the world produces women of another architecture, girls with loose bodies and grace and extravagant hips. He locks up and leaves the apartment, and in the cab going uptown recognizes that he has been wildly fearful of their recriminations; but that their direct confrontation still awaits him.

George's small furnished apartment lies next to the elevator shaft of his hotel, and throughout the night he sits on his opened sofabed listening to the occasional rumbling of the cables in the walls. It has the sound of chiding distant thunder. Like the premonitory symptoms of indigestion, he recognizes the first stir-

rings of guilt . . . but a guilt he fears will be so intense that he cannot even begin to bring himself to face it. Justina's act, now that he sees it as a silent appeal to him, becomes doubly horrible in its finality.

After the services the next day, although no one has spoken a word since leaving the funeral parlor, they all four sit in the same car behind the shining black hearse in the drive to the cemetery. His family has a large plot there, although he himself is the last of the line, and he is somewhat surprised that Mother Hartley has not demanded that Justina be buried in Cincinnati. But he reflects that she is still his wife according to their lights, and since he has made the arrangements, and they appear to have taken a vow of silence, he has been allowed to assert a husband's last prerogative.

George takes a seat beside one of the windows. Mother Hartley chose to sit on the jump seat immediately upon being handed into the limousine by the white-gloved attendant. Not even in grief is she able to relinquish the aggressive self-denial which she had, with the characteristic largesse of the family, bestowed also upon her daughters. He silently takes the window seat, then, after she ignores the wave of his hand toward the relative comfort of the back, even after gentle pressure on her elbow. The sisters sit beside him, having observed a space between his body and theirs, and throughout the drive remain motionless on the sterile upholstery, looking stiffly into a distance where he knows he can never set foot. He began the journey with some sorrow, but is aware that it has been replaced with irritation which has grown to anger by the time their limousine has turned, with its suave machined assumption of grief, through the wrought-iron gates and up the graveled driveway.

During the short graveside ceremony he takes a swift composite look at all their faces, notes again the striking family resemblance, the identical set of face which women assume when they are beyond the reach of argument. Yet what argument can he offer? What has he to say? Justina, in her coffin, looked that way. He feels a fullness in his chest and wonders whether it is grief which so racks him or if possibly he has been smoking too much.

He looks beyond the low mounds of earth which ring the new grave, over to the grave of his mother. The rain-washed headstone is very slightly awry and he is conscious of a new discomfort. He has not visited this place since her death eighteen years before, and not so much as a sprig of daisy rises from the well-kept grass around it. Now he has come here in the company of three strange and bitter women to place a fourth beside her, one whom she has never known. It is a disquieting thought to him, that his mother may be chiding him for not having selected a more congenial companion for her. Surely he could have done better than this? He remembers her with the tolerance and compassion of eighteen years, a woman of small stature, dark-haired, and with an exquisite shyness which he half-suspects may not have been hers at all, but is the recalling of some childhood fantasy of a dream girl he hoped some day to marry. No, she and Justina would not have gotten on; he knows this, and looking down, steps apologetically on the raw dirt and studiedly examines the imprint of his shoe.

It is over. Justina is buried, and he will leave the dead to wrangle among themselves, reach a working accord which will enable them to lie side by side in peace. He turns to Sophie.

"I think I'll run up to the apartment," he tells Sophie, "I have a couple of things there. I think I may have left my mackintosh." He regrets that only unfeeling words come to his lips, that he cannot deliver up the proper banalities of bereavement to women like these. To still any suspicion which he pre-reads in her sharp pale eyes, he adds, "Most of the things there are Justina's. You can arrange to do anything you want with them." It is Mother Hartley's eyes he fears most, and he hands Sophie Justina's set of keys.

He intends that they shall have the whole lot of the stuff, vincing at the thought of even looking at the furniture again. Her clothes and her jewelry are theirs. He recognizes that he is iving back to them all of Justina it is possible to give.

The darkened vestibule, when he steps into it, smells of the ried gilt-dipped cattails which stand in Japanese arrangement 1 the ancient terra-cotta umbrella stand. They give the front all a pungent lacquered odor, like the entrance to an expensive

antique shop. He heads through it quickly; no memories lurk in these corners which it would comfort him to plumb. He opens the hall closet and turns on the light. His mackintosh is gone. So is the red and black hunter's cap, a relic of his college days, and which until that instant he has forgotten about. The hooks are empty. He sees Justina's raincoat, and her three-quarter length tweed, and a few sweaters hanging on tissue-padded hangers. His rubbers, too, are gone. The closet is empty of everything but her austerity. He reads, in the mutely hanging garments, in the bare hooks and empty shelves, a silent entreaty, and feels some new sense receptor in himself, as though his entire body has been gently rubbed with sandpaper.

He tries the bedroom next. Here, his leaving is not so immediately noticeable. The highboy still suggests male occupancy, and the flounced curtains, for all their femininity, still betoken connubiality. He himself had cleared the top of his bureau, and the contents of the drawers. These he opens and closes quietly, as though seeking a remnant of himself. Straightening, he sees the photograph of himself and Justina which still hangs on the wall between the windows. She has kept it, then. Her face, beside his, looks out beneath an unfashionable hat with a mixture of candor and determinedness, and he quickly swings to examine his own clear, slightly puzzled eyes. Ah, he loved her once. The memory of the young Justina shines down upon him like a beam from those eyes upon the wall, and he sees again the purity of skin, and feels the light pale fingers upon his wrist, and remembers the long silences which, once, had wrapped them both in comfort. The fault is his, he feels it profoundly, and bows before his guilt like a reed in the wind.

Dust from the courtyard has drifted in and settled on the glass top of the vanity table, and thoughtfully he draws a zigging line in it with his forefinger. The stoppered glass vials are unlabeled, but he remembers the contents of most of them. One is filled with witch hazel. One, a light cologne alcohol he occasionally borrowed for use as an after-shave lotion—a whiff of it conjures up Scotch thistle to his peculiar imagination before the remembered odor is almost immediately gone. He knows that Justina sometimes used perfume, and pulls open the middle

drawer of the vanity and searches with one finger amid the rubble of hair pins and cotton pads and lipsticks. What on earth is he looking for? He dredges up a half amber-filled bottle and reads its label. *Suivez-Moi,* Justina breathes to him, and as though a malignant essence from another world beckons at his shoulder, George falters and pushes the bottle back and closes the drawer.

He thinks about suicide, and recalls a saying of his, product of some Oscar Wilde phase of his youth. On what occasion had he said it? At table in the dorm? Walking on the shore of Lake Carnegie, a scarf-throated girl in tow? Some time and place when, brisk and master of himself, he was filled with Confucian wisdom: one reason people commit suicide, George had said, is that they can no longer stand the fear of death; delivered with an elevation of eyebrow. He shudders at his youth's inanity, and noisily pulls open a drawer of Justina's bureau.

He is horrified. It is a welter of light-textured things, undergarments which once bore embroidery and hemstitching, but constitute now a drawer filled with rags. He lifts one, a panty dripping shreads of lace, eroded by launderings, surely unwearable. He pulls out another. It is a slip, much of its texture worn to film. Had Justina worn such things beneath her clothes? He cannot remember. He searches other drawers, finds nothing which is new, nothing which does not show Justina to have been a woman of absurd economies, who viewed her body with scorn. Everything which was a part of her life with him is neglected, worn, of supreme indifference to her. It is clear to George that Justina had never loved him. Under the circumstances, it is hard to explain why he feels this like a mortal wound, and he stands in the bedroom wiping his eyes with some lacy something, weeping, weeping like a child. Mother Hartley, entering with Sophie and Caroline in the gloom and silence of the afternoon, finds George thus, and the women exchange a glance of instant compassion. Their background has afforded them numerous instances of the tardiness of death's sting, and from out the fortresses of their spare bosoms they find they have forgiven him.

THE LAST ACT AND THE ACTION OF *HAMLET*

By B. L. REID

THE opening of Act V of *Hamlet* brings a shock, even to students of the plays who have grown to admire the liberties the master takes with dramatic structures, the ordinary logic of sequence. The shock is the greater for being received from the common modern forms of the play, printed or staged, which stiffen the sequence, as it were, canonize the new act *as* new, insist on both its reality and its artifice. The undivided first texts and the fluent early performances of the play, on the other hand, would doubtless have smoothed and reduced the hiatus; but they would not have removed all the shock. For the change in the tone and pace of the action is too striking, too actual not to create a problem that is still worth worrying about. Maurice Evans found the sequence so difficult, "virtually impossible to play convincingly," that he cut the graveyard scene completely from his "GI" *Hamlet*—"without," he says, "noticeable damage to the flow of the play." He guesses that the scene was "an afterthought," cobbled in merely to give Will Kemp a chance to show off his comic powers.

Act V, scene i is magnificent in itself, as a part, a set piece, and Evans's complacency in having abandoned it, or in having radically altered the composite form of a great work of art, is unbecoming. Still, one must sympathize with his problem, how the actor is to convey a unity which is not clear to himself. The unity is not easily clear to anybody who thinks attentively about the play. The shock really is two shocks, one being the terrible, doubly "untimely" comedy of the graveyard, the other the astonishing change in the mood, almost in the nature, of Hamlet himself since last we saw him. His new presence, quiet, ruminative, fatalistic, strongly but easily reined in, is unexplained, unmotivated by anything we know. And these two strange sensations are offered us as matter transitional between two dramatic

units which do stand in clear relationship: the close of Act IV on the plot of Claudius and Laertes to kill Hamlet in the rigged fencing match and the bare lyric notice of the death of Ophelia; and the fencing scene itself with its general carnage, "so many princes at a shot." How is the matter of Act V, scene i related to these matters, and to the matter of the play as a whole? What, in fact, *is* "the play" and what is that "flow" of which Maurice Evans speaks? What is it that is flowing? Is this scene frivolous and extrinsic, or is it a right member of an organism so complex as to need this scene's complexity?

For the problem is not only one of the scene's "local" relevance, its work in the immediate context; the question it raises cannot be understood except in the light of the whole play, "the action" of Aristotle—that which being "imitated" forms the work of art. After praising the unity of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey,* Aristotle goes on to generalize: "So in poetry the story, as an imitation of action, must represent one action, a complete whole, with its several incidents so closely connected that the transposal or withdrawal of any one of them will disjoin and dislocate the whole. For that which makes no perceptible difference by its presence or absence is no real part of the whole" (Bywater translation). Any part of any play must meet this test of organic function. The whole Aristotelian concept of action is notoriously difficult, semantically, esthetically, and psychologically difficult. We confuse action with plot, the suspenseful order of events; and with the plural form, actions—business, things done, things going on. We wonder how much, if at all, "the" action or "an" action is to be identified with "theme" or "meaning." I think Aristotle meant none of these things exactly yet all of them at once. The action is the corpus, the sum, formed by the events of a story so ordered as to present a particular meaning with a specific force. It is "what the story is about"; "the shape of the subject"; "the significant design." So understood, at least, the idea has the size it needs to bear the great weight Aristotle lays upon it.

Our psychological difficulty arises from Aristotle's insistence on the primacy of action, the subordination of character. When

he says, "They do not act in order to portray the characters; they include the characters for the sake of the action"; or, "We maintain that tragedy is primarily an imitation of action, and that it is mainly for the sake of the action that it imitates the personal agents," we feel rudely and intimately attacked. Our modern cult of personality, our faith in the importance of self-expression, finds the whole idea insulting—but peculiarly so as applied to Hamlet. For Hamlet is at once the culture-hero and the dramatic personality with whom everyone identifies with haunting intimacy—as lover, son, or second self—such is the closeness and the variety of his humanity. "After all," as Conrad's Marlowe said of Lord Jim, one of Hamlet's modern siblings, "he was one of *us*."

But Aristotle's principle of action is one of the most brilliantly true and useful in the *Poetics*. If we apply it bravely, it prohibits sentimental overemphasis on personality, misleading projection of our own needs and urges, and frees us to see the integrity of design, the overarching power of shape, order, and proportion. "Beauty is a matter of size and order," as he says in another of his grand simplicities.

Of course the play is "about" Hamlet, there would be no play without him. But Aristotle would insist that the play is primarily an action of which Hamlet is the chief agent; what is "imitated," the objective thing that is offered us to see, is events in a significant sequence. The center of our experience is not the personality of Hamlet, Coleridgean or otherwise, but the tragic order of things that happen to him and through him. Hamlet does not summon the tragic action, Shakespeare summons him to serve it. But this is not to say that any hero would work equally well; the particular action summons the particular hero. The point comes clear at once if we try to substitute, say, Horatio for Hamlet—or Creon for Oedipus. An analogue may be of use. We can watch Henry James move from a "personal" to an Aristotelian emphasis. In his preface to *The Portrait of a Lady,* James says that the first germ of the novel lay ". . . altogether in the sense of a single character, the character and aspect of a particular engaging young woman. . . ." When he goes on to

speak of his subject as "a certain young woman affronting her destiny," of his need for "positively organising an ado about Isabel Archer," of asking himself, " 'Well, what will she *do*?' " he makes his formula more and more Aristotelian—more objective, more abstract, as it were, more in the line of action and of esthetic shape. He is thinking of a structure surrounding Isabel Archer of due "size and order," and his subsequent metaphors in the preface are appropriately drawn from architecture. In understanding the ado about Hamlet, in "The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke" or "The Revenge of Hamlett Prince Denmarke," there is good advice in the full title. It suggests that the action of which Hamlet is agent is an affair of public moment; it is stately, courtly, civic. The full title imposes the same sort of qualification as that of *Oedipus Rex*—there the agent is "the King," "Tyrannos." The ado in *Hamlet* is about a prince on princely errands; the play is not a character sketch of a brilliant but unsatisfactory young man.

If we try to borrow from *Hamlet* a Stanislavskian text or motto, an infinitive or imperative phrase to stand for the whole, as Francis Fergusson has done in defining the action of *Macbeth* (" 'To outrun the pauser, Reason' "), the case proves difficult or impossible. This play's fusion of positives, negatives, and ambiguities is too complex to accommodate in a single formula—though there are phrases, "By indirections find directions out," for example, or "I must be their scourge and minister," which carry one far. And the chronicle of sheer disaster which Horatio draws up at the end is in one sense the play:

> So shall you hear
> Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
> Of accidental judgements, casual slaughters,
> Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause,
> And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
> Fall'n on the inventors' heads. . . .

Mr. Fergusson's formula for the action of *Hamlet* goes as follows: "to identify and destroy the hidden imposthume which is endangering the life of Denmark." It is fairly satisfactory, but it does not convey much of the flavor of the play, and I must say,

at some risk of paradox, that I wish to hear something of the hero: a particular action summons a particular hero. My suggestion would run as follows: "A brilliant and idealistic young prince cleanses his country and avenges his father's murder at the expense of many lives, among them his own." Let us try to trace the design of the action pointing to and beyond the problematical scene, the opening scene of the final act.

If the action is stately, having to do with the "state" of Denmark, then clearly the first scene is not a prologue but an organic member of the action, in fact a singularly forceful Aristotelian "beginning." The guards on the parapet, soon joined by Horatio, peering into the murk, putting edgy questions, speaking nervously of wars and mysteries and spirits, are types of the citizenry of the state, enacting the common condition. The melodrama of the ghost's silent first appearance dominates the movement of the scene. But that too is symptomatic, and a type of the general dis-ease and upending of things—"post-haste and romage in the land," "the night joint-labourer with the day," stars that are "sick"—such forms the climate enclosing the whole action. In another view, the crown of the scene is Marcellus' beautiful wistful picture of an opposite kind of order, the miraculous serenity of a sacred season:

> Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
> And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
> The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
> No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
> So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

"So have I heard and do in part believe it," answers the reasonable Horatio, and goes on to point to the arriving dawn which cleans the air and lightens the gloomy scene: "But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad, / Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill." The watch breaks up on the resolution to tell Hamlet of the ghost. Thus the first mention of the hero comes on the energetic rising tone of the Savior, the wholesome time, the morn, the dew on high eastern hills. The language, the

words of the action, has told us what Hamlet's function is to be: he must restore the land's lost order, must "redeem the time."

Yet it is significant that we hear next not from Hamlet but from Claudius, in the first of the play's three grand court scenes. As the usurper speaks we feel at once the size of Hamlet's adversary and of his problem. The speech is a brilliant piece of public rhetoric, full of jaunty-stately turns and glides. What is most interesting in all Claudius's first speeches is the thickness of equivocation in them, the texture of paradox, ambiguity, multiplication of terms. The purpose and the effect of all this, simply, is not to reveal but to shroud truth, to hide it under the noise of verbal forms:

> Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
> That we with wisest sorrow think on him
> Together with remembrance of ourselves.
> Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
> Th' imperial jointress of this warlike state,
> Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—
> With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
> With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
> In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
> Taken to wife. . . .
>
> What wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
> That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
> The head is not more native to the heart,
> The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
> Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
>
> And now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Hamlet's brutal wit catches the trick at once, and sardonically apes it: "A little more than kin, and less than kind." His own first speeches, flat, precise, unequivocal, show his revulsion against the florid sophistication of Claudius. And his first speech of any length, in response to his mother's unfeeling question as to why his father's death "seems . . . so particular," is a bitter insistence on candor and right feeling, on open truth: "Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not seems," the speech begins. And that too is one of the things the play is about, a part of its

"significant design"; Hamlet must restore the world's honesty of face, make it again a place where things seem what they are. If the play itself refuses us a handy motto, perhaps we may find one in a line from Wallace Stevens, "Let be be finale of seem."

The promising morn at the end of the soldiers' scene, as inductive of Hamlet, has proved a false dawn. His "nighted colour" of costume and of mind is crow-black against the peacock glitter of the court. Claudius, having royally identified himself with the state, as "the Dane" and "Denmark," leads the court off to drink "jocund health"; and the first soliloquy shows Hamlet in a mood perfectly reverse, in a condition of confused and suicidal moral nausea. The image of the sick and ambiguous world is now carried by the great trope of the "unweeded garden." The real world is not merely worse than he had grown up believing, it is foully inhuman. Compared to Claudius, his father was a demigod, "Hyperion to a satyr"; his mother has behaved less well than "a beast, that wants discourse of reason." We see a high-minded young man suffering the shock of a corrected vision of the real world. Among other things, *Hamlet* is one of the greatest of all stories on the theme of initiation, a moral and intellectual ceremony in which the idealizing veil of youth is drawn aside. The shock of this corrected vision accounts in part for the savagery of the wit, a kind of murderousness, that marks Hamlet's speech at crucial points of the play, as now in the quickly ensuing passage with his friends, "Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral bak'd-meats / Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."

Hamlet himself is the main subject of the interchanges in the third scene between Ophelia and Laertes and Ophelia and Polonius, and the action works ironically at this point to place the prince, in their corrupted view, in the lists of deceit and untrustworthy appearance. Hamlet's "favours" of Ophelia, according to Laertes, are "trifling," "a fashion, and a toy in blood. . . ." He and Polonius *assume* that "primy nature," "nature crescent," is false and seeks by trickery to work its own gross ends. In harmony with the play's pattern of ambiguous and subverted language, Polonius puns on images of commercial dealing and of

clothing to slander Hamlet's motives: Ophelia has "ta'en those tenders for true pay / Which are not sterling"; Hamlet's vows "are brokers, / Not of that dye which their investments show, / But mere implorators of unholy suits." Ironically, too, candor and honesty as a positive subject enter the play for the first time now in Polonius's famous charge to his son on his departure for France. Of course all these speeches rebound against the speakers; they are judged by their judgments. The effect in the action is further to isolate the young prince in an alien world; for these are the "good people" of this world, and we see them comfortably at home in the unweeded garden.

In the fourth scene Hamlet and his friends keep their cold midnight vigil for the ghost, against the background of the world in the form of the king's "rouse." In Hamlet's "swinish phrase," as Claudius "drains his draughts of Rhenish down, / The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out / The Triumph of his pledge." The ghost appears, and tells to Hamlet alone his tale of adultery and murder, commands vengeance, and closes with the awful admonition, "Remember me." Hamlet's response is an important key to the design of the whole action:

> Remember thee!
> Yea, from the table of my memory
> I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
> All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
> That youth and observation copied there,
> And thy commandment all alone shall live
> Within the book and volume of my brain,
> Unmix'd with baser matter.

Hamlet's vow to destroy his old "tables" and to make a new book on life, newly and terribly understood in the light of the ghost's confirmation of his worst suspicions, is another dramatic trope for the idealistic young man in the state of initiation. More of Hamlet's symptomatic jesting with "this fellow in the cellarage" precedes the leave-taking from his friends. It is interesting that the parting itself is conducted in terms such as we hardly hear again until the last act, simple, candid, and calm:

> So, gentlemen,
> With all my love I do commend me to you;
> And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
> May do, t' express his love and friending to you,
> God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together. . . .

But the two lines that follow, their motto-function emphasized by their couplet shape, are more significant still: "The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite, / That ever I was born to set it right!" They tell us again, apothegmatically, what we already know about the action. The young man must cleanse a filthy world.

But in destroying his old book of the world, the ghost's revelation has also destroyed Hamlet's old intellectual base. And the ghost's injunction to vengeance, no more, offers him a new vision too small and too negative to take the place of the old. The emptiness in his mind and heart, which the idea of vengeance cannot fill, helps us to understand the strange tensions in his actions henceforth. Hamlet himself, characteristically, enlarges his mission to that of redeeming "the time," the whole "state of Denmark." The *size* of his mission, so understood, goes far to explain his famous "procrastination"; it is more than vengeance that he must accomplish. Yet his father has charged, "Remember me," and commanded that the memory take the form of vengeance, and Hamlet has promised. He is agitated and hampered from here on by his moral sense of the disproportion between the idea of vengeance and the idea of purgation. Hamlet is "about his father's business," but he wishes to understand his duty in the largest possible sense.

In the terms of the Aristotelian diagram, we have come to the end of the beginning. Acts II, III, and IV form what might be called the long middle, and form a unit of action which we ought to treat as such. They compose a movement for which "By indirections find directions out" does indeed come close to making an adequate text. These acts, "framed" by Act I and Act V, are shaped by an intricate pattern of cross-scheming, as Claudius maneuvers to secure his false position and Hamlet seeks certainties and means in his double mission of revenge and

redemption. Act II opens with Polonius's sending of Reynaldo, elaborately instructed, to test Laertes's behavior in Paris, and that passage establishes the motif of this long unit of action. Emerson in his journals speaks of Hamlet as "lined with eyes"; we can extend the figure to the whole play. Spying and testing, "assays of bias," are the characteristic motions now for a long period. Hamlet has already proposed to make use of an "antic disposition" to cover and forward his ends, and he and Horatio henceforward constantly spy upon Claudius and the court. Claudius and Polonius spend much time behind one or another arras, "seeing unseen," as they hope. The pitiful Ophelia becomes a bait for Polonius ("I'll loose my daughter to him") and in part for Hamlet. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are imported as spies upon Hamlet, and singularly inept they prove. Polonius's attempt to sound Hamlet is rewarded with insults and satirical nonsense.

The marvelous business of the players' arrival is turned into the most complex and brilliant assay of all, the mousetrap, "to catch the conscience of the king," observed by Horatio "Even with the very comment of [his] soul." This second of the three great court scenes is a triumph of Shakespeare's dramatic intelligence, a set piece made of planes or stages of fabrication ranging away from the viewer's eye, in complex grades of stylization and verisimilitude. We as spectators spy upon actors playing Hamlet and the court, observing actors playing actors playing a play, which includes both a false play and a pantomime. The dumb-show is at once the most stylized and the most primitively real, brutally "true," element of the scene; it mimes an elementary horror beyond language, which the outer frame-play, our play, is in the midst of proving possible for art after all. We can call it either the farthest or the nearest stage of reality. We are farthest from the whole, of course, just beyond Horatio who overlooks the action with a special eye to Claudius. Hamlet himself at this point is playing a nonce-part of great intricacy, stage-managing both the outer play and the inner play, and punishing Ophelia with savage lewdness even while spying upon Claudius.

The scene is a hall of mirrors, and that in a double sense. For in fact this whole long portion of the play is marked by imagery of imagery, so to speak—mirrors, pictures, true and false faces. When Hamlet says to the player in the mousetrap, "Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces and begin," he fairly spits his impatience for the thing to come to the point. "Let be be finale of seem." Hamlet's obsessive need to distinguish, and to publish, the difference between appearance and reality, the drive to come at the truth, is working everywhere now. Images of the true and the false king are invoked twice. In the closet scene Hamlet constrains his mother to look upon her true image in "a glass / Where you may see the inmost part of you," and there she sees indeed "such black and grained spots / As will not leave their tinct." The falsehood of women generally, typified for Hamlet first by Gertrude and then by Ophelia, is pictured for the helpless young woman in his denunciation of the painting and dissimulation of the sex: "I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God has given you one face, and you make yourself another. You jig, you amble, and you lisp and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance." But the most significant of these "mirror" images occurs in Hamlet's instructions to the players, where he asks for a performance "from the life," of photographic trustworthiness:

> Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature. For anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.

The speech of course defines a moral-esthetic ideal; that it also expresses a major theme of this play, a trope for the design of its action, may be less obvious.

The "purpose of playing" is the revelation of truth, and Hamlet, who is "playing" throughout these three acts, has that moral end in view. His policy is necessary, wise, and in part pleasant to him. One side of his nature takes both physical and intellectual pleasure in the dangerous ingenuity of his strategy.

As he says at the end of Act III, "O, 'tis most sweet, / When in one line two crafts directly meet." Hamlet knows that craft is necessary, as is occasional cruelty: "I must be cruel, only to be kind." His cruelty, to Ophelia, to Gertrude, later to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, is zestful and brilliant, like everything he does. But accompanying the zest is a profound disgust; he knows he is being forced to proceed through, and thus to share in, corrupt practices which are his object of attack. His general revulsion against his destroyed image of an ideal humanity—"And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?"—is given in his early speech to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. "Use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping?" he says to Polonius before that scene is over, not excepting himself. One act later he places himself frankly among the corrupted company:

> I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us.

The speech comes in a passage of bitter "antic disposition," but it carries the note of truth, of self-revelation. This real loss of a real purity, Hamlet's decline, in fact and in his own knowledge, from ideal man to real man, is one of the subtlest and most touching lines of movement in the action, a part of this play's special heartbreaking beauty. If we can see it as cumulative, a thing that goes on from the moment Hamlet picks up the lines of revenge and purgation, we are better prepared to understand tone and meaning in that difficult last act.

The meeting of two crafts in one line is sweet to one kind of psychology; it is dangerous to all hands, and the fatal consequences of all the spying and dissembling begin to arrive. Polonius hides behind one arras too many, and finds "to be too busy is some danger." Ophelia, broken by brutal and tricky usage, dies a suicide. Brutality as well as deviousness grows toward murder in these three acts. They are very wrong who read

the action of this play as fretfully passive waiting upon events which have the quality of hysteria when they finally arrive. Deviousness, "practice," reaches a kind of crude perfection at the end of Act IV, in the scheme of Claudius and Laertes to put an end to Hamlet: they prepare not one but three potentially fatal devices, the "sword unbated," the poisoned tip, and the poisoned chalice. The preoccupation with death and the corruption of the body, so central in the last act, is prefigured in Act IV by Hamlet's gross treatment, in word and deed, of the body of Polonius. By the "end of the middle," we feel that the rottenness of the body politic is swollen to bursting. We may leave it in that state for a moment in order to think about the function of a healthy member, Horatio, in the general design of the action.

Until Hamlet's death, Horatio inhabits the play with a grave and laconic placidness that one calls stoicism after deciding it is not stupidity. He seems to be a man of perfect emotional balance, his "blood and judgement / . . . so well commingled" that he is "not passion's slave." He is a complete integrity, absolutely sane and true. That his nature is extraordinary is the point of his function; his abnormal soundness defines the unsound norm of this world, as he stands firm amid its melodrama and moral inversion. If the play is in part a drama of initiation, it is so not only for Hamlet but for his whole visible generation—for Horatio, Ophelia, Laertes, Fortinbras, even Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Compare the fluent heart-wholeness of the relationship of Hamlet and Horatio with the mechanistic union of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Shakespeare punishes their low single-mindedness by handling them as a vaudeville turn or a pair of mimes:

> *Claudius.* Thanks Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.
> *Gertrude.* Thanks Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz.

They have passed their initiation into one world, and know how to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee / Where thrift may follow fawning." And now they must come to cruel acquaintance with the power of outraged right, in a world over which Hamlet

begins to exercise a measure of control. The conflict of generations within the play is one of the ways in which it expresses the theme of initiation. The conflict is a norm of human experience, a thing that happens to everybody; but Shakespeare here makes it into a structural member, and thereby incorporates it into the vision of life he is imitating. Hamlet and Claudius captain the opposed generations and the moral destiny of the young seems to be determined by the direction of their allegiance. Thus Horatio is important (as is Fortinbras fleetingly at the end) in forming with Hamlet a moral unit, an oasis of probity in the moral desert of Claudius's Denmark. One feels that they carry about with them a little country inside Claudius's country; they move in the loneliness of honor. By refusing to offer a single uncorrupted person of the older generation, the play makes the dreadful suggestion that moral decay is an automatic concomitant of growing older. And watching him grow wise and weary in his terrible sudden aging, we know that Hamlet himself is not wholly innocent.

Throughout the long middle, in any case, the center of the action has not ceased to lie in the dramatic evocation of the foul world, the unweeded garden, the decayed race. Its text is most explicit in Hamlet's statement to Gertrude near the end of Act III, in which the Christian suggestions are detailed and surely not casual: "Heaven hath pleas'd it so, / To punish me with this and this with me, / That I must be their scourge and minister."

It may matter in the Christian way, among others, that the last act opens in a Place of Skulls. One way to see the last unit in the action is to see it as the Passion of Hamlet. Yet the act opens as if the play had all the time in the world, and its long first movement especially is slow and ruminative. We are returned to our original problem of the seeming disjunction and that mysterious calm that dominates the opening and indeed all but two passages in the act. If Act V does present the Passion of Hamlet, as I think it does, it does so in complex (not paradoxical) forms. But before entering the calm of this act, we need to notice that Shakespeare has already given it a subtle preparation in his treatment of the death of Ophelia. For we enter the fifth

act with the excitement of the melodrama of the fourth—Hamlet's defiant response to Claudius over the death of Polonius, Ophelia's mad scenes, the enraged return of Laertes, the news of Hamlet's offstage sea fight, the new scheme for his murder —slowed and softened by Gertrude's elegiac description of Ophelia's dying and Laertes's reticent manner of accepting that news. From this point of view the approach to Ophelia's grave and the "maimed rites" of her burial in Act V form a natural and logical elision in the action.

But Shakespeare complicates that elision, and makes at once so much and so little of the grave and the burial, and this creates the problem in the unity. The body of the sweet girl is treated to more than three hundred lines—in prose—of coarse jest, travesty, forgetfulness, and ugly quarreling. The effect is both to lower and to generalize, though never to vulgarize, the total action of which this is a part. The process begins at once with the anonymity and ignorance of the gravediggers, who are nobodies from nowhere, mere men, of no provenance—the people; they give us, more loosely and less intensively than the soldiers at the beginning, the state, the mass of the body politic, the now ironic extension of the microcosm, in which for four acts we have been held tense and airless, out into the flaccid and insensitive macrocosm. In this scene we have for the first time the sense of a really "public" action, where there is space and time and people talk prose. In the second scene the play reverts to its normal constriction, its dreadful "stately" atmosphere, and the heroic and tragic quality of the action is not relieved but intensified by the interval which has come between. But the central action is going forward, in its beautifully complex way, from the first word of the act. I am reminded of Auden's "Musée des Beaux Arts":

> They never forgot
> That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course
> Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot
> Where the dogs go on with their doggy life and the torturer's
> horse
> Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

The gravediggers help to create a theatre for the special shapes

the "passion" of Hamlet is about to take. They "hold up Adam's profession"; they are mere men, men of clay, and they pull the scene to the literal earth on which Hamlet walks for this time. The movement of the whole first scene, until it explodes in the quarrel at the grave, is ambulatory, processional. One thinks of Renaissance paintings, figures and actions superimposed on landscapes, as in Auden's poem. The scene is a sort of triptych, three interlinked panels. The gravediggers talk alone in the landscape, one leaves, and Hamlet and Horatio enter through the landscape to join the one who remains; the three talk, and the funeral procession enters through the landscape; Hamlet and Horatio retire to observe the ceremony, the identity of the corpse is revealed, and the quarrel ensues. We have moved from the general to the special, the imminent, tragic atmosphere.

The "subject" of all this is of course death. But death is not merely the current form of the action. It is also the philosophical object of the talk, and the gravediggers, who act and speak as members of the action, help Hamlet to speak in a new philosophical way. Hamlet's mission has been to redeem the time, to "set it right," to be "scourge and minister" of the whole state. What has happened to him since we saw him off for England, I think, is that he has come to see his reading of his mission as grandiose and unreal. He sees that he himself, by reasonable standards, has been "out of joint." He is still a good man in a bad world, and he will act as heroically as a man can, but he claims no more than that. Earlier in the action Hamlet has asked, in effect, "This cup pass from me"; now he rests a mere man in the hands of God: "Not my will but thine be done."

Thus death in Act V is not primarily important in itself, or as the subject of the action, or as the object of talk; it is more important as the universal human essence, the generic shape that destiny takes, the omnipresent real. "Ay, madam, it is common," Hamlet had said to his mother long ago. In Act V, with no essential retreat from its courtliness and high heroism, the play turns into the tragedy of common life; that is, it enacts the tragic drama of human limits. It is the limited nature of man as com-

pared to the gods or to his own aspirations that speaks, in various tones, the marvelous ironic comedy in the graveyard. It is perhaps the greatest triumph of taste over great risks in our literature. The scene shows the pitiful inadequacy of the old notion of "comic relief"; the scene is not relief, not an eddy, not extraneous or superimposed in any way. It is an intensified expression of the unbroken action, an imitation in a mode almost unbearably poignant. "Death is the mother of beauty"—to borrow another motto from Wallace Stevens. The play has been throughout a gorgeous exercise of intellect and emotion, the mind and the heart; now the action, moving to complete itself, insists on its tie to the earth, and takes up the subject of the elemental body and its end, man as corpus, corpse. The ineluctable modality of the fatal, we might call it in Joycean terms. "What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?" Rosencrantz asks after the killing of Polonius; and Hamlet answers, "Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin." A few lines later he shows Claudius "how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar." Now the gravediggers ask, "What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?" and answer, " 'a grave-maker'; the houses that he makes last till doomsday."

I have spoken of the scene as a generalizing one because of its extensiveness in space and time, its crosscutting of social strata, its ambulatory, horizontal movement; for the same reasons, and for its closeness to the plane of the earth, we might equally well speak of it as leveling. The earth is both fact and trope in the action now, and Hamlet and the clowns inhabit it equally. The typicality of the modes of death is traced out in Hamlet's ruminative reflection on the skull, finally revealed as Yorick's, which the sexton tosses up like any other troublesome stone. The grave the sexton digs is every man's and no man's; it was Yorick's and is now Ophelia's—"One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead"; it could as well be Alexander's. It is in fact the destination of human vanity: "To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of

Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?" Shakespeare's point now is not merely that all men die, but that no man is great in the eye of time.

What Maynard Mack says about the "new" Hamlet of Act V seems to me just right: "It is a matter of Hamlet's whole deportment, . . . the deportment of a man who has been "illuminated" in the tragic sense." Mr. Mack seems to me right again in his account of the psychology of Hamlet's change: "The point is not that Hamlet has suddenly become religious; he has been religious all through the play. The point is that he has now learned, and accepted, the boundaries in which human action, human judgment, are enclosed." Hamlet has rediscovered his humanity, all of it, and that is to confess the limits of the creature. Act V insists upon death because that is the grandest, the ultimate, human limitation. But the change in the hero and the insistence upon death occur because the tragic action calls for them. Tragedy is an imitation, and what it imitates is action and life, as Aristotle says. Critics have said that in the final act Hamlet lashes out, "the serpent unwinds," at last. Certainly it is true that he performs with great efficiency, a careless, almost insolent, ease, the tasks required of him in "The Revenge of Hamlett Prince Denmarke." But this is the less significant change in the hero. The greater change is in fact an intensification of the intellectualizing Hamlet we have known all along. For Hamlet's mood throughout Act V is marked by a strange and beautiful detachment from the very acts he performs and witnesses, a sort of spectatorship or connoisseurship of life as panorama. It is essentially in that spirit that he and the play look at death in the long first scene. In this tragic vision, tragedy and comedy fuse into irony—but that is still tragedy.

Some of this irony functions even in the quarrel at Ophelia's grave, which is given a consciously histrionic turn in the epical cast of Hamlet's challenge—mocking, while enacting, human bravado:

> What is he whose grief
> Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow
> Conjures the wand'ring stars and makes them stand

> Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
> Hamlet, the Dane!

The histrionic motive is made specific a few lines later as Hamlet pronounces his melodramatic defiance, then pauses to point at it:

> Dost thou come here to whine?
> To outface me with leaping in her grave?
> Be buried quick with her, and so will I;
> And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
> Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
> Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
> Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
> I'll rant as well as thou.

This is tearing a passion to rags, to very tatters. Of course the passions that work in the scene are real, too, and they are those that inhere in the action's fatal progress. And it is wonderful to see how the encompassing design of the action accommodates these extremes of modulation. We should not miss, for example, how the prince's "This is I, / Hamlet the Dane" echoes and displaces Claudius's similar nomination of himself in the first act. The revenge and the cleansing are going forward. But the new calmer Hamlet returns to himself in his following speech:

> Hear you, sir,
> What is the reason that you use me thus?
> I lov'd you ever. But it is no matter.
> Let Hercules himself do what he may,
> The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

That dignity, softened by knowledge, acidified by irony, saddened by despair, lasts out the play.

That dignity, and what I have called Hamlet's connoisseurship of the spectacle of life, the irony deepening in seriousness as the action moves toward fatality, commands the tone and the tempo now to the end. The sorting of the language to the action and its meaning, its expression of those essences, is almost incredibly fine. In a few lines of compact plain narrative, Hamlet tells Horatio of discovering Claudius's commission to England for his death, his substitution of his own counterfeit message and

of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern as victims, and the sea-fight that freed him to return to Denmark. Hamlet's keen intellectual pleasure in precise and vivid speech, in words as instruments to true or false ends, shows again here in his mocking description of Claudius's "state" message and his own. The confident heart-wholeness of the new Hamlet shows in the brusque terms with which he dismisses Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to death:

> Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
> They are not near my conscience. Their defeat
> Doth by their own insinuation grow.
> 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
> Between the pass and fell incensed points
> Of mighty opposites.

It is instructive to compare the end of this speech with the language of a related statement at the end of Act III: "O, 'tis most sweet, / When in one line two crafts directly meet." The juvenility, the petulance, the cant are all gone, and what remains is the blunt pragmatic confrontation. Hamlet had to touch earth to grow to adequate stature, to be able to see and to speak as above, and as in the terrible clarity of his new summary of the direct standoff of the mighty opposites:

> Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon—
> He that hath kill'd my king and whor'd my mother,
> Popp'd in between th' election and my hopes,
> Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
> And with such cozenage—is't not perfect conscience,
> To quit him with this arm? And is't not to be damn'd,
> To let this canker of our nature come
> In further evil?

Language expresses Hamlet's condition again in his easy castigation of the euphuistic Osric, whose ornate equivocation is a late sign of the "drossy age" which has been the collective enemy from the beginning.

Everyone has remarked Hamlet's "fatalism" (Bradley's word) in the late action, and the text is rich in support of such a reading: heaven is "ordinant"; "There's a divinity that shapes our ends"; "a man's life's no more than to say 'One' "; "the readiness

is all." These are great, moving, and appropriate statements; but I agree with Mr. Mack that it is Hamlet's acceptance they are appropriate to, not his fatalism. Hamlet has been demanding all through the play, "Let be be finale of seem," demanding the identification, the making-one, of appearance and reality, the bringing of things into moral focus or register. But the terms of the proposition have changed, shrunk and cooled to the scale of the real world of men. Hamlet acts out now nothing so grandiloquent as destiny, only the limits of his powers. They are heroic powers, but human ones, and they perform in the eye of God. Hamlet himself has fallen into register with the human condition.

The violent and beautiful melodrama of the sword fight, the deadly "brother's wager," the triumphant saturnalia of the occulted evil of the play's action—an event which Aristotle might have called a "probable impossibility"—precedes the elegiac close, the epiphany or showing forth of the bodies and their meaning. The "fell sergeant, Death" arrests Hamlet, Claudius, Gertrude, Laertes. Horatio is left to draw his breath in pain. We breathe with him. The best and the worst in the state have died, and the state has nearly died with them. Hamlet has brought the state out of terrible sickness at the cost of his own life. Now it is weakly convalescent. But that is not how the spectators, "You that look pale and tremble at this chance, / That are but mutes or audience to this act," feel. Our response is better rendered by the paired terms, "woe" and "wonder," of Horatio's heartbroken address to Fortinbras: "What is it ye would see? / If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search." The action has been an inextricable union of woe and wonder from the first lines: the events of the action make the woe; the tone and spirit of the action, shaping events into meaning to compose the significant design of the action, provide the beauty and truth to create the wonder that lets us bear the woe. The play "ends in speculation," as Keats says deep enterprises always end, the long wide look into the woe and wonder of the human condition in its grand generic forms.

We have seen the best of our time. Hamlet is not other than

fatally dead. Horatio's farewell, "Good-night, sweet prince, / And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!" points to a cloudy region outside the competence of the dramatic action, and comforts us only with the beauty of its language. But the air is clear, and we can breathe it with pride and some confidence as well as with Horatio's pain. The action has cleared its own corrupted air through the agency of Hamlet's sacrifice, his lustration. The bad old ones at least are gone, and the visible state is left in the hands of the instructed young. We are free at last to recollect the soldier's words from the play's first scene:

> Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated
> The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
> And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
> The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
> No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
> So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

But of course the only miracle that has been passed is the miracle of art. The action leaves us in the real, fallen, endlessly corruptible world, the current embodiment of the great enemy vanquished for the time by heroic courage and sacrifice. Tragedy cannot put an end to pity and fear, it can only make the terrible beautiful.

TWO POEMS

By JOAN WHITE

INTRODUCTION TO ASIA

A SHY mind always knows
adventures of the flesh
only proceed by guess
rich and elaborate.
A paisley quilt is hung.

The birds come from their trees
collecting in the sky
beside the stars, and I
framed by embroidery
in space am pondering.

The night is over. Then
a full girl eating sweets
running grotesquely fleet
breaks the enameled air
so lanced, so flagged, so hung.

Some scenes require a scar
cut by a scimitar.
I see the thin knight come
Persian and blue, his silk
trousers are slashed with light.

He paints, he paints the day
charger and sword away
eyebrows and eyes away
breath on the brush away.
I and the silk quilt stay.

NEGLIGENT SEA ATTITUDES

EURIPIDES looks out. His cave
is bare, beside him the new play.

He concentrates on that gold sky,
the heated breeze that froths the waves.

Inside of sound he hears his play
seething loosely in the span
between attention and attention.

It's better not to stare too close
or try to flatter all the slow

perambulations of the gods
into a circular design . . . the future nods

him softly toward some vague intention;

casually the Ocean and the Winds
wind down . . . his characters are pleasing him—

alive, deep-breathing, suffering,
attended negligently, some day dying.

ON SEEING FILMS OF THE WAR

By LOUIS COXE

WHEN will that war end? My whole house is still
Except for the screen that lifts Pacific swells
Island by island in a rising host
And I live in an instant, out of real, false
And imagined passions, the old ache again
As though my heart yearned backward for old pain.

Empress Augusta Bay, Garapan town:
Glass raised to glass, the old names ring like coin
Pieces of the dead—my own dead self not least—
Whom I mourn yet give cold comfort in their rest
Under new lives, new wars, the unmemoried sift
Of distance that drifts with time on a feathered shaft.

Love's arrow poisoned and pointed by false hope
Strikes home here—to me, now, before sleep—
Enslaving memory wounded with desire,
With youth and fever: through a fog of war
Distance like a land-loom lifts the past
Brimmed with illusion like a rising glass.

MIDNIGHT GEOMETRY

By JOHN UNTERECKER

THE small construction hung in summer air,
Suspended by a thread of starlight from blue night,
Can be composed against the waiting tree.
(Leaves that were green are black leaves by moonlight.)
On the dark lawn we thrust each scene in place:
A recklessness of branches, moon, and leaves,
Two stars (cold satisfaction of bare space).

We move about the lawn arranging worlds.

We move in time and in a moving place,
A garden hung with fragrance as a jewel,
A poised and private ornament of hours.
Yet composition, shattering like flowers,
Impales itself on midnight's milky way
More brittle than a winter, sharp as glass:
Light years of chaos rake the falling stars.

My ears are hoarse with listening for your voice.

Bright order, balanced on the darkness, hear
My cry; bright fragment, find me in the circling dark!

NEW ROADS TO A WORLD WITHOUT WAR

By ARTHUR I. WASKOW

SINCE they know that cataclysm can be the only result of future wars, many Americans in the last few years have tried to think seriously about new roads that would lead to a world without war. Many of the traditional internationalist and pacifist arguments seem less than satisfactory in the thermonuclear age, and new versions of these approaches as well as wholly new paths have begun to be explored. New knowledge about war and peace and the world situation, as well as new conceptions of the ethical standards to be applied, have changed the direction in which a solution is sought.

Many policy-makers and scholars believe the problems and possibilities confronting the world are immensely complicated by the fact that they are unprecedented. Such proposed policies as fighting limited thermonuclear wars, building a civil defense system against nuclear blast, fire, and fallout, and achieving and enforcing total world disarmament seem to have no analogues in the past and to be incapable of experimental examination. If neither historical nor scientific research can be used to assess these proposed policy alternatives, then how can choices be made? Are we reduced to judging on the basis of our imagination of the future? Or can choices be made on ethical grounds alone, even without any firm knowledge of the implications and results that would be likely to flow from them? Yet many would argue that an ethical choice must take the consequences into account, and we have come to realize that untested imagination is no more effective in predicting social configurations than in predicting physical and biological configurations.

Confronted with the difficulty of doing research on the immediate war and peace problem as usually defined, many scholars have attempted to make relevant to the issue studies that previously would not have been thought germane. They have invented new conceptual tools that cut across old disciplines and

subjects of study, in the hope of bringing to bear on the issues of thermonuclear war and disarmament the findings of historical and experimental research.

One group of scholars (Kenneth Boulding, Anatol Rapoport, Robert C. North, Thomas Schelling, and Richard Snyder, among others) investigate "conflict" as a general process that occurs in many contexts—economic, international, interpersonal, intergroup—and can be studied by cutting across traditional academic boundaries. The race riot, competition between business firms, and war have been treated as comparable events. But so far no single theory has been worked out that would even approximate a useful formula for looking at all these different kinds of conflict. Insights and ideas developed from the study of one kind of conflict have, however, sometimes proved of some use in understanding others. Some scholars believe that the "theory of games," in which all the conflicting parties are assumed to be ultra-rationally interested in maximizing their own gains, may provide a mathematical model that can serve as a useful starting point for a theory of conflict. Others believe that such an approach ignores too much of the findings of behavioral science on non-rational social behavior, and can therefore never provide even a starting point for an adequate description of the way conflict is actually carried on. They argue for a heavy reliance on comparative history (for example, the process of disarmament of the barons in late medieval Europe, of the vigilantes in frontier America, and of the samurai in Japan); on small-group experiments (for example, studies of the appearance, growth, and transcendence of hostility and violence between "teams" of children in summer camp); on observational studies of conflict, consensus, and decision-making in governments and other large organizations; and on "simulations" of crisis situations in which small groups play the roles of premiers and presidents coping with invented international conflicts, in an effort to isolate the kinds of decisions that make war or peace most likely.

Research on conflict is beginning to bring to light some general principles concerning the relationship between conflict and violence, although it will take a long time before anyone can

say with assurance, "This kind of behavior is certain to bring war; that kind, a tense but nonlethal competition; still another kind, a stable peace." What is beginning to emerge is an approach that finds conflict between nations over their national interests and values to be inevitable; that looks to the "containment" of this conflict in such a way that it does not break out in organized violence, and if possible in such a way that organized violence is made extremely difficult or practically impossible to arrange; and that looks to various means of constructing partial joint interests and partial common values between the parties in conflict, as a means of "outweighing" and "containing" the conflict.

The crucial question is, of course, what kinds of joint interests and common values would be most feasible and most effective? And here there is much disagreement among the scholars. Some believe the greatest hope lies in ignoring the old conflicts and turning the attention of the conflicting nations to "superordinate" goals like the elimination of hunger, the exploration of space, or the advance of science in general. This emphasis on superordinate goals sometimes, but not always, is connected with an interest in the creation of supranational or extranational institutions which could focus on joint goals, symbolize them, and draw power away from the conflicting nation-states. A third group argues that the only overwhelming joint interest of nations in conflict (once the weapons of war have become annihilative rather than coercive) is in the one narrow, restricted goal of eliminating war and encouraging the pursuit of conflicting national ends by means other than war. The recognition of such a narrow joint aim and efforts to create an institution to fulfill that aim would have considerably different implications from those of the other two groups.

Still another approach to the containment of conflict is taken by some students who emphasize new ways of reducing the importance of existing conflicts, rather than new ways of increasing the importance of superordinate goals. One argument has been that every effort should be bent to prevent conflict between nations from becoming totalistic, a tightly unified and rigidified single we-they struggle in which every disagreement or dispute,

no matter how minor, becomes a part of the One Big Conflict. Totalistic confrontations, it is pointed out, are most likely to arouse in each side the belief that the other side is diabolical, and thus are most likely to encourage a reciprocal hostility that can end only in war. Roger Fisher's proposal for coping with this danger is to break up conflicts into small packages, to let private groups or minor agencies settle as many of them as possible, and to accept occasional small defeats on such "fractionated" conflicts as the price of preventing war. Some students of the problem who doubt that great conflicts like the Cold War can be fractionated or "expropriated" from national governments concentrate instead on how to settle such conflicts before they can feed into a "devil theory" of the enemy. Perhaps this can be done by direct bargaining, and a number of studies have attempted to discover the conditions under which bargaining is most likely to result in agreements. Perhaps it can be done by one nation's using friendly initiatives to deliberately "disconfirm" the belief of the other that the opponent is a diabolical enemy. Or perhaps it can be done by inventing new methods of pursuing one's old ends that signal to the opponent some level of acceptance of his right to pursue his own ends—such as, for example, eschewing the use of military threat and using instead economic lures or political persuasions.

Much of the disagreement about which of these approaches would be most successful in the present situation can be traced to disagreement concerning the nature of the societies and nations that confront each other. Scholars debate whether the Soviet Union is still fully committed to ideological victory in the world, or is interested only in the protection of its own borders and standard of living, or is deeply ambivalent between these goals and can be oriented to one or the other by American behavior. Scholars also disagree on the amount of expansionism and messianism as against conservatism that has persisted in American society; on the amount of caution as against revolutionary zeal in China; on the relative amounts of nationalism, Europeanism, neo-imperialist longings, and neutralist socialism that exist in various countries of Western Europe; and on the possibilities of internationalism as against fervent nationalism

and neutralism as against alignment in the underdeveloped nations.

Scholars also disagree about the power and permeability of leadership groups in the various nations. Is the Soviet Union still a totalitarian state, or one increasingly directed by a sizable managerial class? Are American political decisions made mostly by a "power elite" or an "industrial-military complex," or chiefly by pluralist and democratic means? Such questions imply different policies both for governments around the world dealing with the great powers and for those outside all governments who have a special concern with peace. Indeed such questions indicate that those interested in peace need a deeper understanding of intranational as well as international conflict. In other words, they need to know how to carry on conflict with those who disagree with them in such a fashion as to make the victory of their own ideas more likely.

For Americans, this means a reexamination of the way the political process works or could work when it deals with foreign and military policy. Research on such problems has scarcely begun to take into account changes in American political structure and process since 1945. On intranational as on international conflict, far more research is required.

The advent of thermonuclear weapons has helped to accelerate not only scientific research into conflict processes, but also philosophical and religious reassessments of the moral and ethical standards that apply to war-making. The claim has been made that the weight of relative moral evil involved in making war and refusing to make war has, because of the H-bomb, radically changed.

The success widely claimed for Gandhi's use of the "politics of love" in freeing India and more recent successes by American Negroes using the same approach have created a counterreferent to the H-bomb. Some analysts of the morality of war have argued that the political success of Gandhi's or King's *satyagraha* ("soul-force") is integrally related to its moral and ethical superiority, that the impotence of war through its "hypertrophy" or elephantiasis in thermonuclear form is integrally related to

the disastrous moral and ethical implications of war, and that in the thermonuclear age *satyagraha* therefore poses a commanding alternative. This view has been especially strong among radical pacifists.

Hitler's temporary success in holding power and carrying out a series of what are widely regarded as overwhelmingly immoral acts has led some analysts of peace-war ethical problems to conclude that the responsibility resting upon individual citizens to judge and on occasion to resist the acts of their government is much heavier than previously thought. Thus one new direction of ethical thought has been an emphasis on individual responsibility to dissent from and oppose "immoral" wars or preparations for war.

These three recent events—the advent of the H-bomb, the triumph of Gandhi, and the success of Hitler—have been incorporated to different degrees and in different ways in new ethical judgments of war. There has been a fourth historic "event"—actually a series of events—which has colored new attitudes toward the ethicality of war. This has been the development of totalitarian Communism. Some observers regard that development as so unremittingly, unchangeably, and irretrievably evil that submission to it would be a more immoral act than any other conceivable. To other observers, Communism (especially in recent years) has seemed to be a system in process of becoming malleable and permeable, and therefore to be dealt with by means whose ethicalness cannot be assumed but must be demonstrated.

The new approaches to the ethics of war can be scaled according to the vigor with which they reject war—ranging from minimal to partial to total rejection. Those least reject war who believe that Communism is so radically evil that thermonuclear war, even waged against whole populations, is less immoral than submission to Communism, or possibly even allowing it to go on existing, would be. This view is new in that it jettisons a number of the traditional criteria for a just war (for example, the criterion that the death of noncombatants must never be deliberately sought).

A view that goes one step further than this toward rejecting

war is based on the belief that some forms of thermonuclear warfare can be included within the traditional canons of the just war. This second view would oppose any war of annihilation against civilians, but would accept the possibility that thermonuclear weapons might be used against military forces only. Like the first position, this accepts and perhaps underlies much of the present official justification set forth by the nuclear powers for their military policies.

A third view argues that although it could never be morally acceptable to use thermonuclear weapons on noncombatant and perhaps politically uninvolved populations, it might be acceptable to threaten the use of such weapons. Some who hold this view think that it might be possible to use thermonuclear weapons against military targets; others believe that no such separation of military targets from civilians could be achieved. In any case, those who believe it legitimate to threaten but not to use some sorts of nuclear weapons stand in partial opposition to the present policies of the nuclear powers. For most present nuclear strategists lean heavily upon the belief that deterrence rests ultimately upon the credibility of the threat, and therefore that even a thermonuclear threat requires a full, and fully demonstrated, intent to use the weapon as threatened. Those who hold this third view are therefore striking at one of the important official assumptions. On the other hand, they are not necessarily opposed to the continued possession of thermonuclear weapons, or their use by the great powers in nuclear blackmail.

The remaining ethical positions in successively stronger terms provide much more profound criticisms of present official policies. Of these strongly critical positions, the least critical rejects the use, threat, or possession of any sort of thermonuclear weapons, on the ground that partial use or threats might reasonably be expected to lead to their indiscriminate use against civilian populations. Next there is the rejection of all war, either on the traditional grounds of absolutist pacifism (perhaps strengthened by a belief that nuclear weapons have made much clearer the interconnections of the whole human family), or on the grounds that any war may escalate to nuclear levels. Finally, there is the rejection of all sorts of violence, exploitation, and

domination, based both on traditional anarcho-pacifist grounds and on the new bases provided by Gandhian thought.

All these positions have in common an ethical base in which the nation-state's acts are called into question and judged by an ethical standard independent of the nation-state's own success. Thus at one end of the spectrum there is the view that the American national government has a moral obligation to make war (in order to destroy Communism), even if the American nation were wrecked in the process; and at the other end there is the view that the American government has a moral obligation *not* to make war, even if the American nation were wrecked as a result.

There is, however, an ethical standard which stands mostly within the nation-state rather than mostly outside it, and regards the security and success of the nation—any nation—as the chief or the only legitimate test of the morality of its government's behavior. (Some who essentially adopt this view assert and believe that they use their own country's success as a yardstick because their country generally advances some transcendent moral value. Not "My country right or wrong," they say, but "My country because it's generally right." In practice, it may be difficult to distinguish their behavior from that of those who explicitly believe that *all* national governments can and should be morally judged only by their success in advancing their own country's national interests.) The advent of thermonuclear weapons has created among many who would accept this nationally-based view of national morality a new judgment as to the morality of war. Many of these people now argue that for the sake of the national safety and indeed for the sake of advancing the national interests in the international system, the United States and other nations need to invent new techniques and abandon war. These groups focus on the danger of annihilation and on the irrelevance of war to almost all modern issues of national interest, rather than on its "morality" judged by external criteria. As a result, however, they end up creating a set of moral standards rooted in the national safety and success by which to judge the government's acts.

For some of the people in these groups, this means a rein-

terpretation of the national interest in terms of advancing all humanity—an important "mediating" approach. It connects one element of the older pacifism to the new generation, which is both "optimistically" conscious of an emerging transnational community of people and culture, and "pessimistically" convinced of the stubborn persistence of conflicting national interests. By looking upon the advancement of all mankind as an expression of selfish but enlightened national interest (and of the interests of particular transnational groups that have increasing power within each nation, such as scientists), these people can hook up their "optimism" and "pessimism." For others who focus even more strongly on the conflicting pressures of national interests, the new morality based on the new weaponry requires the invention of political, economic, and psychological substitutes for war as a way of winning the nation's ends. The mixture of these approaches is characteristic of most of the postwar peace organizations. Their approach to the morality of war leads to far less radical criticism of the nature, function, behavior, and leadership of the national government than that of the groups appealing to transcendent values.

From any of the ethical positions that have been described, there arises a separate ethical question of the responsibility of the individual citizen who dissents from the behavior of his government. Backward glances at the "Eichmann syndrome" have strengthened traditional democratic assumptions concerning the right and duty of individual dissent. At its most radical, this new emphasis on individual responsibility has tended to support the Thoreauvian argument for casting "your whole vote—not a strip of paper merely, but your whole influence." Thoreau's and Gandhi's ideas regarding resistance to "immoral" governmental behavior have been increasingly carried into action by some peace groups, who have used civil disobedience, tax refusal, and similar techniques to bring their views to bear on national policy.

Scientists in particular have developed a philosophy based less on outright resistance to "immoral" acts than on "non-participation" in them. This approach has carried further, in a new technological and social context, the notion of conscientious ob-

jection to military service. The "non-participants" argue that in periods of preparation for total war, not only the uniformed soldier but many other citizens may have to consider the ethical consequences of their acts. As a result, non-military persons must attempt to foresee, as far as possible, the consequences of their professional work and to refuse to do work that is likely to be used in an "immoral" fashion.

Least radical of the new positions developing out of concern over the "Eichmann syndrome" has been a deeper emphasis on the necessity for individual dissent through free discussion. There has emerged a set of twin and reciprocal beliefs: first, the belief that encouragement of dissent will lessen the likelihood of "immoral" wars being undertaken; and second, the belief that prevention of war will support the effective expression of dissenting views. From this interest in an integral two-way relation between the preservation of peace and the encouragement of civil liberties has come a new emphasis upon problems of the garrison state and the economic, political, and social implications of choices in military policy. In essence, this "moderate" version of the ethic of individual responsibility has argued that —contrary to old assumptions that national security in time of crisis required national "unity"—national security itself requires dissent and intense debate.

From these new ideas on the nature of conflict and the ethics of violence have emerged innumerable proposals for paths of action. The proposals overlap, some of them disagree on minutiae and some on fundamentals; but they seem to cluster around five points, or at least to be most easily described in five clusters. These are discussed below in order of what may seem to be increasing amounts of prospective change from the present nation-state system: (1) *control* of the state system through stabilization of the balance of power and reduction of international tensions; (2) *reform* of the state system through total disarmament without abandonment of national sovereignty or of the pursuit of national interests; (3) *extension* of the state system through creation of a federal world government; (4) *fragmentation* of the state system through increases in the power of func-

tional bodies and other institutions, and corresponding decreases in state power; and (5) *abolition* of the state system through the substitution of love for coercion.

Not every traveler who starts down one of these roads, however, need go all the way to the end. He may believe, for example, that on the road that goes "farthest out"—the fifth—only a partial journey and then a long halt would be enough to make the peace secure. Since some of the roads cross others, he may believe that it is necessary to start on one road and then switch to another. One should guard against too easy categorization of the roads as "conservative" or "radical." A road that seems "moderate" may involve much more unorthodox ideas than one that seems more revolutionary. Thus the third road—world government—seems to require a greater change from the present situation than the second—a world disarmed but not governed by a world federation. But the conventional wisdom of political science finds it far easier to envision a full-scale world government than to imagine the kind of world police force that could enforce disarmament without becoming a world government.

The first of the new roads to a world without war envisions at the end of the road a world in which the nation-states continue to exist as independent armed entities, but build among themselves a network of self-adjusting, homeostatic controls that prevent conflicts between them from becoming outright war.

This vision of the future is based on something like the old idea of the balance of power. It assumes both the desirability and inevitability of the continuance of sovereign nation-states. It is also based on the belief that large-scale armaments cannot, need not, and should not be taken away from the governments of sovereign states; and it accepts as moral the preservation of thermonuclear weapons as a threat in order to deter attack, though not necessarily accepting as moral the use of such weapons. This vision of the future is based also on the belief that it is possible to build internal controls in each state sufficient to prevent the unauthorized or unintended use of weapons that continue to exist, and even to prevent authorized political lead-

ers from ever deciding that it would be reasonable to strike first.

Perhaps the world to which advocates of this road look forward can be best described as something like the British Commonwealth of Nations. In the Commonwealth, all the states are armed; there is no superior power capable of enforcing Commonwealth decisions on any of the states; and yet it is unlikely that Commonwealth nations would make war on each other. Remembering this analogy, what can we conclude would be the changes that would probably have to be made in the present world in order to follow this road?

It would first be necessary for the great powers to renounce their hopes of "total victory" or of transforming the world so that all societies grow like their own. Thus, whatever messianic Communism exists in the Soviet Union and in China would have to be abandoned, as would ideas of American "manifest destiny" or of the French *mission civilisatrice.* Something like the sixteenth-century notion that brought to an end the religious wars, *cuius regio, eius religio,* would have to be accepted by all the great powers.

As a corollary each of the great powers would have to accept the notion of arms control. This would mean that although arms would be kept, their number would be carefully restricted according to some sort of international agreement, and various forms of cross-national inspection would have to be developed in order to assure that the agreed levels of armaments were not exceeded. The great powers would probably continue to keep a "minimum deterrent" stock of thermonuclear weapons, and a moderate level of conventional forces for the defense of territory. Probably the present overwhelming stocks of nuclear and conventional armaments would be greatly reduced.

In line with both the basic renunciation of total victory on both sides and the establishment of arms control, the great powers would probably negotiate political settlements of particularly dangerous minor issues. For example, the questions of Berlin, Cuba, and Formosa would probably all have to be settled in order to establish the basic stability necessary to this version of the world.

In addition to these settlements—most of which would occur

among the great powers—some sort of settlement of the basic issues between the developed and underdeveloped areas of the world might have to be negotiated, because the stability of such a "controlled state system" might well be threatened by intense anger arising from deep poverty in Africa, Asia, and Latin America. It might therefore become necessary for the developed powers to agree to contribute to the speedy industrialization of the underdeveloped world. Possibly, however, if sufficient agreement had been established among the great powers to set up such a world, they would be able through joint action to control any disturbing hostility on the part of the hungry nations and to prevent any upset of the system from revolutions of the hungry peoples. In the long run, however, it seems likely that the stability of such a world would be considerably greater if areas of intense poverty ceased to exist.

Some observers believe that the conclusion of the nuclear test ban treaty and of the commercial arrangements that succeeded it point the way along this road. Further steps along this road might be taken in the same fashion—that is, by international agreement among the great powers—or might be taken by a system of reciprocated initiatives.

The notion that progress toward a world without war might best be taken not through negotiation but through initiative of one or another of the great powers, combined with reciprocations of that initiative by others of the powers, has been most thoroughly explored by Charles Osgood. He argues that during a period of intense hostility between nations, it may well be easier for each particular nation to act on its own in a direction that will build peace than it would be for several nations to get together and agree on particular steps toward peace. Osgood argues that the vicious circle of distrust and fear could be broken by acts of one of the great powers—and he argues the United States could be the first to act—if that power began with small acts designed to reduce tensions without compromising its own basic security. If such acts were reciprocated by the other powers, then all could continue carrying out such initiatives until a system of stable peace had been achieved.

Over the long term, establishing not merely an uneasy detente

but a stable peace in this fashion would probably require the building of interconnecting strands of interest between the nations. Just as the British Commonwealth is held together more by economic and financial connections and symbolic associations than by direct military power, so a world of the sort described above would probably depend on trade, cultural contacts, and other such overlapping interests.

In the domestic affairs of the various powers, the road to control of the state system would require only moderate economic shifts, and probably little in the way of political change. Coping with sizable cuts in existing defense budgets would require some advance preparation, and over the years a world-wide increase in international trade might require some adjustments in the domestic economies of many nations. The great nuclear powers, shifting from a pattern of thermonuclear buildup to one of thermonuclear stabilization, might release a considerable number of scientists and engineers from work on exotic weapons systems to civilian research and development. The reduction in armed forces would hardly be great enough to require the transformation of governments that had previously rested heavily on forcible control of the people into governments based on free consent. But there might be, as a result of the general diminution of international conflict and tension, a loosening of the political controls upon individual liberties that seem in almost all countries to accompany international crises. In fact, on each of the five roads, an effective journey would both depend on and bring about changes in domestic policy as well as in international relations. Some analysts of the war-peace problem have even argued that the war system is built chiefly on and caused chiefly by the internal difficulties of the great powers—either political difficulties in controlling a rebellious population or economic difficulties in controlling unemployment—and that the war system will only be abandoned when other means than large defense establishments are found for curing unemployment and controlling the populace. To those who analyze the situation in this way, internal social reforms seem almost a sixth road to a world without war. But although social reform might be one way of moving down the roads, it is not itself a road. For

simply calling for social reform does not determine what kind of world is the destination—especially what kind of state system, or transnational system beyond the state system, would be necessary to keep the world at peace. For that reason, internal social change will be discussed here as it might tie in with each of the five roads—rather than as a separate road itself.

The second road to a world without war assumes that the preservation of politically independent and separate nations is both desirable and inevitable, but it also assumes that such independent states need not and should not be armed. On the other hand, this road assumes that a world-wide government is extremely unlikely and perhaps even undesirable, but asserts that a world institution sufficient to enforce disarmament can be created without turning that institution into a full-fledged government. Further, this road assumes that states can pursue their national interests by non-military means, even if those interests include notions of world-wide political victories.

On the question of disarmament itself, this road is based either on the assumption that nuclear weapons cannot morally be used as threats to deter war, or on the assumption that it is impossible to continue to possess nuclear weapons without running the serious risk of their being used. On either of these grounds, therefore, supporters of this road would call for the reform of the state system so that all states carried on their usual pursuits except in the military field. In that field, all states would have abandoned their arms as dangerous and useless means of carrying out the national ends. In order to achieve this kind of total disarmament, it would be necessary to have international agreement on the process of disarmament itself, the techniques of inspection by which every state could be assured that every other state continued disarmed, and the techniques of enforcement by which states could expect that violations of the agreement could be prevented or checked.

Although it has sometimes been argued that small violations would be hard to detect, it has also been argued in response that additional research on inspection techniques could make undetected violations extremely unlikely. For example, suggestions

have been made for "knowledge inspection" in which second-level national leaders would submit to questioning about possible hidden stocks of weapons; budgetary inspection, in which treasury agents would be set to work on national expenditures to ferret out any possible "embezzlement" by the military departments; industrial and transport inspection, in which engineers would keep watch over the number of tons of steel, uranium ore, and electronic gear being sent to mysterious towns in the backwoods; research inspection, in which suspicious concentrations of scientists turning out no public experimental findings would be watched over; inspection by the people, in which anonymous "suggestion box" arrangements would be made for ordinary citizens to tip off the inspectorate to a violation—all approaches that could be added to a straight military-inspection system. It has been argued that the simultaneous use of all these systems would mean that any violator would quickly be discovered.

If the use of such measures were able to safeguard the disarming process itself, the question would then arise whether national states could pursue their ends by other than military means. The emergence in the Cold War of techniques like competitive economic aid and selective embargo point the way toward the possibilities of non-military means for advancing the national interest in the disarmed world. States could also use such techniques as propaganda, subversion, espionage, blackmail, bribery, and other such means to advance their ends. New techniques for carrying on conflict without violence would probably have to be invented, just as the strike was invented as a nonviolent means of carrying on labor-management conflict and the sit-in as a nonviolent way of carrying on racial conflict.

In order to keep intense conflict from breaking into war, this version of the future world would—instead of depending on homeostatic, self-adjusting controls—depend on the creation of an international institution. The kind of institution contemplated by those who would like to reform the state system without transforming it would be an unorthodox version of a world police force. Such a force would be unable to coerce any state into changing its social or political system, and would therefore

stand neutral in the conflicts carried on by the nations among themselves. But it would have sufficient power to make extremely unlikely violation of the disarmament agreement within any state. Such a police force would be quite small, would be prepared to meet violations early and to aim carefully at the specific violations and individual violators rather than at the violating nation as a whole, would be ready to increase its use of force only if authorized to do so by a wider international consensus, and would be both unwilling and unable to control conflict between nations that was carried out purely by political and economic means.

This version of a world without war would in some ways require less change from the present situation and in some ways more than the road to control of the state system. The value systems of the existing Establishments in various countries would not have to be changed, even to the extent of abandoning the hope of world-wide victories in political form or the transformation of other societies to accord with their own values. On the other hand, it would require very much more far-reaching changes in military structure, and much more far-reaching changes in the ideas of how to advance national interests, since military means would be unavailable. It would require the acceptance of a small-scale international institution in exchange for international amity. The world might well become less stable politically, rather than more. It would look much more like the Middle East between 1949 and 1962 (when there were only a few outbreaks of war but much internal instability and international conflict) than like the British Commonwealth of Nations.

The achievement of this world would require a combination of unilateral and multilateral strategies. On the unilateral side, it would seem that initiatives could be taken not to reduce tension in the Osgoodian sense but rather to increase political and economic conflict and shift the emphasis away from military means of carrying on such conflict. Thus, one of the great powers might begin reducing its own defense forces and reinvest its resources in economic aid that would force others of the great powers to redirect their own resources into economic aid in order to stay in the competition. A series of such seemingly

contradictory initiatives might move the world into a temporary period of joint stable deterrence with increasing political and economic competition, and then, after negotiation on full disarmament, into a longer period of even more intense but non-lethal struggle in the disarmed world. The final step into full disarmament would require careful working out among all the great powers, and it would therefore be multilateral rather than unilateral.

At home, this road to disarmed disorder and non-lethal conflict would probably require important social adjustments. The abolition of all arms would require economic changes on a considerably larger scale than (but not different in kind from) those required by an arms-control system like the first road. More radical changes would be imposed on those societies where governments depend heavily on the use or threat of armed force to keep their people under control. Although some internal police forces would remain in a world that had accepted general and complete disarmament, the use of full-scale military power to crush a revolt would be extremely difficult or impossible. Thus tyrannical governments would either have to adjust their policies and seek the consent of the governed or invent new techniques for controlling the people. There would be great incentive to invent new means of political and economic warfare for use in international conflict, and once invented some of these techniques might be used at home as well. On the other hand, a government might find that its enemies were making new political techniques of resistance available to disaffected elements of its own population. Wherever the new balance between governmental and popular power came to rest, the means by which domestic politics were carried on might change a great deal in some countries—particularly those that are now most undemocratic.

Many who regard the nation-state as a triumph for the preservation of internal peace believe that the best hope of safeguarding the international peace is through vertically extending the state system. They look upon existing federal governments as the best existing experiments in vertical extension of the state

system, and draw from these federal governments their ideas of how to construct a world without war.

Proponents of federal world government agree with those who believe all nation-states must disarm, but they do not believe in the possibility or desirability of enforcing disarmament without a true world government. They also tend to doubt that disarmament can be undertaken by states that are carrying on intense conflicts. Thus most world federalists believe that international tensions must be reduced and major political or economic conflicts resolved before serious arms reduction can begin.

Of all the roads to a world without war, that to a world government is probably the one best marked and explored in imagination—perhaps because it has the best historical precedents. Voting patterns, legislative powers and functions, a court system —all the constitutional paraphernalia have been worked out by various authors.

Most federalists feel that the crucial issues any world government would have to cope with are disarmament and economic development. Legislative and political means of allowing peaceful change would be necessary if military means were ruled out and if head-on political and economic struggles—conducive to rearmament—were to be avoided. The world government would certainly have to cope with pressures and demands from the hungry half of the world. In order to contain these pressures and be capable of enforcing disarmament and accelerating economic development, the world government would have to use a host of peripheral powers: taxation and trade regulation, to name only the most important.

Most plans for world federation assume that within the member nations basically different political and social systems would continue. Yet they also assume that such basically different societies can come to agreement on the symbols of governmental legitimacy and the realities of political process that would operate in the world government itself. Efforts to resolve this seeming paradox have concentrated on the development of new forms of international or world law acceptable to diverse legal systems, on the development of legislative forms that would closely reflect changing balances of power among nations and groups of

nations in the world, and on the separation of executive powers into several councils that would prevent usurpation of power by any single interest.

Most proponents of world government hope to begin moving down their preferred road by gradually strengthening the United Nations structure. A few have plans for political action that are based on analogies with the way in which the American Constitution was brought into effect by extra-legal efforts of strong but out-of-power groups in a number of states, and some efforts have been made to stir popular interest in world constitutional conventions held without official support. But most federalists believe that joint action of the nation-states, probably in and through the UN, will be necessary to move toward world government.

The impact of world federation on the domestic life of the great powers would be considerable—but to some extent unpredictable, since it would depend on the political complexion of the world government. Nevertheless, it is clear that the domestic problems and opportunities of conversion from an armed to a disarmed economy would be similar to those sketched in the discussion of the second road. It is fairly likely that a world federal government would go further than the individual nations themselves in providing investment capital from the wealthy societies for underdeveloped countries. And it is fairly likely that the creation of new symbols and loyalties attached to a world government would change the relations between present national governments and symbols, and their own peoples.

All the roads to a world without war so far discussed assume the usefulness and desirability of preserving the modern state—controlling it, reforming it, or supervising it by a further version of itself, but in any case preserving it. But there are some who argue for a wholly different approach—who believe either that the nation-states cannot make peace at all, or that the kind of peace national governments could make would not meet certain ethical standards. So it is argued that peace must be made without the governments or against them.

One road espoused by some who would bypass the states is to

establish functional connections across national boundaries, between occupational, industrial, scientific, and similar groups. Such extranational associations could gradually expropriate from the national governments power to make decisions on particular problems within their own competence.

This process of fragmenting the states would also dissolve the conflicts between nations—now perceived as totalistic confrontations between Them and Us—into much smaller issues. Thus the major geophysical associations might cope with whether or not to approve a test nuclear explosion in space; aviation industry spokesmen could negotiate disputed air routes; teachers' unions could arrange educational exchanges; mothers' groups could arrange joint opposition to atmospheric nuclear testing. At first, the governments would probably have to give at least tacit permission for this devolution of their own power; in time it would become harder for governments to resist.

At this level of intensity, a fragmentation program might well find support from many who would be willing to fragment only interstate conflict—not the state itself. The only proposal that has been even partially developed for a next step in the fragmentation process still assumes the existence of a strong state system, for it suggests what might be called a "Chamber of Functional Associations" in the UN. It would be created out of the collection of non-governmental organizations that the UN and its specialized agencies now consult on a semi-official basis. Such a Chamber might "provide a countervailing force to the actions of governments, particularly in crisis situations," as William Evan has described it.

Ultimately, such cross-national contacts and institutions could conceivably be developed into a kind of syndicalist-corporatist world society, in which power would flow to and from functional associations rather than the territorial state units. Because of overlapping memberships in different functional associations, it might be much harder for such groups to mobilize violent confrontations than it is for the territorial state. For the state has exclusive claims upon the loyalty of its residents and can thus perhaps more easily focus conflict into a totalistic pattern of Them against Us.

Finally, there is an approach to peace which looks for a substitute for the state not in functional groupings but in the moral action of individual persons. Its proponents seek not merely to fragment the state system but to abolish it. They hope to replace coercion with conversion and ultimately perhaps to replace conflict with harmony. And they base their hope upon both an ethical choice and an estimate of the facts concerning the nature of conflict.

The ethical belief is that violence can never be condoned; the factual estimate, that violence can always (though sometimes with great difficulty) be contained and ended by confronting it with love and dignity. On this basis, it is argued that individual persons have a responsibility not only to reject violence for themselves but to challenge it wherever others use it, so that the world can be transformed and violence ended.

It is argued that if this analysis is applied, not only war but the state itself must disappear, since the state is based on the threat or actuality of violence against its own citizens. Moreover, it is argued that only by threatening violence can wealth be defended in the presence of poverty, leisure in the midst of drudgery, and education in the midst of ignorance. Thus economic and social inequalities would also disappear if they were confronted by determined men committed to love and by loving to convert those who use or threaten violence to protect their own special privileges. The world would be transformed in the process of abolishing war—nor could war be abolished without transforming man and the world, proponents of this fifth road would argue.

What kind of world would result at the end? One in which individual aberrations into violence might be controlled by a "police" staff made up of men especially trained in the techniques of non-violent confrontation; in which crimes of property might have disappeared because men could have what they needed (and would be persuaded by non-violent means not to take what they did not need or what others needed worse); in which national boundaries would probably have been obliterated for purposes of migration and therefore "invasions" or "defense" would be impossible; in which unfair impositions at-

tempted by any self-styled government would be resisted by nonviolent means, and consensus would determine what regulations were fair.

But of course such a transformed world would be far down the road. The journey would begin with individual resistance to the most violent acts of particular governments. Thus "sail-ins" against nuclear testing, a march from Quebec to Guantanamo to protest the hostile behavior of the United States toward Cuba and of Cuba toward the United States, refusal to serve in the army, refusal to pay taxes for military defense, demonstrations in Red Square against Soviet nuclear testing—all these have been attempted as first steps toward abolition of the state system. As successes began to be won on this level, the program would presumably expand until various forms of military activity, racial and economic exploitation, and political tyranny became impossible and were brought to a halt.

The roads just described are not mutually exclusive. For example, either from a stable world like the British Commonwealth or from a politically unstable one in which international police enforced disarmament, it would be possible to move into a world federal government. Of course, the ways of moving would differ depending on which path had been the starting point, but it is important to realize that from either path one could change goals, though some of the paths do not cross or join in this fashion.

Some of the differences between those who argue for each of the roads are really differences in time perspective—do you expect world government by 1980, or only a world of disarmed disorder by 1980 and world government no earlier than 2020? But some of the differences are real, and can be resolved only by more knowledge of the nature of conflict or by changing others' convictions concerning the ethics of conflict.

Perhaps the most important differences in assessing the nature of conflict are bound up in the answers to these questions: first, can the possession of military force be separated from the possession of political independence and sovereignty? and second, can conflict be so controlled as to make violence extremely unlikely

by self-adjusting homeostatic methods, without the necessity of a central enforcing institution? On your answers to these two questions depends the road to peace you choose. If your answer is no to both questions, you are a follower of the first road, seeking a stable arms-controlled world. If your answer is yes to both questions, you are a follower of the second road, believing in the disarmament of sovereign states enforced by a world body. If you answer no to the first and yes to the second, then you follow road three, the path to world government. And if you answer yes to the first and no to the second, then you follow the fifth road, world peace through abolition of the state. (Here there is a special ambiguity. Most believers in the first road assert that the politics of *domination* cannot be separated from military force—governments need a police force and army—but the politics of *freedom* can be separated from the use of violence—revolutionaries can use sit-ins instead of dynamite. The point is that, unlike arms-controllers, believers in the fifth road think that the political ends they believe in can be defended and advanced without the use or threat of violence.) As for the fourth road—fragmentation of the state—it seems largely to bypass these questions just as it bypasses the state system itself, rather than depending on it or abolishing it. It has perhaps been least well worked out of all the roads that have been under discussion, and may therefore merit more study than it has so far received.

In any case, we are still making a choice with very little evidence to back us up. When all futures seem radically unprecedented and impossible to study, it is easy to invoke the honorific "pragmatism" for a policy of drift or opportunism. If the delineation of roads to a world without war is to be of any use, it must be used in the true spirit of pragmatism: know what values you hold and what goal you seek, then choose the road that seems most likely to lead there. If it is unclear whether a goal you might like is a possible or adequate one, then construct tests for it. Try creating an "action experiment" in zonal disarmament to test out the second road, look at historical cases of non-violent resistance to ruthless tyranny in order to assess the fifth road, and so on. There should be no illusions that this process is easy or certain: having taken a road, one may find that

after all it does not lead to the destination marked on the first few signposts, or even that the original destination no longer sounds quite so reassuring.

But the choice of a road does not force rigidity upon the chooser. Especially in many of the early stages of the journey, the roads intertwine. Achievement of a nuclear test ban is a way-station where many of the roads intersect; strengthening of the World Court might be a crossroads for several of them; so might a direct agreement between professional associations in hostile states to exchange large numbers of members. It should therefore be possible to change policy and tactics, if those who seek a world without war should discover new evidence about the nature of conflict or should come to new convictions about ethics. What characterizes the "road" approach is the belief that even if one expects to change one's mind about the road and the destination, it is necessary to have a destination in mind in order to move forward.

There are, however, among those who have been developing new approaches to peace, some who do not accept the road image at all. They believe that peace is a process growing out of continuous behavior, rather than the result of a moderately or greatly changed social system that might be achieved in some near or distant future.

Two of the five roads described here, and believed in by some people as roads with destinations, have close analogues in processes that are believed in by those who reject the idea of peace as a destination. These are controlling the state system through arms control and abolishing the state system through nonviolence. Many of the believers in arms control see peace not as some future establishment of an arms-controlled world somewhat like the British Commonwealth, but as a constant and constantly shifting process of managing armaments and coping with conflicts so that wars—at least big wars—do not erupt. Such a process of arms control they regard as having already begun; they think it should be carried on with more energy and self-consciousness, and they envisage it as continuing indefinitely. In a somewhat similar fashion, some of the adherents of Gandhian nonviolence see the use of *satyagraha* as a con-

tinuous, never-ending process that has already begun, that should be greatly improved and intensified, and that will never end. They look not toward a world in which the state has been abolished, but toward a constantly shifting process in which the state is tamed and violence is kept under better and better control, but in which utopia is never expected or hoped for.

The characteristic danger of the "process-only" way of looking at peace is that it may degenerate into trying to fend off dangers just vigorously enough to maintain the *status quo* and then into floating with every vagrant political current. The necessary corrective to this tendency is the constant application of ethical judgment to the momentary situation. The characteristic danger of the road-and-destination way of looking at peace is that it may degenerate into a dogmatic refusal ever to change course. The necessary corrective to *that* tendency is constant attention to new knowledge about international conflict and social changes in the various nations.

There is another difference between the "process" and "road" approaches to be taken into account. Those who take a "process" view sometimes argue that those who look toward a destination are likely to justify the use of any means to achieve that destination, without regard to an ethical examination of the means. If defenders of the "road" approach are consistent, they may well acknowledge that instead of applying a transcendent ethical standard to the means they employ, they use a standard that asks whether the means *are actually effective* in reaching the destination. But then to avoid a descent into vulgar Machiavellism, proponents of the road approach would have to be sure they have examined all the effects and implications of the means they plan to use, including the effects of these means upon the users themselves. For the traveler must remember that the destination he wishes to reach must be a place in which he himself, when he arrives there, has not stopped being what he wanted himself to be. If he has changed in ways he could not accept or desire, the destination is not the one he wanted to reach.

For example, a consistent and thorough proponent of the

"road" approach who in 1945 wanted to travel toward a world in which both the United States and Japan were peaceful and democratic states would have had to ask himself whether the use of the atomic bomb upon Japan was (a) a possible way of making Japan peaceful and democratic; (b) a necessary way of changing Japan; (c) a way that would not simultaneously, by its very success, transform the United States into a society that would be undesirable by his original standards—perhaps one that was unpeaceful, or undemocratic, or obsessed by nuclear weapons. He would *not*, as a consistent and thorough proponent of the "road" approach, have had to apply a transcendent ethical standard to the question of immediate means—of using the atomic bomb itself. But it should be emphasized that one of the easiest and most characteristic failings of the road-and-destination approach is a failure to examine the effects of the means used upon the user. For that reason it is especially important for any examination of new roads to a world without war to include an examination of the domestic political and social effects of taking each of the proposed roads.

Finally, it should be noted that both the "road" and the "process" approach to peace assume that international politics is not a spectator sport. All the approaches that have been outlined here assume that no world without war can be reached or lived in without deliberate, knowledgeable, effortful activity. If any one belief characterizes those who since the Second World War have attempted to think new thoughts about war and peace, it is the conviction that not thought alone, not drift and chance alone, not fear alone, not hope alone can produce the world without war that they seek. All of them call for action, for politics, for involvement.

NEW BOOKS IN REVIEW

JOHN ADAMS REASSESSED

AMERICA AND EUROPE IN THE POLITICAL THOUGHT OF JOHN ADAMS, *by* EDWARD HANDLER, *Harvard University Press.*

OF all the Founding Fathers, John Adams is perhaps the most easily faulted: great as his achievements were, his own estimate of them surpassed anyone else's, either in his own time or later. In recent years, however, when conservatives have been combing the American past in search of heroes, they have brought Adams forward as the American Burke. Edward Handler, in a reassessment of Adams's political thought, now denies him this role, which Adams himself would scarcely have considered a glorious one. In point of fact, Mr. Handler argues, Adams had much more in common with the French philosophes whom he detested than he did with Burke. Moreover, in Mr. Handler's view, Adams had the wrong side even in his argument with the philosophes.

These conclusions emerge from an analysis of the tension in Adams's political thought between what Mr. Handler calls universalism and relativism. As a relativist Adams thought that American society was unique and the American Revolution incapable of export. As a universalist he extrapolated from American experience a formula for government which he insisted on applying to all countries. The essence of that formula, as anyone familiar with Adams's published writings knows, was that freedom could be preserved only in governments where a strong executive presided over a bicameral legislature, with the upper house representing the more powerful and wealthy segments of society.

This formula, Mr. Handler argues, was workable for America, because it was the outcome of the actual governmental experience of Americans during one hundred and fifty years of colonial rule. It was not applicable to eighteenth-century Europe, because there it would merely have strengthened the privileges of an entrenched aristocracy. According to Mr. Handler, Adams was not content to be either relativist or universalist: he vibrated between the two, and was forever being the one when he should have been the other.

He was unlike Burke because he did not apply himself to the actualities of the European situation as it derived from the past; he was like the philosophes because he tried to force human experience into a formula derived from a mechanistic, Newtonian model. But the formulas developed by the philosophes were better suited to European needs than Adams's: they insisted on unicameral legislatures and the centralization of power, because they recognized the need of destroying aristocratic privilege.

This is a thoughtful and possibly a valid way of looking at the political theory of John Adams; and no one is likely to deny that Adams's political theory was mechanistic and doctrinaire. But Mr. Handler's analysis is itself a little mechanistic and doctrinaire. It derives from a more sweeping consideration of American political thought by Louis Hartz, which argued that the distinctive characteristic of American society was the absence of a feudal aristocracy. It is perhaps no accident that the principal shortcoming which Mr. Handler finds in John Adams's view of Europe is the failure to give primary attention to the feudally derived aristocracy emphasized by Professor Hartz.

In following so insistently the theme of universalism versus relativism, the author finds very little to talk about apart from Adams's attitude toward the French Revolution. We are given Adams musing on the possibility of the event, his initial reactions to it, his increasing horror, and finally his triumphant I-told-you-so's. Adams's views on other subjects relevant to his political understanding of Europe and America (particularly his views of American national interest and international relations) are not discussed, seemingly because they cannot be exploited within the chosen theme. In only one paragraph does the author take cognizance of the event which Adams considered the most significant in his career, his refusal to lead the United States to war against the Revolutionary France whose government he so despised. In a study of the role of Europe and America in Adams's political thought the thinking behind this crucial decision deserved more attention. Nowhere, in fact, does the author consider the ideas that made Adams's political thought possibly worth remembering.

During the American Revolution, as in few other periods of history, the break-up of old social and political institutions challenged the imaginations of thinking men. Adams's obsession with a bicameral legislature was certainly not one of the important results of that challenge, and Mr. Handler does a service in saying so.

But the very idea of America as an independent, republican political entity was a great response, and Adams grasped that idea and some of its implications, especially in relation to European powers, sooner and more clearly than most other statesmen of the period. From the time of his entrance in the Continental Congress he thought continentally. Long before the Declaration of Independence he was pushing the Congress toward measures that would further the interests of the continent. His vision of what it needed —for example a navy—was unimpeded by sentimentality, timidity, or his own immense vanity, and he was accordingly able to serve the United States effectively in times of great need, from 1774 to 1800. Mechanistic as he may have been in his formal political thought, doctrinaire as he may have been in his attitude toward the French Revolution, he was neither doctrinaire nor mechanistic in assessing the needs of America in a world dominated by Europe. If we need to be told, as Mr. Handler has told us, that Adams offers a bad example in political thought, we need also to remember the example of a lawyer who could stretch his political imagination from the confines of provincial politics to the design of global strategy for a new nation.

EDMUND S. MORGAN

ELITES, ESTABLISHMENTS, AND EDUCATION

GENTLEMANLY POWER: BRITISH LEADERSHIP AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOL TRADITION, *by* RUPERT WILKINSON, *Oxford University Press.*

STATUS AND KINSHIP IN THE HIGHER CIVIL SERVICE: STANDARDS OF SELECTION IN THE ADMINISTRATIONS OF JOHN ADAMS, THOMAS JEFFERSON, AND ANDREW JACKSON, *by* SIDNEY H. ARONSON, *Harvard University Press.*

IN these conscientious, respectable, though hardly brilliant books, the iron law of oligarchy and silver-spoon law of aristocracy are tried and found as sound as ever. Mr. Aronson sets himself the problem of testing the validity of the accepted thesis that the administration of John Adams was composed of the wealthy aristocrats of post-revolutionary America, while that of Jefferson was composed of "natural" aristocrats, and that of Jackson was radically different from both, being democratic, unexpert, rotative, and dominated by men of "the people," viz., the lower classes. Painstakingly, the author analyzes the social and economic standing, parentage, education, and kinship of the cabinet-members, ambassadors, Federal judges, territorial officers, and subdepartmental heads appointed by the three Presidents: some 96 appointments by John Adams, 100 by Jefferson, and 127 by Jackson. The result of his investigation is the explosion,

at this elite level, of the Jacksonian myth. John Adams was, by and large, consistent in applying his stated conviction that men of good family and education should occupy the key positions of government; Jefferson and Jackson, while maintaining far more "democratic" theories of appointment, in fact tended to appoint men of wealth and good education. The major change which occurred under President Jackson was the appointment of a slightly larger proportion of "self-made" men, that is, men whose fathers were not members of the social elite. Of Adams's elite governing group, 62 percent had fathers in the top bracket of American society, of Jefferson's 58 percent, and of Jackson's only 51 percent. Adams, Jefferson and Jackson respectively appointed one, one, and two percent of their key administrators from men whose fathers were poor and destitute. Judged from their own social standing, 90 percent of the governing elite under each President were in the top bracket; only 5, 3, and 10 percent of the respective elites "held middle-ranking jobs prior to appointment." The lawyers, interestingly, expanded their grasp on political plums under Jackson.

There were some changes in educational background. Of the Jefferson and Jackson elites, 52 percent were college men, as compared with 63 percent of Adams's. Interesting is the evident switch from New England colleges after Adams. Harvard and Yale supplied 30 administrators to Adams, 13 to Jefferson and 3 to Jackson, while Dickinson, the University of North Carolina, Princeton, and William and Mary provided 37 members of Jackson's elite. The exception to the rule was Dartmouth, with one contribution to Adams and six to Jackson.

In short, the bourgeoisie were relatively secure under Jackson, however much the New England Whigs might bemoan the rise of "mobocracy." Having corrected the textbook picture, however, Mr. Aronson concludes unexpectedly:

> But Jackson made one further contribution: although he did not succeed in democratizing the elite, everyone thought he had. Furthermore, Americans generally felt that Jackson's successors should do as he had done [*sic*]. If any of them achieved a moderate degree of success it was largely because they felt compelled to follow the lead of Andrew Jackson.

This is either academic debunking of the most cautious order, or a remarkable tribute to the idealist interpretation of history.

More important to the well-being of society than the class composition or "representativeness" of a governing elite is its capacity to

provide rational leadership and decisions. This in turn depends upon the quality of its education and training, which are the themes of Mr. Wilkinson's impressionistic, wide-ranging "Comparative Study in the Making of Rulers," which begins with a discursive survey of British public schools and British government and leads to an examination of education in China from 618 to 1912, Meiji Japan, and the Society of Jesus. These four educational systems are chosen by Mr. Wilkinson on the grounds that they all represent "totalitarian" educational ideals, to wit: the subordination of the individual to the group, the instilling of an ethical code by methods of indoctrination and non-rational conditioning, and the neglect of the "liberal" values of individualism, variety, nonconformity, and rule of law. The author is aware of the dangers of this type of sweeping classification, but he does not avoid all its pitfalls. Each of the systems in question was remarkably successful, and the failures of each ought to be set against some alternative actual system of education. This alternative "liberal" system remains unexamined, and one is left wondering what system could in practice have done a better job of producing civil and colonial servants in nineteenth-century Britain, or holding together the Chinese empire for two thousand years, or westernizing Japan at short notice, or creating a dynamic elite of teachers and missionaries. In any case, in spite of superficial resemblances to contemporary totalitarian techniques of thought-control and censorship, the critic must register a protest against the assumption that an educational system intended to train disciplined, self-sacrificing public-servants is necessarily quasi-totalitarian. As Mr. Wilkinson is the first to admit, any educational system must devote much time to instilling "correct" conditioned-reflexes in the student.

The disquieting fact remains that the British system of education for political leaders and administrators failed to produce in the twentieth century the excellent results which had marked the Victorian age. Mr. Wilkinson's book provides clues in the neglect of scientific and technological instruction and of studies which might have fostered a flexible, critical imagination capable of meeting the challenges of Hitlerism, economic depression, and mass-democracy. The great public schools engendered loyalty, self-sacrifice, good manners, stability, ethical restraint, and team-spirit, but along with these rigidity, proneness to complacency, and denigration of intellect and applied science. There is much truth in the diagnosis, yet one is tempted to wonder whether an educational system which might

have produced more effective countervailing elite forces to correct the inertia of mass-democracy would have been acceptable. The elite of the United States, and the elite of the French Third Republic, unhampered by the British public school tradition, gave no better leadership in the 1930's than did the British elite. The recipe for the best political education for leaders is not to be found in Mr. Wilkinson's pages, but anyone interested in this vitally important question will discover there many suggestive ideas.

RAYMOND ENGLISH

A GOOD-HUMORED MAN

CAPTAIN STEELE: THE EARLY CAREER OF RICHARD STEELE, *by* CALHOUN WINTON, *Johns Hopkins Press.*

OF all the wits of Queen Anne's day Steele is surely the most colorful, the most appealing. His writings may lack the finish of Addison's, the power of Swift's, the brilliance of Pope's, but his warmheartedness, his boundless energy, his joy in living have delighted posterity, who seem willing to forget his lack of prudence, his swagger, his excesses with the opposite sex and the bottle because of his fundamental honesty, his good intentions, his personal charm. In *Henry Esmond* he is made to say that he was not ignorant of misfortune and had learned to succour the miserable. Thackeray's portrait is of course sentimentalized, but probably comes closer to the popular image of Steele than what can be found in the accounts of sober scholars.

Mr. Winton is a scholar, though he has taken pains to present his materials in a style that is not overly sober. He writes crisply, with wit, intelligence, and sound knowledge. What he says of the tone of Steele's essays might be applied to his own style, "lightly learned, good-humored, confident, a bit patronizing, sometimes pedantic."

According to the publisher, this little book "is the first full account of Steele's career up to 1714." That is a statement which is simply not true. Aitken's monumental biography, which appeared in two fat volumes in 1889, devotes over 450 pages to what Mr. Winton deals with in less than half that space, and in spite of the fine work done by later scholars Aitken can still be regarded as the "standard" biographer. In 1934 Willard Connely brought out his popularized life, which though somewhat overwritten is based on independent research and devotes more pages to "Captain Steele's" career than does Mr. Winton. *Captain Steele* is fuller in the sense that the author has reworked the original sources and has profited

from the admirable studies of such authorities as Miss Blanchard and Mr. Loftis.

Mr. Winton has elected to write about Steele's early *career*. The emphasis throughout is on what Steele did at a particular time or what his friends and enemies were doing. His concern is not with literary criticism, although he occasionally allows himself to comment briefly on aspects of Steele's writing ("he was never skilled in the use of invective"). Nor does he attempt to psychoanalyze his subject. "The person and personality of Richard Steele," he remarks, "were little known to most of *The Tatler's* subscribers." The person and personality of Steele will remain a bit vague to readers of this book. We are told that he "was pre-eminently the good-natured man, rejoicing in the company of friends and family, quick to dispute but also quick to forget the dispute, the soul of conviviality in a convivial society." Yet we never feel that we are in his company. All is externalized. We hear of "the intimate London world of court and coffeehouse." That world is not made intimate to us.

Mr. Winton seems to play down deliberately much that is colorful. He gives us as best one can the facts in his subject's life, suppressing the vivid anecdotes that bring the man to life. No doubt Richard Savage, who made himself famous by publicly asserting that he was a bastard, is an untrustworthy witness. Yet the delightful stories Savage told Sam Johnson about Steele are in keeping with what we know from other sources and give us the feeling that we have been in Steele's presence. They are not to be found in this book. Incidentally, Savage can hardly be considered less reliable than that notorious scandalmonger Mrs. Manley. Yet Mr. Winton is willing (as am I) to accept Steele's letters to her as "substantially genuine."

Although the author understandably wishes to scotch all that is legendary, he himself is guilty of making statements that cannot be supported by existing evidence. "Recruits were being shipped to Flanders every month that spring," he writes, "and it seems entirely probable, though no documentary evidence exists to prove it, that Richard Steele joined the Life Guards in Flanders shortly after his final weeks at Oxford." So far so good. Then, three pages later, we read: "The campaign of 1694 provided much marching, some skirmishing, and not much bloodshed for the Second Troop. Richard Steele got a general view of the Low Countries, if nothing else. The Life Guards went into winter quarters at Breda, but

Steele did not stay there; he returned to London." The innocent reader must assume that our hero did in fact go overseas. Perhaps he did, but so far, I believe, no one has been able to prove it.

In spite of such criticisms this is a thoroughly sound monograph. It is particularly good in bringing out the importance of Steele's political writings. It is easy to read and worth reading because of the light it throws on the role Steele played at a critical period in England's history.

FREDERICK W. HILLES

EARLY AMERICAN CHURCHES

THE COLONIAL HOUSES OF WORSHIP IN AMERICA, *by* HAROLD WICKLIFFE ROSE, *Hastings House.*
MEETINGHOUSE AND CHURCH IN EARLY NEW ENGLAND, *by* EDMUND W. SINNOTT, *photographs by* JERAULD MANTER, *McGraw-Hill Book Co.*

IN 1848 Mrs. Louisa Caroline Huggins Tuthill wrote a history of world architecture in which she said of the Colonial meetinghouses of New England that although they might appeal to the eye of piety, "they were outrageous deformities to the eye of taste." Her opinion is typical of her time, and the '30's, '40's, and '50's did their best to obliterate this "uncouth style." Reluctant to demolish buildings barely fifty years old, they went in heavily for remodeling, and most of the drastic renovations that we know today, in which a Colonial church was transformed into a Greek or Gothic or Italianate one, belong to this period.

Old churches stayed in disfavor until after the Civil War, when a new interest began to stir in the American architectural past. Churches became first the object of historical curiosity, then of nostalgia, and finally of veneration. As their number has diminished, their admirers have increased.

This mounting enthusiasm has given rise to an enormous volume of publication over the last three-quarters of a century, but, curiously, no history of American church architecture has yet been written. The field has been almost entirely in the hands of amateurs (the number of ministers and women is notable), and, except for individual buildings, architectural historians have had little part in it. Its successive phases give an interesting guide to changing public attitudes.

First, supplying the basis for almost all subsequent work, came the great town and county histories, compiled mostly during the last third of the century. In them many church records were published,

and their occasional engravings are sometimes our only knowledge now of what a since-demolished building looked like. Monuments to a newly self-conscious sense of history, these works honored the past, but they did not contemplate saving it. In the same period that the records of the Brattle Street Church were published the building was torn down, and the Old South Church was sold to the United States Government for a post office. To the ostentatious society of the post-Civil War era, remodeling was too modest an approach, and these years were the high tide of demolition.

Following the monumental histories came graceful sketches in magazines—"Reminiscences of an Old-Timer," "Rambles in Old Medfield," "White Spires in the Green Mountains"—in which childhood memories of departed ministers were mixed with arch anecdotes about courtships or the amount of rum drunk at a raising. These gentle essays began the laborious work of rescuing the past, and they were of value in photographing and drawing attention to the existence of many important buildings. But they tended to be more sentimental than accurate.

The twentieth century turned to revival, and, along with a more sophisticated standard for the amateur researchers who continued along their old path, produced valuable sets of measured drawings and photographs of detail. Much of this material was published by architects, and its emphasis was on reproduction. Occasionally this resulted in such first-rate copies as the church in Old Lyme, or in such first-rate copies of copies as the church in Williamstown which is a copy of the copy in Old Lyme. It also resulted in a wave of "reconstruction," and many a church found itself suddenly toned up with a dressy Federal façade or doorway that would have astounded its builders. Sometimes the results were handsome—as in Windsor, Vermont or Longmeadow, Massachusetts—but sometimes they were a parody of mixed Federal and Colonial effects—as in Norfolk, Connecticut—and gave rise to a style of their own which might be called Stockbroker's Georgian.

In the literature of the field, this period, roughly between the two world wars, saw the beginning of a larger approach, and a number of collections appeared, generally rather carefree as to selection and facts. Wight, Embury, Place, and especially Kelly's outstanding work on Connecticut, are among the best known. (Characteristically, two of these men are architects and two are ministers.) But only Place—and Kelly who leans heavily on Place—tried to see the

material as a whole and make something approaching a history out of it. Place's series of articles, published in *Old-Time New England,* is now over forty years old. Never a profound study, much of its material is today quite out-of-date. It deserves credit as a pioneering work, but the fact that it is still cited by historians is a sign of the continuing poverty of the field.

In our own time emphasis has shifted from revival to preservation. This is probably the end of the road, the moment in the historic process when the effort is finally made to stop the clock. Many churches are being, or have been, "restored back" to some chosen period of their lives (sometimes to several periods, as in Hingham), and the intention is that they will stay that way. At the same time a new professional standard of research has entered the field, based often on the work entailed in restoration. Many of the major churches have now been covered by monographs. Studies of the fabric have been made, and documents and pictures have been searched. Accuracy and relevance are taking the place of romance. This work is tremendously important for the future, but it is still fragmentary.

Into the mainstream of publication have now come two new books each of which in its own way is a culmination of the long-maturing amateur tradition. *The Colonial Houses of Worship in America* is by a retired businessman, *Meetinghouse and Church in Early New England* is by a retired botanist. Both are collections of photographs dealing with buildings that are still standing, and both fill what has up to now been the greatest need in the field, the need for systematic collections of pictures and data. From this it might be thought the two books are alike. They are in fact quite different. Rose covers the churches of every denomination built in the English colonies of North America through 1789. Sinnott limits himself to New England and, with the exception of one chapter, to Congregationalism; however the period covered is longer, extending to about 1830 and thus including a richer phase of American architecture. But the main difference is in purpose. Rose, whose book is organized in the form of a catalogue of separate buildings, arranged by state, each with a picture and capsule history, is interested in what might be called the *lore* of the churches—historical anecdotes, famous men and events connected with the parish. He is the true inheritor of such writers as Embury, whose book he tells us he won as a prize in school. Sinnott, on the other hand, is the heir of Place and

Kelly. His interest is in buildings, and his book is organized around architectural ideas.

The Colonial Houses of Worship is the most ambitious collection of American churches that has yet been published. It is a handsome volume. It will be interesting to laymen and, if used with caution, useful to students as a catalogue and source of pictures. The vignettes that accompany the pictures are full of interesting, if miscellaneous, information. With all these riches it is too bad that the text, which deals with the history of the different sects that settled in the Colonies, is not better. Rose says that he has drawn freely from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* and indeed this whole section reads like a series of encyclopedia articles.

It is unfair to criticize a book for what it is not meant to be. But this book is bound to be used by students of architectural history, and it therefore has to be said that Rose knows little about the subject. When he touches on it, he makes remarkable blunders, such as associating St. Paul's Chapel with the Greek Revival. This lack of architectural knowledge can be ignored but it leads to one real drawback: alterations that have been made to a building are not always adequately noted, and the picture that is printed may or may not bear much relation to the date of construction given. Another warning: the publisher's claim that the book includes all extant Colonial churches should not be relied on. For Massachusetts, where Rose lists 27 churches, Sinnott gives 18 more in the same period.

Edmund Sinnott, Sterling Professor Emeritus of Botany and former Dean of the Graduate School at Yale, brings to his book a mind trained in scholarship and an eye trained by the study of plant morphology to see relationships among visible forms. Less vast in scope than *The Colonial Houses of Worship, Meetinghouse and Church in Early New England* is a lucid and seemingly effortless handling of a mass of information. In a catalogue at the end, Sinnott lists approximately 500 buildings, giving dates for each and abbreviated notes to indicate major alterations. Photographs by Jerauld Manter, many of them excellent, are conveniently placed in the text, which traces the course of architectural history from such dim evidence as there is of the first churches built in New England down to the Greek Revival. Avoiding most of the tangled problems occupying architectural historians today, Sinnott sticks to the large picture and writes about churches against a lightly sketched background of the

religious climate and the economy that produced them. Deft and well-informed, his book will delight the casual reader, it will be reread by the careful reader, and it will be a good companion to the traveler.

This is the first work that has treated the subject so fully, and it will certainly supplant Place as the source of future information. It should therefore be said that some of its contentions are not yet fully established. For example, architectural historians may argue with Sinnott's Four Types. Too little is known about Type I (the seventeenth century) to make a very clear classification, and Type IV, the Greek Revival, is not a type at all in the same sense as II and III, because it is only a change of style where the others are changes of form. Moreover, the very process of thinking in types puts a false framework on what is actually a fluid movement and tends to hamper a free approach to the critical problem of change.

Another arguable point is Sinnott's use of the words "meeting-house" and "church" to indicate the difference between the broad-sided type of building and the narrow, steepled one. The words were never used this way by their contemporaries. It's not always clear how they *were* used, but they seem to have had to do with the idea that churches are built by private citizens and meetinghouses are built by the town, and nothing at all to do with the shape of the building. This point is important because Sinnott's usage suggests —and this is one of the main themes of his book—that the broad type of building was a deliberate rejection of traditional religious forms and the narrow type a deliberate return to them. This implies volumes about the Puritans' attitude toward their religion and the symbolism of their architecture. It's a big question, and the case is still far from clear.

Very wisely in a book of this size, Sinnott does not try to raise all the topics that pertain to architectural history. The origin of the meetinghouse, its possible recall of European churches or secular buildings, its subsequent dependence on new European ideas or its autonomous development, exchanges between the colonies, the complicated roles of architect and builder, the use of books, all this remains to be filled in in the future. Meantime Mr. Sinnott, and Mr. Rose too, have brought to the field of American religious architecture a treasure of pictures and information. The historian's job will never be as hard again.

ELIZABETH M. BROWN

ON AMERICAN IDENTITY

BANDEIRANTES AND PIONEERS, *by* VIANNA MOOG, *George Braziller*.
THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE CROWD: A STUDY OF IDENTITY IN AMERICA, *by* HENDRICK M. RUITENBEEK, *Thomas Nelson and Sons*.
THE INEVITABLE AMERICANS, *by* JOHN GREENWAY, *Alfred A. Knopf*.

"IN the United States," says Vianna Moog, "a thing to be capable of arousing enthusiasm must bear the label of 'pioneer'; in Brazil and especially in São Paulo it must merit the epithet of *bandeirante*." Moog is a leading social critic in Brazil; his book was addressed primarily to Brazilians and was first published in Portuguese ten years ago. Even though it is now in English, an American who reads it is still an interloper, and as such will find some things that are of interest primarily to Brazilians and some things that may seem all the more pertinent to him because they are not intended for him.

Moog's basic purpose was to tell the Brazilians why their society has not prospered as American society has prospered—a ticklish task. He begins by establishing two points which will seem redundant to most American readers: first, that racial factors, which used to be reproachfully adduced even by Brazilian critics, do not account for the social and economic lag; second, that varied factors, including climate, terrain, and the river systems, have given the United States an immense advantage. From this, he moves on to show a third feature which at first glance seems equally obvious: namely that Brazil fell under the control of a feudalistic system, whereas American society became more open. While the characteristic American figure was the pioneer colonizer taking his family with him into the wilderness to break ground, start farming, and make a home, the characteristic Brazilian was the *bandeirante,* a conquistador and a vassal of the king, driving with epic heroism into jungles and over mountains in his quest for gold, and leaving his own womenfolk in Portugal. Such a man never made his home in the New World. He might, indeed, live out the rest of his life in the backlands, with a harem of native women, a bevy of half-breed children, and a whole principality under his control. He might be enshrined by posterity for his valor, and viewed by patriots as a colossus. But his heart was not in it, and he became a divided man. Unable psychologically either to return to his spiritual home in Portugal or to accept his physical home in Brazil, he began to live by fetishes instead of values: that he must do no work; that he must be virile and prove his virility by endlessly pursuing women; that he must have a decorative, non-functional familiarity with a prescribed body of elegant

learning, at the expense of functional education. All these traits suggest a marked insecurity beneath his show of valor and his postures of grandeur. His descendants, the *mazombos,* perpetuated these attitudes in an even more fetishistic form, for they lacked the functional need to be brave which largely redeemed the original *bandeirantes,* and frequently they labored under the psychological stresses of being half-breed, with all that this implies for their relation to their fathers, their mothers, their society, and their value systems. (We are perhaps not yet fully aware in this country of how fortunate Brazil is to be without any institutionalized discrimination on the grounds of color, but as Moog abundantly shows, it would be a great mistake to suppose that Negroes have not been historically at the foot of the social hierarchy or that the heritage of Negro blood has not been a source of lasting psychological stress for those who had a share of it.)

Although brilliantly developed, this contrast between Brazilian and American society may not, at first scrutiny, appear to be very original. The antitheses of feudalism and democracy, or of traditionalism and pragmatism are generally familiar ones. But Moog's analysis has some very novel implications for the concept of individualism. It suggests that the feudal *mazombo* is far more "individualistic" in some ways than we usually recognize. We have overlooked this quality because he does not sanctify individualism as a value and therefore does not claim it, while the American is in some respects less individualistic, but appears to be more so, because individualism has for him a symbolic value which he feels compulsively bound to assert. The *mazombo* lives primarily for his own fulfillment: the gratification of his senses, the expression of his impulses; he distrusts his fellows, and makes a cult of his immunity to control. The American, although jealous of having someone else regiment him, does not hesitate to join with others in regimenting himself, and as Moog says, he "lives permanently within and for the community, [is] at times considerably more . . . a member of the community than of his family, [and] is always in meetings for the purpose of solving collectively the problems of his section, or the problems of his profession, or those of his city or community."

Moog's analysis is a subtle one. He makes few simple good-versus-bad comparisons, and if he finds many features of American society which he would like to incorporate in the society of Brazil, he is careful to note that both societies have their neuroses, which both, to some extent, derive from the operation of the same basic forces,

though they have operated in differential ways. He believes that racial discrimination, Puritanism, a naïve belief in the perfectibility of man, the abruptness of our break with the past, and the extreme commitment to productivity as the justification of life have created grave problems for Americans, and he would by no means have Brazil follow American patterns indiscriminately. But what is remarkable is that, in borrowing from America, he would ignore some of those values which we have most enshrined—our emphasis upon the individual, our tendency to treat all issues in moral terms, our insatiable drive toward social perfection—and he would adopt some of the features which we have not sanctified and have sometimes not even recognized—our capacity for working in teams, our readiness, if not to subordinate personal ends to community ends at least to adopt community ends as personal ones, our democratic checks upon the individual which have inhibited the growth of any cult of the superman even in a land which is supposed to be dedicated to individualism *in excelcis*.

If we should ever come to a recognition of the fact that individualism has not been the keystone of our society, as so much of our mythology asserts, we would perhaps be able better to understand what Hendrik M. Ruitenbeek and other writers speak of as an "identity crisis" in American society. Ruitenbeek, a native of Holland, and now an American psychoanalyst, is concerned with a widely-recognized problem: the quality of feeling lost which vast numbers of people experience in our society. This lostness, or weakening of identity, may involve "the relationship of oneself to oneself, of oneself to others, and of oneself to social institutions." The three modes of relationship are, of course, intimately bound up with one another, but it may be worthwhile to distinguish between them more sharply than many writers, including Ruitenbeek himself, have done. Because of our emphasis on individualism, many American writers, in dealing with the identity crisis, have focused primarily upon man's decreasing dependence upon himself and his increasing dependence upon others—that is, they have seen the problem as a weakening of the integrity of the isolated self. Thus, we are told of a transition from inner-direction to other-direction (David Riesman), or from the Protestant ethic of individual responsibility to the social ethic of group relatedness (William Whyte). If Moog is correct, however, the American self never flourished in isolation, and the lonely individualist was either a myth or an aberration. If he is correct, Americans always found their individuality and their identity

in their relatedness to their fellows. But this would mean that the "identity crisis" arises not so much from the weakening of the once splendid isolation of the individual as from the weakening of the patterns of relatedness which at one time reinforced and sustained individual identity. Pure individualism always experienced serious stress, and yesterday's heroic individualist may have had in him the seeds of today's alienated man. It would also mean that what plagues us is not the transition from an independent character to a dependent one, but the transition from patterns of interdependence which were satisfying to other such patterns which are unsatisfying. In short, the Organization Man suffers not because he bartered his individualistic autonomy for a mess of togetherness, but because our society is one of "contacts" rather than relationships, and the ties of togetherness are ersatz ties, while comparable ties in the past were more nearly functional.

Ruitenbeek's treatment is broader than this comment might suggest. He offers an effective review of the important sociological, psychological, and philosophical concepts and factors that enter into the growth and the nature of identity change. His yearning to find a constructive answer to an almost insoluble problem, however, leads him dangerously close to "the power of positive thinking." "Maintaining and developing true identity," he says, "will require that the person learn to distinguish the real from the illusory, the important from the trivial. He must come to realize that his stability depends on the extent to which he can find counsel in himself, rather than in others." But if men could do these things merely by recognizing the need to do them, would Dr. Ruitenbeek be a psychoanalyst today?

While Ruitenbeek stands with many critics who feel that American society is deep in crisis, John Greenway, an anthropologist at the University of Colorado, takes what is now the novel view that our society is in excellent condition. This is a refreshing approach, and Greenway makes the most of it, writing with a cheerful, deliberate, unabashed philistinism which contrasts pleasantly with the hair-shirt tone of much of our current social introspection. Greenway is a man of unorthodox tastes and wide reading. His book is full of arresting information and perspectives from unexpected viewpoints. But it argues in a kind of hit-and-run fashion without sustained consideration of the issues that would have to be analyzed to justify his basic optimism. Also, it is based too much upon his lecture course at Colorado, and even preserves a good many items of classroom wit

which do not stand up well in print ("What went on in the cave at Zoar after Lot's daughters got the old man soused," is a case in point, though I must admit, worse than most). Greenway's belief that culture is deterministically controlled becomes too readily a suggestion that no one is to blame for anything and it lends itself too well to complacency.

Few readers are likely to accept his sanguine outlook, but even those who do not may find something of value in the energy with which he states the proposition that culture has a kind of organic life of its own, and cannot readily be altered even when the desirability of changing it is obvious. All designers of a better world must reckon with this fact. This does not mean that they may not operate with varying degrees of resourcefulness and effectiveness within the cultural framework. It does not mean that they may not work toward planned philosophical or ethical structures. But it does mean that the building materials for all such structures are cultural and no structures can be built to which the cultural materials do not lend themselves. A society whose culture was built by *bandeirantes* cannot switch to Anglo-American modes simply by taking thought. A society with an identity crisis can profit by understanding the crisis, but it cannot solve the crisis even by a full rational awareness of the factors involved. Culture can still be cross-grained, and if politics is the art of the possible, culture is the measure of the possible.

DAVID M. POTTER

TOWARD REUNION IN A SCIENCE OF POLITICS

THE PURE THEORY OF POLITICS, *by* BERTRAND DE JOUVENEL, *Yale University Press.*

IN recent years, the study of politics has been marked by the rise of what is often loosely called "behaviorism" or "empirical political science." As Robert Dahl has remarked, this approach (or "mood") is perhaps best understood as "an attempt to make the empirical component of the discipline more scientific, as that term is generally understood in the empirical sciences." This attitude has often produced a somewhat sectarian controversy of limited utility; behavioral political scientists tend to forget that their discipline is an ancient one, while students of the great political philosophers, insofar as they cut themselves off from the study of current politics, betray a component of the tradition they seek to maintain.

Because the debate of "behaviorist" or "empiricist" versus "classical theorist" seems so vain, Bertrand de Jouvenel's latest work gives

promise of being a constructive step forward. Explicitly intended to provide a rigorous basis for political science which would parallel the "unambiguous elementary notions" in other sciences, *The Pure Theory of Politics* builds equally explicitly on traditional Western political thought.

The reader's high hopes are strengthened by the range and depth of Jouvenel's experience and understanding. A smooth and urbane style, punctuated with quotations from Rousseau and examples from Shakespeare, graces his synthesis of the perspectives of political anthropology, sign theory, psychology, game theory, and political sociology.

Despite these potentially winning attributes, *The Pure Theory of Politics* was to this reviewer a disturbing book almost from the outset. After a chapter which usefully emphasizes the difference between "configurational" (i.e., static) analysis and the dynamics of politics, Jouvenel attempts to answer classic political philosophy on its own grounds. He summarizes "one of Plato's dialogues . . . entitled *Alcibiades*," and replies in the form of a dialogue of his own, which he calls the *Pseudo-Alcibiades*.

It would be unfair to criticize Jouvenel because some scholars, like Schleiermacher, have asserted that the *Alcibiades* is spurious. But why select this dialogue to represent Plato? Although Jouvenel claims that "the *Alcibiades* is altogether more forthright than other Platonic dialogues," conventional opinion tends to agree with Lamb, who included it among Plato's "immature and relatively inartistic essays in dialogue-writing." On the other hand, some students have defended the authenticity of this dialogue by arguing that it is an extremely subtle work which requires careful analysis. It seems that the apparent "forthrightness" of the *Alcibiades* either indicates that it has not been fully understood or reveals its secondary worth. One begins to wonder whether Plato and the classic position will be given a fair presentation.

These doubts are amply confirmed. Jouvenel purports to summarize the entire *Alcibiades;* he only describes the first half of it (103A-118C), ignoring the remainder (118C-135E). He then presents his *Pseudo-Alcibiades.* One is tempted to say of this imitation, as Jowett said of the original *Alcibiades:* "On the whole, there is none of the Dialogues of Plato in which there is so little dramatic verisimilitude." To be sure, Jouvenel is correct in emphasizing the "contrast between political philosophy and political action," but his presentation of the classic view is lamentably weak—a failing which

is all the more disturbing since this problem is one of the central themes of Plato's *Republic*.

One cannot, of course, dismiss Jouvenel's work out of hand merely because he does not offer a fair presentation of Platonic thought. On the contrary, he has much to say that is of interest. For example, unlike many American political scientists, he is aware of the violence and passion which underlie political life. He wisely points out that one danger of a scientific theory of politics is that it will release brutal human drives by destroying the "salutary prestiges" which make men obey the "mere ribbon" of law. But even here, the clarity of his thought can be challenged, since he confuses the civilizing effect of custom and habit with that of philosophy, and seems not to realize that many of the dangers he attributes to a modern science of politics could also result from the imprudent teaching of political philosophy.

In Parts II through V of *The Pure Theory of Politics* Jouvenel presents his basic approach. First he describes the "setting" of political action as the "Ego in Otherdom," a rather unfortunate formulation of man's essentially social nature. Having emphasized the crucial importance of man's social environment as the context within which individuals learn of their individuality, he begins his systematic exposition by elaborating a theory of action in Part III. Although his presentation is somewhat tedious, the main weakness is his theoretically untenable attempt to reduce all political life to the elemental relationship: "A tells B to do H." As with other definitions of politics that include all relationships of power, this approach is open to the objection that it does not distinguish the political from the nonpolitical (as the author finally admits on p. 110).

Jouvenel must then distinguish between influence (i.e., a relationship in which compliance with one's wishes is probable) and the formal right to command. He uses "authority" and "Authority" to refer, respectively, to these two concepts. The danger of relying on a mere capital letter for such a basic distinction is revealed later in the book; at several places (e.g., pp. 176, 208-9) the word "authority" is used to refer to what would seem to be formal "Authority." While typographical errors may be beyond the legitimate purview of the reviewer, surely fundamental concepts should not be left to the mercies of the printer and proofreader.

In Part V, Jouvenel treats decision-making, first considering the "limit case" of a perfect democracy (i.e., a system with "authorities"

but no "Authority"), and then turning to the actions of formal "Authority." In his discussion of perfect democracy, Rousseau's thought is treated with a lack of precision which is disturbing; one would hardly expect Jouvenel, the author of the excellent "Essai sur la Politique de Rousseau," to ignore Rousseau's fundamental distinction between true laws, which are enacted by the sovereign people, and governmental decrees (cf. p. 133, note 2, with *Social Contract,* II, vi, and III, i). The remainder of Jouvenel's theory of decision-making, which uses the concept of a "committee" to describe the "set" of decision-makers having Authority, is scarcely more adequate. After suggesting a somewhat oversimplified dichotomy between "judicial" and "political" decisions (Part V, ch. 2), he presents the essence of political choice in terms of elementary game theory, utilizing a simple 2 × 2 matrix. This treatment is not only extremely sketchy but is also punctuated with some extraordinary examples of what is now usually called "normative bias." Having based his entire work on an attempt to separate the theory of what "is" from the theory of what "ought to be" (pp. x-xi), it is astounding to see Jouvenel announce that "partiality" is a "fault in members of a political committee" (p. 161). Just what this means is hard to determine, although it is reasonably obvious that such a remark has little to do with an "empirical theory" as it is currently perceived by behavioral political scientists.

As the foregoing example indicates, Jouvenel's *Pure Theory* does not seem to be destined to achieve any great acceptance as the basis of generally agreed principles of political science. His work, albeit formally included in the "value free" tradition of behaviorism, is in fact written at so general a level that it is bare of potentially testable hypotheses.

Indeed, one of the redeeming features of this book is an example of what a rigorous scientist might call "normative bias." In his concluding chapters, Jouvenel emphasizes the perpetual danger of "ferocity" in politics, as well as the difficulty of meeting this threat from within an established order. Here is a profound and brilliant perception often missing in contemporary American political science:

> The man who was born into mild Politics cannot imagine it ferocious: and historical instances are to him fantastic tales. But he who has once seen men unmanned by victory and unmanned by defeat, who has watched how blood flushes the face of the one and drains from the face of the other, who has heard the blustering laugh and the pitiful cry, that man feels that the mildness of Politics is not so well assured, that its

maintenance needs to be contrived: that this indeed is the first and foremost of political arts.

This crucial insight leads Jouvenel to emphasize the importance of "The Manners of Politics"—that "civility" which has been increasingly replaced in this century by legitimized violence. In this sober perspective, politics appears as the realm of the "settlement," in which perfect "solutions" are impossible and compromise often the best attainable outcome.

Despite such prudent insights, the shortcomings of *The Pure Theory of Politics* unfortunately outweigh its merits. Jouvenel's frequent imprecision in handling the arguments of political philosophers reveals a certain lack of sympathy for the traditional understanding of politics. On the other hand, because of the generality of his presentation, he has failed to produce either a rigorous framework for behavioral theory or a basis for fruitful empirical analysis. His search for a theory focused on the "simple and ubiquitous aspects" of politics has produced a theory so "pure" that it is empty.

As a result of these shortcomings, one can wonder about the desirability of a close collaboration between behavioral and traditional political theory. Perhaps the study of politics is best served by a continuing dialogue between these two approaches rather than by any attempt to blur over their fundamental opposition. The greatest contribution which Jouvenel has made to such a dialogue is to remind us of the virtues of civility and manners—virtues which may not be totally out of place in the academic world even though they are most necessary in political life.

ROGER D. MASTERS

THE CONCEPT OF A PERSON

THE CONCEPT OF A PERSON AND OTHER ESSAYS, *by* A. J. AYRE, *St. Martin's Press.*
THE VITAL BALANCE, *by* KARL MENNINGER *with* MARTIN MAYMAN *and* PAUL PRUYSER, *Viking Press.*
THE NARROW PASS, *by* GEORGE PRICE, *McGraw-Hill Book Co.*
THE RECOVERY OF THE PERSON, *by* CARLYLE MARNEY, *Abingdon Press.*

FOR our understanding of the human situation we are more likely to turn to the novelist and the psychiatrist than to the philosopher. The reason is that both the novelist and the psychotherapist represent the individual in vividly concrete terms as he is and might be. Neither has any serious doubt that there are persons and, further, that there is a plethora of material to be assimilated in attempting to understand them. The philosopher, on the other hand, may be in

genuine doubt as to whether there is an entity answering to the concept "person." If the concept of a person entails privacy and, hence, meanings and experiences which are neither observable nor directly verifiable, objectivity may require that the concept be given up altogether. The development of computers has recommended the analogy between human beings and highly complex machines, suggesting that a complete reductive analysis of alleged "personal" behavior can in principle be carried out. Whether or not the reduction can be carried out depends heavily upon the analysis that is made of consciousness and the processes that are ordinarily attributed to consciousness. A good test might be whether a computing machine could be designed which would be sufficiently complex not only to experience anxiety but to require psychoanalysis. One might specify the further condition that it be able to read and enjoy novels, carry out philosophical analysis of its own procedures, and in short be reflectively self-conscious.

Of the four authors under consideration, no one of them espouses a complete reductionistic behaviorism—though some reject it more vigorously than others. A. J. Ayre, the well-known Oxford philosopher, attacks the problem most subtly, making a nice distinction between the meaning of behavior as observed and as carried out by the agent. In considering the question of privacy and our knowledge of other persons, Ayre rejects the physicalistic view which equates the meaning of behavior with observed physical activity. The physicalistic thesis disposes of the problem of inter-subjectivity by eliminating the private altogether. If, however, it is too stringent to insist that only that is real which is publicly observable, it is equally mistaken to conceive of the private as that which is available introspectively to the individual himself and not in principle to anyone else. Ayre states his position unequivocally on this point in saying that "nothing, whether it be mental or physical, is private in this sense."

Ayre is, I believe, entirely correct in insisting that the private and the public need not be mutually exclusive. A weaker and more satisfactory criterion of the private is to hold that something is "private to a given person if there is at least one way in which he can detect its existence but others cannot: it is not implied in this case that others cannot detect it in any way at all." Ayre thus seeks to avoid the use of analogy, which requires that the reality of other minds be *inferred,* by attributing both a private and a public aspect to human behavior. In a statement that might have been made by the late French phenomenologist, Merleau-Ponty, whose book Ayre has in-

cluded in a philosophical series of which he is editor, Ayre denies that the subjective meaning of behavior must be inferred from its physical expression: "Human behaviour does not present itself to us as a physical process from which we have to make a dubious inference to the thoughts and feelings and purposes which lie 'behind' it. It is itself expressive of these thoughts and feelings and purposes; and this is how we actually see it. From the outset we observe it as human behaviour with all that this implies."

Although he distinguishes between the subjective meaning of an action and its observed (physical) meaning, Ayre regards the two types of meaning as only contingently related. It is in this doctrine that his treatment of the problem differs from that of Merleau-Ponty and other phenomenologists. However intimate may be the relation between inner states and their outer expression, "it is still a relation between distinguishable terms." Although there is a sense "in which we can simply observe what another person is thinking or feeling," such observation requires interpretation. The physical behavior of another person may and generally does reveal to us what he thinks or feels, but it is not necessary that it should do so. The other person may deliberately deceive us or we may simply misread his action. A grimace and the associated feeling of pain are "logically separable." There is, therefore, no one-to-one correlation between an inner feeling and an outer action. I might smile while feeling pain or grimace when feeling no pain at all. The two are, then, contingently rather than necessarily related so far as their inner/outer meaning is concerned.

Professor Ayre seems troubled by the fact that this leaves the association of inner with outer meaning on a purely contingent basis and looks with sympathy—though still with skepticism—on Professor Ahlston's suggestion that the overall success of behavioral criteria is "logically guaranteed." The guarantee derives from the consideration that to speak about inner experiences at all requires that they be associated with specifiable outward expressions. Ayre's skepticism on this point is fully justified so long as it is a question only of the *association* of inner and outer states. The implicit body-mind dualism in Ayre's view of the self is indicated by his refusal to agree that consciousness must be incarnate or, conversely, that the ego could not be totally disembodied. I am more than a little troubled by Ayre's use of the term "logically possible" in this connection. He finds it "conceivable" in the sense of not logically self-contradictory that consciousness might not be incarnate. The question is not, I

should think, whether we can conceive of that possibility but whether or not we can imagine it or, more important, project such a real possibility upon the basis of available experience. In spite of his long-standing commitment to empiricism, Ayre is quite willing to speculate about such possibilities. Laudable though this is both for avoiding dogmatism and entertaining novel hypotheses, in this case it misleads him.

Ayre fails to consider in sufficient detail precisely how the inner meaning of an action is revealed by its outward manifestations and, further, how mistakes of interpretation can and do occur. In rejecting physicalism he introduces a logical distinction between the inner and the outer which turns into something very much like the dichotomy he wishes to reject. "If we begin by assuming a dichotomy between experiences on the one side and physical states or processes on the other, we shall surely end in the unhappy position of having to find some inductive ground for bridging the gap between them." So far as I can tell Ayre has found no alternative to inductive generalization and contingent association of inner and outer meaning in specific cases. Ayre's analysis tends always in the right direction and leans heavily toward a non-dichotomous position which could satisfactorily dispose of the problem. Every observable action necessarily discloses *some* inner meaning. Although we may be in genuine doubt as to what that meaning is, the meaning is partially if not fully presented to us in the action. If, for example, someone screws up his face, he necessarily reveals something of his thoughts and feelings in that action. The reason for insisting that the two specific meanings are necessarily connected is that they are but facets of a unitary phenomenon. The physical action as action is conscious and intentional; or, looked at from the other side, as conscious and purposive it is an event in an inter-subjective world. It seems to me that Ayre is mistaken in concluding from the fact that we can be in error in assessing the inner meaning of another person's action that the inner meaning need not be disclosed through the observable action. He is certainly correct in holding that we must interpret such action. But the point here at issue concerns the nature of the fact to be interpreted. Is it an outward phenomenon which we associate with inner thoughts and feelings in such a way as to guess correctly in the majority of cases? Or is it a unitary phenomenon which directly reveals its own inner core of meaning in and through its outer form? Ayre seems to believe that we can use our bodies to express our feelings and, indeed, that we generally do communicate

honestly and directly in this fashion. Hence his conviction that inner meaning can be revealed through outward action. But he seems always to be thinking of something like elocution where the body is manipulated to convey inner feelings by the use of conventional gestures. In such cases there may indeed be logical dissociation between inner state and outer movement. But can all gestures or bodily movements be so interpreted? If we hear someone crying, need we always be in doubt as to his grief? Ayre must argue that we can never in principle be certain that his crying is an expression of grief. He concludes from the fact that we could be mistaken in some cases that we can never be certain in any case. But that simply does not follow. Because one can be in error in some cases does not entail that one can never be certain in any case, e.g. as to the meaning of someone's crying. Philosophers have always been prone to argue from the possibility of error to the impossibility of certainty. But the argument is fallacious—in spite of the multitude of students who have been taught to accept it. To use a type of argument which Ayre himself finds somewhat persuasive, we could never know we were in error unless we were certain in some cases about the relation between inner and outer meaning. Only because we have witnessed some person crying from grief are we in a position to suspect another of deception.

It must seem like the worst sort of quibbling to dispute with Ayre over the point, since he has argued forthrightly that inner feelings can be revealed by outer behavior. But it is actually Ayre's quibble —and to a considerable extent with himself. It is precisely such quibbling about conceptual niceties which makes Ayre's exposition interesting and instructive. Although he has, I think, taken a wrong turn in considering more the logical possibilities than the concrete phenomena, his discussion is exceedingly clear and scrupulously fair in the consideration of alternative hypotheses. It is rare indeed that philosophical writing attains the stylistic distinction of these essays.

The volume by Karl Menninger and his two associates is at the other end of the spectrum from Ayre's discussion. It is prolix in style and rather too relaxed in its attempt to formulate a new unified theory of personality. The authors do not seem to be aware of the fact that they are committed to two incompatible objectives. On the one hand they propose a more or less naturalistic theory of the self in terms of which both normal and abnormal behavior can be understood. This point of view is suggested by the title of the volume, *The Vital Balance*. As thus interpreted the human organism has an

intrinsic drive toward inner stability and adjustment to the external world. Mental illness can be understood as a disturbance in this natural equilibrium. Illness is described as "an imbalance, an organismic disequilibration, and re-equilibration at a lower level of effectiveness and well-being. And if the imbalance is not corrected, it tends to impair the comfort or even threatens the biological survival of the individual." The authors are impatient with the classification of "disease entities," preferring to stress the dynamics of human development as also the fundamental principles which account for adjustment and maladjustment. The Appendix contains a fairly complete catalogue of systems of classification of mental illness from the Greeks to the present day. In place of such disease entities as schizophrenia and paranoia the authors prefer to characterize illness in terms of levels of "dyscontrol" and "dysfunction." Five levels of disorganization are described and the usual classifications assimilated to these levels. From a theoretical point of view a unitary functional analysis is preferable to a classification in terms of disease entities. A functional analysis not only makes use of a minimum of explanatory principles but can give a far better account of the origin and development of mental illness. But like so many discussions of psychoanalytic theory, the present volume is conceptually unsophisticated. It succeeds in sketching the outline of a unified dynamic theory but fails to present a definitive statement of such a theory.

In sharp contrast with the attempt to offer a unified scientific theory of mental illness is the authors' concern to consider human problems in the fullest possible scope. Their colleague, Ellenberger, who contributed to the Rollo May volume on existential psychoanalysis, is cited with approval. Moreover, the authors emphasize the role of freedom on the part of the individual both in choosing an inadequate pattern of adjustment and in abandoning it for something more constructive. Unfortunately the authors do not appear to see any conflict between what they term an "economic-dynamic" theory of human development and one that emphasizes the role of volition and an unrestricted range of human concerns in constituting illness. Over and over again in the presentation of cases the authors emphasize the role of unreduced personal factors in the constitution, treatment, and cure of mental illness. Psychiatry itself is viewed within the context of the unrestricted human world. "Psychiatry is a branch of medicine. But it is also—in its basic dependency—a branch or application of psychology, of sociology, of ethnology, of philosophy.

It derives part of its structure from these sister sciences." In view of the stress that is put upon faith, hope, and love as conditions of healthy existence, religion might well have been included in the list. "Faith, hope, and love are the three great intangibles in his (the psychiatrist's) effective functioning." In the concluding chapter the authors make use of a favorite existentialist category, transcendence, in characterizing the triumph of recovery from illness.

It is, I suppose, better to be inconsistently open and inclusive than consistently narrow and dogmatic. But even so, some decision will have to be made eventually as to the context and categories for interpreting human existence. Either it must be existential and phenomenological or reductionistic and naturalistic. If a theory of human behavior is to be scientific in any differential meaning of that term, it is difficult to see how it can avoid some sort of reduction or delimitation of materials to be studied. A good case can be made out, I think, for abandoning the ideal of an exact or even quasi-exact "science" of human personality. The authors might be well advised to surrender their "economic-dynamic" theory with its reference to an organic natural model in favor of the more philosophical theory suggested by so many emphases in the volume. In a rather curious judgment of the volume, one is forced to say that it is all the more successful and instructive because it fails to achieve its professed ideal of a unitary scientific theory. A reading of both the Menninger and the Ayre volume should persuade any reader that psychiatrists would profit from more training in philosophical modes of analysis as, also, that philosophers might learn a great deal about human existence from the literature of psychiatry.

In spite of his professed distaste for philosophical "systems" Soren Kierkegaard was a systematic thinker of great power. His analysis of the basic factors in human motivation has not been surpassed even by so monumental a thinker as Freud. As George Price points out in his analysis of Kierkegaard's concept of man, Kierkegaard had analyzed such phenomena as anxiety, dread, melancholy, and despair a full half-century before the advent of psychoanalysis. Kierkegaard's treatment of dread was not only of decisive importance for Heidegger's ontology but served as a point of departure for the existential movement in religion, philosophy, and, more recently, psychoanalysis. The reason for the central role of the category of dread is that it serves uniquely to reveal human freedom with all its polar tensions. Once dread is recognized as a basic phenomenon of human existence it is no longer possible to include man within a natural or

any other type of closed system. In his book on Kierkegaard, Price has delineated the cardinal features of Kierkegaard's conception of man as a being tensed between the finite and the infinite.

Although on the whole Price has offered an accurate and highly sympathetic exposition of Kierkegaard's conception of man, he overstresses Kierkegaard's humanistic orientation. It is highly doubtful that, as Price states, "the whole of his work has its unity in his concept of man." One may indeed read Kierkegaard in that way—as the majority of his readers are tempted to do. But it can be argued that the decisive focus of all of Kierkegaard's writings is his concern for man's relation to God. Man despairs and can despair only because, in Kierkegaard's words, he is "transparently grounded in God." Moreover, man confronts the ultimate alternatives of sin and faith only because of the God-relationship. Fortunately in the volume as a whole Price adequately corrects the unduly humanistic emphasis of the introductory chapter.

It seems to me that Price is quite mistaken in holding that Kierkegaard was essentially an introspective and self-analytical thinker. "To this end Kierkegaard initiated a new approach to the study of man, one of introspection and self-analysis." It is easy to be misled by Kierkegaard's emphasis on "inwardness" and "subjectivity" and conclude, as Price has done, that the phenomena of subjectivity are available only to introspection. If, however, one looks to Kierkegaard's examples, one finds that a great many of them pertain to actions rather than to introspective states. In spite of the fact that Kierkegaard constantly plays off the inward dialectically against the objective and external, no one was more adept than Kierkegaard at reading off the subjective meaning of publicly available acts. Kierkegaard was an exceptionally sharp and penetrating observer both of his own actions and those of others whom he encountered in and around Copenhagen. It was not through introspection that he developed his "psychology" but rather through observation—including self-observation. On this point I suspect that Kierkegaard would side with Ayre rather than with his interpreter.

There is some truth to Price's statement that Kierkegaard made use of literary techniques in developing his view of man. But it is a gross overstatement to say that "The technique he uses is therefore the technique of the novel, because it is the only effective means by which to record the will acting under the direction of an idea." Kierkegaard was indeed heavily committed to the use of indirect discourse in developing his ideas, but he cannot be said either to have

written novels or even to have employed the technique of the novel as a primary method. Both *Fear and Trembling* and *Either/Or* make use of literary representations and, in a minor way, of the techniques of the novelist. But even in these pseudonymous works the discursive factor is dominant. Price has an unfortunate habit of introducing interpretative material into his discussion in such a way as to suggest that it derives directly from Kierkegaard. In the quotation cited above, for example, the footnote is to Lionel Trilling's *The Liberal Imagination,* rather than to Kierkegaard. It is Trilling's view rather than Kierkegaard's which Price is here recommending. In another passage he makes use of the terminology of Karl Jaspers in expounding Kierkegaard's view of knowledge without indicating in the text that it is the language of Jaspers rather than Kierkegaard. The footnotes clear up such points but leave the reader in some doubt as to precisely what views are to be attributed to Kierkegaard rather than to his interpreters and disciples. In spite of this defect, Price's extensive footnotes constitute one of the most valuable aspects of the book. Price appears to have a remarkably extensive knowledge of nineteenth-century thought, especially of Kierkegaard's Continental precursors. One has the impression that he could have written an excellent book about Kierkegaard's intellectual heritage. As it stands the content of the footnotes is not incorporated in the body of his exposition.

It seems to me that Price misunderstands Kierkegaard rather seriously in saying he viewed the self as intended by its creator to be a perfect synthesis. "Whatever power originally constituted the self planned it to be a perfect synthesis—that is, with all its parts in 'equilibrium,' and with a perfect balance of 'the soulish and the bodily' both exerted to their maximum possibility." On the contrary, Kierkegaard held that man can never be a perfect synthesis in himself for the very reason that he is a created being. Man struggles always against the inescapable fact that he is grounded in God—"the power that posited him." To exist in faith is to be "transparently grounded in God"; to exist in sin is to be in rebellious defiance of that same power. It is to man's ineradicable involvement with God that Kierkegaard refers in saying that "there can be no immediate health of the spirit"—and that means no equilibrium to be achieved by man alone. Man cannot create an equilibrium for himself; to aspire to such a goal is, from Kierkegaard's perspective, to misunderstand the human condition. As Price analyzes the God-relationship, "Man is unlike God because of his sinfulness—the loss of his real

being by his own error." That is one way in which man may be unlike God but by no means the most fundamental way. Man is radically different from God in Kierkegaard's view because he stands as creature to God as his creator. For better or worse, in faith or defiance, his being is grounded in the being of God. Despair is, as Kierkegaard characterized it, a "disrelationship within a relationship." Sin itself is a corruption of the original relationship of man to God and, hence, to be interpreted as defiance. In his stress upon ethical volition Price underemphasizes the crucial importance of the God relationship for everything Kierkegaard has to say about the human situation.

From reading their respective books one gains the impression that Karl Menninger, the psychiatrist, and Carlyle Marney, the Baptist minister, would get on well together. They share a deep concern for the welfare of the individual human being. Menninger clearly conceives of his vocation as a ministry of sorts. The psychiatrist, as Menninger interprets his work, heals more through an informed love for his patients than through the exercise of an impersonal technique. Marney exhorts us to a rediscovery of the personal dimension of existence from the context of his own religious ministry. In many respects Marney's Christian humanism harks back to the social gospel of nineteenth-century Christianity. But it is an expanded and updated version of liberalism that he espouses. He has read and profited from his reading of Kierkegaard, Freud, Heidegger, and Camus—whom he characterizes as "the new Bishop of Hippo." Marney writes with freshness and grace, and manages to focus an astonishing variety of insights on his analysis of personal existence. The most striking feature of his book is his commitment to the value of persons. But his faith in man has been tempered by a realistic appraisal of the threats to personal existence. His faith is constituted as much by hope as by assurance. "Is there any future . . . for us? I do not know, but I have staked my life that the future lies with persons in a community of relation that can be discovered." "The future, any future, has always lain with the personal." Although Marney's advocacy of personal values is strongly supported by his theistic faith, he appears to believe that there is an intrinsic value in personal existence which nature, history, and society are committed to foster and support. It is easy to see why he refers so sympathetically to Camus' efforts to transcend nihilism. With Camus, Marney appears to believe that there is ultimate meaning in human striving. "And this is the fantastic surd: that men may so

resist the impersonal that death is absurd." In a refreshingly candid confession Marney acknowledges that "Humanism has always been my heresy." His is essentially a moral theology. "By humanism, then, I mean the willful, devoted, reverent turning away from preoccupation with knowledge we are not equipped to expand and the devoted acceptance of our place where we are, as we are, with the strength that is already in our hands, to be committed to the social, personal, redemptive, and prospectively revelatory tasks that confront us." Marney is fully prepared to accept the prospect that there may be "no peace except the peace we make" and "no cleansing except the cleansing we do." He is further prepared to maintain his optimism even if God's redemption, purpose, and kingdom are "truly in our hands." "I propose acceptance on the part of Christian men that the making divine of the human may rest in the lap of our obedience."

Marney does not claim to envisage just what form the Kingdom of God on earth might take or even to know that it can be perfectly achieved in human history. He is fully persuaded, however, that it depends in a crucial way upon our ethical commitment to our own personal reality and that of others with whom we are associated. He puts great stress on the fact of man's standing "in relation." Thus it is the "person in relation" that he wishes to recover and develop. As persons we are related not only to ourselves, but to other persons, to nature, and to God. What Marney actually urges upon us is what D. C. Macintosh termed the "right relationship" to God and our fellow men. We exist in relationship no matter what. But whether we are optimally related to ourselves and to others depends upon our ethical choice. The power of the Holy Spirit stands always available to us if we are only prepared to respond with humility and in obedience. The conditions for human fulfillment are thus always satisfied; we have only to avail ourselves of them with insight and courage.

Marney's humanism may be well be heretical if judged from the perspective of Christian orthodoxy. But it is a noble heresy for all that and a persistent one within the historic Christian community. His insistence that there is an ethical core to Christian faith and action is altogether sound and defensible on theological grounds. Even Kierkegaard who, in *Fear and Trembling,* seemed to set ethics and religious faith in the sharpest possible opposition came in his later writings to speak of the "ethical-religious," implying that the two cannot be separated. There is always the danger that a strongly

theocentric emphasis in theology will stress the omnipotence of God at the expense of meaningful human striving. The comparable danger of emphasizing man's power to achieve the ideal is that it will put the destiny of history in hands that are far too fragile to mould and sustain it. It is evident that Marney's own faith has discounted the facts of frustration, suffering, and death. It thus includes the sort of preliminary resignation which Kierkegaard considered essential for the ultimate affirmation of faith. In an age which has been almost morbidly preoccupied with the darker side of human life, it is heartening to encounter so ringing an affirmation of creative human possibility. Mr. Marney is evidently one of those exceptional ministers whose passion encompasses and enlivens his intellect. He well deserves a role in any symposium on the meaning of personal existence.

GEORGE ALFRED SCHRADER

MYTH, VISION, ALLEGORY

THE AGONY AND THE TRIUMPH: PAPERS ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF MYTH, *by* HERBERT WEISINGER, *Michigan State University Press.*
HIDDEN RICHES: TRADITIONAL SYMBOLISM FROM THE RENAISSANCE TO BLAKE, *by* DÉSIRÉE HIRST, *Barnes & Noble, Inc.*
THE ORPHIC VISION: SEER POETS FROM NOVALIS TO RIMBAUD, *by* GWENDOLYN BAYS, *University of Nebraska Press.*
THE APOCALYPTIC VISION IN THE POETRY OF SHELLEY, *by* ROSS WOODMAN, *University of Toronto Press.*
THE VAST DESIGN: PATTERNS IN W. B. YEATS'S AESTHETIC, *by* EDWARD ENGELBERG, *University of Toronto Press.*
W. B. YEATS: THE LATER POETRY, *by* THOMAS PARKINSON, *University of California Press.*
ALLEGORY: THE THEORY OF A SYMBOLIC MODE, *by* ANGUS FLETCHER, *Cornell University Press.*

SCHOLARLY literary criticism, at this moment, is divided into a bewildering number of varieties, which may be a healthy phenomenon. Formalist criticism, whether of the Chicago or Yale schools, has been waning, and a Newer Criticism has burgeoned, but in no clear pattern as yet. Its concerns are with myth, vision, and allegory, while its favored poets are Blake, Yeats, Rilke, Rimbaud, and, to a lesser extent, even Shelley and Hugo, with Stevens gradually moving into the center of this constellation. Tradition, for this criticism, means Romanticism, and a clear sense of the unbroken continuity of "modernist" with Romantic poetry is now being established. The volumes under review, with one splendid exception, make no permanent contribution toward organizing the present chaos of this critical movement, but some of them bravely attempt parts of the task, and leave the situation better than they found it.

Herbert Weisinger, a noted Renaissance scholar, explicitly attempts to clarify the idea of myth in literary criticism through his collection of essays, *The Agony and the Triumph.* All of the essays are interesting, and the ones on Renaissance matters are uniformly excellent, but though Weisinger subtitles his volume *Papers on the Use and Abuse of Myth,* he fails to tell us clearly where use and abuse part from one another. This is hardly to be held against him since he disavows any such intention, but one wonders why he chose his subtitle. His refreshing and candid Introduction emphasizes his own ambivalence toward myth as a form of thought, and the ambivalence persists throughout the volume. The total effect is an engaging one, but confusion is richly added to an already confused area, and the total volume becomes less valuable than the best essays in it would lead one to expect. Weisinger is illuminating on the history of Shakespearean criticism, on scholarly theories of the Renaissance, on Frazer and on Freud, and very moving in his title essay, which deals with the failure of the American literary imagination to rise to the challenge of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. But he leaves a sympathetic reader with a sense of confused loss, wondering whether so sustained and responsible a study of the problems of criticism ought not to have yielded a slightly more systematic result. A paradox of critical theory is that a critic's systematizations rarely help him but sometimes help others, and I am left feeling that Weisinger has not fulfilled his gifts, though few recent collections of scattered critical essays are as genial and attractive as this one. To conclude ungraciously, the volume lacks an index, and badly needs one.

With Désirée Hirst's *Hidden Riches* we momentarily forsake responsible scholarship, and plunge into the bathos of the British or occult school of myth criticism. Miss Hirst is the latest recruit to a hectic company that includes Kathleen Raine on Blake, Neville Rogers on Shelley, F. A. C. Wilson on Yeats, and Bernard Blackstone on Keats. The common mark of these critics is their incessant compulsion to translate visionary poetry into the oracular language of Hermeticism, Neo-Platonism, alchemy, cabbalism, and assorted other esoteric traditions of irrational speculation. After many years of reading this kind of critic, one develops a certain exhaustion, which seeks solace either by speculating on the psychic causes of this kind of critical aberration, or else by collecting instances of the zany humor to which it leads. Miss Hirst's book is very funny. It begins with a "List of Leading Characters." Here, among such

worthies as Robert Fludd and Paracelsus, we find "*Milton, John*, 1608-1674. Poet and pamphleteer. Influenced by the thought of Samuel Hertlib, John Dury and Comenius. . . ." Perhaps my laughter is a little hollow, for already I have read several reviews of Miss Hirst's book which praise it for the extraordinary light it throws on William Blake, who appears among Miss Hirst's "Leading Characters": "Artist and poet. His symbolic system draws on the tradition which is the subject of this book." There is, as is merely customary with such works, not the slightest evidence within her book that Miss Hirst has read through any poem by Blake, long or short, with any understanding whatsoever. Indeed, there is no sign that she *has* read Blake, with or without understanding. This has not prevented her from finding publishers, here and in England, as well as favorable reviewers, and presumably some readers.

The Orphic Vision, by Gwendolyn Bays, is an adequate book on a difficult subject, the line of seer poets from Novalis to Rimbaud, who is the book's hero, representing as he does the culmination of this Illuminist tradition. Unlike Blake, whose allusions are almost always to the Bible and Milton, poets of this tradition did derive metaphors for poetry from esoteric sources. Blake might not have appreciated the irony that a pseudoscholarly industry has been founded on his supposed occult and mystical sources, when the only actual and verifiable references of any consequence to such matters in his work are but two, each highly deprecatory. In *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* Behmen and Paracelsus are demeaned in comparison to Shakespeare and Dante, and in the epic *Jerusalem* the Smaragdine Tablet of the Hermeticists is attacked as a danger to the poetic imagination. All the other supposedly esoteric matters in Blake are either of his own invention, or can be traced to the main traditions of religious and literary development. Blake seems to have had a shrewd dislike for whatever amateur smatterings of occultiana he did pick up, which cannot be said for the poets Miss Bays studies, or for Yeats in our time. Miss Bays is a good scholar, and provides a great deal of interesting background material for the study of Novalis, Gérard de Nerval, Hugo, Baudelaire, and especially Rimbaud, but her attempts to apply this material to the reading of specific poems are instructively unfortunate, particularly with Rimbaud. She does not know that sources do not in themselves explain poems, and her readings of Rimbaud remind me of F. A. C. Wilson's readings of Yeats in his two occult studies, *Yeats and Tradition* and *The Iconography of Yeats*. We are given the poem's

esoteric sources, usually rather too many for just one poem to contain. We are then told that this is the poem's meaning, except that of course there is also mere imagery which either ornaments or disguises the hidden truth or truths. Miss Bays is a shade better than this, but only a shade. She should be read as a source-book, while anyone in search of a good myth critic on Rimbaud should turn to John Houston's very fine *The Design of Rimbaud's Poetry.*

The Apocalyptic Vision in the Poetry of Shelley by Ross Woodman burns out its firepower in that title, and then gives us a Canadian version of the British school of occult allegorizing. Shelley is Plato versified, though greatly adulterated by a judicious admixture of one John Frank Newton:

> A deep occult Philosopher,
> As learn'd as the *Wild Irish* are.

All this would not much matter if it did not minister so readily to the prevalent distortions of Shelley by hostile formalist criticism. Shelley has survived many generations of hostile critics, but I wonder sometimes if he, and Blake, can survive these always fresh waves of esoteric enthusiasts.

Yeats is the poet who undoubtedly went furthest in deliberately attracting such enthusiasts, for he was a delighted charlatan who at least half-believed his own charlatanry. He had the great precedent of Victor Hugo, who dearly loved a séance, and he produced that egregious book, *A Vision,* a giant metaphor for the process of writing Yeatsian verse. Consequently I pick up each fresh book on Yeats with the mild alarm of a man already too much badgered by the lunatic fringe of occultists masking as humanists, but this time I need not have worried. Both Edward Engelberg's *The Vast Design* and Thomas Parkinson's *Yeats: The Later Poetry* are good, useful, and sane books which, between them, add valuable elements to the organized study of Yeats. Engelberg's book is the first large-scale work on Yeats's literary esthetic that has been done, and it nicely supplements the fine studies of Yeats's pictorial esthetic by Giorgio Melchiori, D. J. Gordon, and Ian Fletcher. I am not certain that Engelberg's design is not vaster than Yeats's, for Yeats was no more coherent and systematic as an esthetician than he was as a metaphysician, philosopher of history, or necromancer, and Engelberg makes him out to be considerably more orderly than he was. But even if the reader does not accept Engelberg's account altogether, he will have a more complete idea of Yeats's esthetic aspirations

than has been available before this. Engelberg's emphasis on the importance of Pater for Yeats is long overdue, and should help to overcome the prevailing indifference to Pater. Long ignored or belittled by formalist critics, Pater seems to have been a decisive figure both for Yeats and for Stevens, and a crucial link between these major modern Romantic poets and their early nineteenth-century ancestors.

Parkinson's study of Yeats's later poetry follows on from his earlier book, *W. B. Yeats: Self-Critic,* a useful account of Yeats's revisions, and of the poet's work with the Abbey Theatre. This second book is useful in much the same way as the first was, though it is a more ambitious volume. Like Engelberg, Parkinson tries to establish Yeats's poetics, but he works in the opposite direction, from the poems and their manuscript drafts out into the realm of principle, while Engelberg works back from Yeats's critical prose into some of the poems. Both methods, in good hands, work well enough, and both these critics come up with interesting results. Parkinson has the advantage, for serious students of Yeats, of giving us much unpublished material from Yeats's manuscripts, including drafts of *Among School Children.* Ellmann, Curtis Bradford, and Jon Stallworthy in his *Between the Lines,* have given us a good deal of this kind of material in the past. It is interesting, by the way, to notice that either Parkinson or Stallworthy, or perhaps both, have gotten something wrong in transcribing the drafts of the famous little poem, "After Long Silence," for the versions they give are strikingly different. I am inclined to guess that Parkinson is accurate, and Stallworthy careless, since Stallworthy's whole tone and procedure render me suspicious.

Parkinson concludes his book with a brief chapter on "Yeats and Contemporary Poetry" which seems out of place. We find out what Parkinson thinks about Allen Ginsberg and Richard Wilbur, and some others, but not why these opinions have been imported into this particular volume.

With the last book under review here we move back into critical theory, and in the most refreshing and delightful way, through a major work by a new theoretician, Angus Fletcher's *Allegory: The Theory of a Symbolic Mode.* No book on literary theory since Frye's *Anatomy of Criticism* has excited me as much as this continually inventive and exuberant attempt to bring a flexible order into an outrageously chaotic area. Fletcher acknowledges Frye, Richards, Burke, "and above all, Freud," who clearly is the pre-

siding genius of the book. This need not frighten anyone away, a the result is decidedly not what "a Freudian theory of allegory' might suggest. Fletcher's is very much a literary, and not a psychc analytical theory, though it brilliantly employs the psychoanalyti analogues of obsession and compulsion.

Fletcher's purpose is to get at the essence of a symbolic mode b giving "a preliminary description intended to yield a model of al legory." With enormous but always controlled learning, and witl rare intellectual zest, this is precisely what Fletcher does, in sevei beautifully proportioned chapters.

He begins with a study of "The Daemonic Agent," convincingl showing that all allegorical protagonists are daemonic, in the sens that they act as if possessed, and have their being part way betweei the human and divine worlds, touching on both, making then ideal heroes for romance. The daemonic agent is usually free o ordinary moral restraints, and his quest allows its creator "a maxi mum of will and wish-fulfillment with a maximum of restraint,' the paradox accounting for much of the fascination of allegory.

From the allegorical hero, Fletcher proceeds to the allegori image, the essential type for which he finds in the Aristoteliai *Kosmos* (from the *Poetics,* where it means "ornament"). Fletcher' kosmos, or cosmic image, signifies both a universe and any symbo that implies a rank in a hierarchy, and helps explain why the image of allegory are rhetorical incitements to desire and action. Thi kind of symbolic action forms Fletcher's next large topic, which h divides into the two fundamental patterns of "battle" and "prog ress." Reviewed this hastily, all such categories must seem arbitrary Fletcher brilliantly and simply induces them, and weaves them int the unfolding of his general theory.

Subsequent chapters deal with allegorical causation and witl thematic effects, including the Sublime and the Picturesque. Here as elsewhere, Fletcher betrays no anxiety toward forcing divers literary phenomena into his own categories. He gives his owi mind, and the attentive reader's, free play in seeing how well (o badly) the book's theoretical formulations can accommodate tradi tional literary knowledge, and generally his theory accommodate the larger facts with wonderful grace and fluidity.

The core of the book is its sixth chapter, "Psychoanalytic Ana logues: Obsession and Compulsion," where those Freudian con cepts are tempered so as to lose their reductive flavoring. Fletche is interested in descriptive patterns, not in genetic problems, anc

so far as I know he is the first literary theorist to use Freud without reductive consequences. He finds the analogue to allegory in the compulsive syndrome, and then uses this to clarify each of the five areas of his book—agency, imagery, action, causality, and theme. The descriptive parallels are remarkable—daemonic agency and obsessional anxiety, cosmic image and the *idée fixe,* symbolic action and compulsive ritual, allegorical causality and magical practices, thematic effects and ambivalence or Freud's "antithetical primal words."

What is the use of this complex analogy? Fletcher replies that with this analogy in hand we learn to look afresh at the allegorical mode, and surely he is right. With the analogy, it does become possible to predict what is going to happen in allegories, and to see allegory's "function in the rendering of a large part of our psychic life," for as Fletcher disarmingly remarks, "we are, after all, all of us compulsive in some way or other."

Fletcher's achievement becomes clear in his final chapter, on "Value and Intention," which gives the best analysis I know of the limits of allegory. Refreshed by his book, and armed with it, his reader can go again to any literary allegory better prepared than before to see what the work means, and how its mode helps determine that meaning. Fletcher writes throughout with skill and good humor, and is a master at this kind of difficult exposition. My only complaint is a strong one; Fletcher is compulsively addicted to footnotes. There are seemingly thousands, they are usually long, and they carry a considerable proportion of the argument. Confronted by this "garland of ibids" the unwary reader might be misled into avoiding a profound and exciting book.

HAROLD BLOOM

THE SEARCH FOR RELEVANCE

DOINGS AND UNDOINGS: THE FIFTIES AND AFTER IN AMERICAN WRITING, *by* NORMAN PODHORETZ, *Farrar, Straus & Co.*

ORDINARILY prompted more by a specific than a general response to experience, the essay is likely to be a highly fragile literary medium. Often, as with James Gibbons Huneker or H. L. Mencken, an inflated contemporary reputation proves solely contingent upon the pressure of occasion. In addition, the abrasion of temporal perspectives against a necessarily static view is bound to result in some seepage, some air leaking from the balloon. Collected over a ten-year period, the essays in *Doings and Undoings* are particularly vulner-

able to these hazards, but though Podhoretz acknowledges the fact he makes no concession to it. Rather as the subtitle of the collection —the 'fifties and after in American writing—suggests, it is almost relentlessly contemporary. Though there has not yet been much "after," this breathlessness is apparent not only in the discussions of writers, the books mentioned, but in the approach to them, which typically extends a review into some general observations about the culture. These include a broad but standard range of subjects such as nuclear war, genocide, television, politics, racial tension, book reviewing, and such writers as Philip Roth, Joseph Heller, James Baldwin, Norman Mailer, John Updike, Jack Kerouac, Saul Bellow, William Faulkner, and Harry Truman and Anthony Eden. In all of this it is surprising to find any consistent point of view at all, and Podhoretz makes no claim for one, other than that the business of a novelist should be with ideas. Yet one does emerge, and it is pushed vigorously. This is that the writer must maintain touch with the contemporary to remain relevant, and for Podhoretz relevant means socially and politically active.

The application of this conviction, however, results in his evaluation of both Faulkner and Fitzgerald as minor writers, limited in the kind of character and situation they are able to treat successfully and being extended (or extending themselves) beyond the legitimate significance determined by even their own perception. (Podhoretz's estimate of *A Fable* leaves him "wondering whether the time will ever come again when a writer will be able to dismiss politics in favor of the Large Considerations without sounding like a chill echo from a dead world.") Almost predictably satirists Nathanael West and Philip Roth and polemicists Mailer and Baldwin are preferred to the more Jamesian John Updike or even the intellectually committed but nonmilitant Saul Bellow, and even onetime activist Edmund Wilson is regarded as having grown isolated in the quest for a private salvation and consequently, like Faulkner, no longer "in vital connection with the contemporary situation in America."

The bias of these essays is particularly illuminated in the contrasting estimates of Bellow and J. P. Donleavy. Acknowledging Bellow as one of the forerunners of the modern novel of dislocation, Podhoretz nonetheless considers his relevance seriously limited by the failure of his heroes to operate within the terms of social rather than personal alienation. Even what is viewed as the qualified commitment of the hero of *Dangling Man* backs up

on itself because it lacks "a plan or a program or obsessive device to justify, support, and enrich his estranged condition." Likewise both Asa Leventhal *(The Victim)* and Augie March are figures of synthetic possibility, whose affirmations are somehow schematic, lacking conviction primarily because they fail to locate the source of their rootlessness in society's institutions.

With *Seize the Day* and continuing on to *Henderson the Rain King,* Podhoretz detects a shift in Bellow's mood to reveal a latent pessimism, which, though more honest than his earlier forced affirmations, similarly goes unresolved mainly by its failure to engage "that particular 'world of facts' which belongs not to science but to politics, not to nature but to history. . . ." Yet if there is in fact a shift, it seems more accurate to identify it as coming between the ironic submission of *Dangling Man* and the sympathetic recognition of *The Victim,* which has continued to dominate Bellow's imagination. Ultimately this remains a personal vision, but to be properly assessed, it must be viewed in terms of Bellow's crucial distinction between affirmation and acceptance. Seldom in balance, Bellow's heroes achieve dignity as much by their need to continue testing experience as in their willingness to respect what they discover about it. Thus Henderson's finally triumphant "I want! I want! I want!" is a quantitative as well as a qualitative demand, emerging very much from the same refusal to compromise his expectations of life by the provisional terms it offers that allows Augie, without evidence, to come up smiling through his knocks. It is this tension rather than reconciliation of possibilities which defines the comic stance, and by insisting on resolution Podhoretz constructs an alternate vision of experience for Bellow and then condemns him for not dealing with it adequately, which is to say in terms more acceptable to *Commentary.*

Opposed to Augie's strained buoyancy, Podhoretz finds legitimate vitality in the destructive exhilaration of J. P. Donleavy's anti-novel *The Ginger Man.* Though he considers the sense of purposelessness it chronicles an honest, if uneven, response to the contemporary nihilistic climate, what appeals most to Podhoretz about the novel is that it operates from "the final collapse of the bourgeois era," and thereby prepares in social terms for the possibility of a new answer to the disintegration of traditional values. "Donleavy takes no joy in this situation," Podhoretz maintains, "his joy is the honest exposure of it." But the assertion is wholly gratuitous. There is nothing in *The Ginger Man* to suggest that Donleavy

does not approve of Sebastian Dangerfield's devices for survival as the only sensible behavior in an otherwise fluid if not hostile environment. Even the positive values Podhoretz detects in the novel —the figure of an earth goddess and the idea of camaraderie that exists among the few initiates of the nihilistic vision—are spurious. The Ginger Man's friendships are sincere only with those more irresponsible than he and so able to protect themselves against him, and the earth goddess is merely aggressively sexy, which puts her a long way from the indolent acceptance of Eula Varner. Finally even Dangerfield's theft of his infant daughter's milk money, which causes the child to develop rickets, results more in the reader's disapproval than in the author's; this is, after all, a comic novel. Even the child, it is somehow intimated, has got to learn the rules, and the earlier the better.

The real villain of *Doings and Undoings*, however, is not Bellow's asocial love ethic, but what Podhoretz terms "liberal revisionism," the demand that the protest of the 'thirties and 'forties assume a new complexity (for which read conservatism) by operating within the discipline of a bourgeois society. Other than associating this liberal critique with such names as Lionel Trilling, Sidney Hook, Daniel Bell, Richard Hofstader, Podhoretz does little to locate it in specific context. Admittedly it is a diffuse movement. Anticipated by the early attempts of Gilbert Seldes and Bernard DeVoto to reconcile Americans to their native cultural heritage, it came into full bloom after the Second World War with, if not the affirmation, at least an end to the artistic and intellectual repudiation of it. Yet Podhoretz might easily have given more definition by identifying such representative statements as Granville Hicks's early manifesto on the future of socialism, calling for clarification of attitudes rather than formulation of programs, or Lionel Trilling's self-congratulatory conviction that the submission of wealth to intellect has led to a happy marriage in the framework of social power, or even Mary McCarthy's bathtub humanism, decommercializing the consumer economy. Though it seems probable that he would agree with Irving Howe's belief that integration into the community is an absorption into the bourgeois institutions of power and thus undermines the intellectuals' legitimate function, Podhoretz is unwilling to reject all of the dissident liberalism, at least so far as it directs itself to a continual reexamination of the twentieth-century experience. Nonetheless he concludes rather bitterly that out of the maturity it occasioned has risen only a cautious

generation, or rather "non-generation," which has failed to produce novels relating to life as we know it.

Where, then, has the literary imagination of the current age gone? If anywhere, Podhoretz feels, it is into the critical discipline of the magazine article, which offers the sole effective means for our novelists to operate in a culture increasingly anxious to appear functional. Working from the Coleridgean conception of the imagination as an independent faculty, which led I. A. Richards and the New Critics to posit a reflexive, if organic, approach to poetry, Podhoretz inadvertently accepts their opposition between reality and the mind and decides that contemporary literature has coped successfully with reality only by adopting the disguise of exposition. To accept this view it is necessary to accept the implicit premise on which Podhoretz bases it, namely that the function of literature is remedial and that the dramatic and the discursive approaches operate interchangeably toward this end. However, aside from thus reducing the fictional vision to a matter of expediency, Podhoretz fails to establish the exclusive correspondence between functionalism and the article as opposed to functionalism and, say, fiction, other than to suggest that "the traditional literary forms . . . don't *seem* practical, designed for 'use' whereas a magazine article by its nature satisfies that initial condition and so is free to assimilate as many 'useless,' 'non-functional' elements as it pleases." *Why* fiction doesn't seem that way is just what Podhoretz is required to explain, particularly in an age in which the irrational is a central fact of experience.

The split between a literature devoted to imagination and a culture looking for utility, or in Jacques Barzun's phrase America's romance with practicality, is, of course, far from uniquely modern. For Barzun the sense of practicality has historically been the dominant characteristic of Western civilization, while at least as far back as the turn of the century, William Crary Brownell, operating, like Podhoretz, from Matthew Arnold's belief that criticism is the literature of life, protested the dualism between the critical and the creative. Soon after, Van Wyck Brooks saw the division in terms of art and commerce, theory and practice, as a continuing one in American culture polarized between Franklin and Jonathan Edwards. Yet, as Sinclair Lewis pointed out accepting the Nobel Prize fifteen years after Brooks's indictment, the result was that no one in America took the writer seriously. Offering as responsible for an intellectual renaissance these same conditions

that accounted for the artist's alienation, Podhoretz seems not so much unwilling to explain the turnabout as unaware of the problems an explanation raises.

At least part of this characteristic superficiality is the result of his insistence on timeliness. Resisting speculative associations to get up close repeatedly puts him on the same level with his material rather than at an angle that affords perspective. Podhoretz thus limits to observations rather than insights even such promising essays as those on social consolidation in TV drama or on Joseph Heller's undercutting of the values in *Catch-22*. He is, in addition, never precise about the nature of the social and political arrangements he endorses, and in fact at one point condemns Norman Mailer for the very nihilism he had earlier applauded in anti-novelists Frederick Buechner, George P. Elliott, and Donleavy. This vagueness permits him to be doctrinaire without offering a doctrine. Instead, too often his commitment has the appearance of the college debater probing for inconsistencies in his opponent's position, and Podhoretz is never happier than demonstrating the contradiction of Herman Kahn's lack of faith in deterrence as a permanently workable policy or Kerouac's and Ginsberg's poverty of feeling contrasted with the primitive spontaneity they pretend to celebrate. What emerges from his search for relevance, then, is a concern for consequence almost to the exclusion of concept, and the result is that these admittedly occasional pieces exhibit a kind of journalistic opportunism that lends a touch of staginess even to the most convincing of them.

Returning to the tradition of Vernon Parrington's economic and political formulations of literature from the esthetic humanism to which F. O. Matthiessen and, more recently, Trilling had brought it, Podhoretz's parochial interpretation of criticism as a social act confuses being relevant with being topical and in the process he becomes more a pamphleteer than a literary critic. Like H. G. Wells, who replied to the Jamesian concern for craftsmanship by proclaiming himself a journalist, Podhoretz discourages any esthetic considerations, and, by focusing so narrowly on the problem at hand, ultimately limits to conditional at best the relevance of his own writing.

STANLEY TRACHTENBERG

NEW RECORDS IN REVIEW

FRIEDRICH SCHORR's justly famous Hans Sachs was a performance I came to know well at the Metropolitan in the 'thirties; but my first experience of it was provided by his guest appearance in *Die Meistersinger* in Vienna in May 1929, with Lotte Lehmann as Eva. He was, in those pre-transatlantic-airplane days, one of the singers who performed at the Metropolitan all winter, and in the spring sailed for Europe for appearances on the Continent, in London's Covent Garden season, and, in festival years, in Bayreuth. In between these stage appearances he made recordings—in May 1929, for example, a recording of the *"Wahn!"* monologue from Act 3 of *Die Meistersinger* with Leo Blech and the Berlin State Opera Orchestra, with whom he had recorded *"Verachtet mir die Meister nicht"* in 1927. To these he added, in 1930 and 1931, recordings—with the London Symphony under Coates, Barbirolli, Collingwood, and Heger—of the *Flieder* monologue and *"Jerum!"* from Act 2, the baptism of Walther's song and *"Euch macht ihr's leicht"* from Act 3, the Sachs-Eva duet of Act 2 with Göta Ljungberg, parts of the Sachs-Walther duet of Act 3 with Rudolf Laubenthal and Lauritz Melchior, and the Quintet with Elisabeth Schumann and Melchior. These—reissued now on Angel COLH-137—include a number of the finest passages in the opera, with superb singing by Schorr and, in the historic performance of the Quintet, by Schumann and Melchior; but missing from the record, regrettably, is the beautiful performance of the exquisite Sachs-Eva duet from Act 3 that Schorr recorded with Elisabeth Rethberg, which would be more valuable than the uninteresting Sachs-Walther duet with Laubenthal's wooden singing. Except in the Sachs-Walther duet and much of the baptism, the over-all sound is good and the voices are clear and bright, but the orchestra is unsubstantial down below because of the removal of bass, whose restoration (either with the bass control, or more effectively with the bass-equalization control set at "800" on the Marantz mono preamplifier or "tape" on the McIntosh C-20 stereo preamplifier) gives not only solidity and presence to the orchestra but the right fullness and timbre to the voices.

One of the singers who appeared with Schorr at the Metropolitan and elsewhere was Karin Branzell, whose beautiful contralto voice

is heard on Rococo 5214 in transfers from recordings, mostly electrical, of arias from *Orfeo, Le Prophète, Mignon, La Favorita,* and *Samson et Dalila,* among others, some of them sung in German.

And from an earlier era RCA Victor LM-2700 offers a new group of performances by Caruso, which include on the one hand a heroic instead of poetic Lensky's aria from *Eugene Onegin,* and on the other hand a beautiful *"Parmi veder le lagrime"* from *Rigoletto* and a 1904 Dream from *Manon* which, as against the coarse 1902 performance on Angel COLH-119, is amazingly delicate and subtle.

As for performances of today, London A-4373 and OSA-1373 have Bellini's last opera, *I Puritani,* in which his matured powers are impressively evident not only in superb melodic structures like *"A te, o cara"* and *"Qui la voce,"* but in the remarkably developed and dramatically meaningful orchestral writing and the more extensively elaborated ensembles, notably the one initiated by Elvira's *"Oh! vieni al tempio"* at the end of Act 1. Joan Sutherland's clear, bright high voice comes through in the sustained phrases of this and other ensembles with a breathtaking steadiness and power; and her singing elsewhere too contributes to making this one of her best performances on records. But the earlier *I Puritani* on Angel 3502 (mono) has Callas in one of her best performances, with singing in the lyrical passages that is lovelier and more affecting than Sutherland's; and in addition it has Di Stefano singing the formidable tenor part with an attractive voice and musical grace that Pierre Duval, on the London records, doesn't have. Despite Bonynge's more impressive conducting of the London performance and the present-day recorded sound, therefore, I would choose the Angel version.

So with Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeri,* in which he is not yet capable of the melodic writing in *The Barber of Seville* and *La Cenerentola* but is already capable of delightful comic writing—not only the hilarious final ensemble of Act 1 but the more quietly amusing duet *"Se inclinassi a prender moglie"* and quintet *"Ti presento di mia man."* The performance on London A-4375 and OSA-1375 offers the lovely voice and enchanting style of Teresa Berganza; but the earlier one on Angel 3529 (mono), in addition to matching these with the voice and style of Giulietta Simionato, has the superb singing of Cesare Valletti as against London's Luigi Alva, who cannot sing his florid passages accurately, and the excel-

lent singing of Mario Petri as against Fernando Corena's huffing and puffing of the florid passages he cannot sing. Moreover Giulini's conducting gives the Angel performance a lightness, refinement, and style that the London performance conducted by Varvisio doesn't have. I would therefore choose the Angel.

Of Verdi's *Falstaff*, in which his matured powers operate at times only with an experienced craftsman's efficiency and resourcefulness, but much of the time in a flow of incandescent invention, Victor LM-6163 and LSC-6163 offer a performance conducted by Solti, with Geraint Evans heading an excellent cast. It provides an occasion to listen again to the Toscanini performance, and to discover again the incorrectness of the contention of the opera specialists that his marvelous conducting was defeated by mediocre singing. The individual timbre of Giuseppe Valdengo's fine baritone voice and his expressive use of it under Toscanini's direction make his singing of the title role more effective than Evans'; and with this there are Chloë Elmo's magnificently sung Mistress Quickly, Stich-Randall's exquisitely sung Nanetta, and the excellent contributions of all the other singers except the Fenton. And so, even with recorded sound in which some of the marvelously achieved orchestral detail cannot be heard clearly, Toscanini's performance remains for me the one to acquire. But for someone who wants the spaciousness and clarity and brightness of present-day recorded sound (albeit with big tuttis that excessive resonance makes raucous) I can report that Solti's pacing of the work is faultless, and that he gives the musical flow the lightness, the complex ensembles the clarity, they call for.

And a minor masterpiece of operatic comedy, Smetana's engagingly melodious *The Bartered Bride*, is sung well, in German, by Pilar Lorengar, Fritz Wunderlich, Karl-Ernst Mercker, Gottlob Frick, and the RIAS Chamber Chorus with the Bamberg Symphony under the effective direction of Kempe, on Angel 3642 (mono).

Stravinsky continues to put on records performances of his own works that not only constitute permanent documentation of what he thinks they should sound like, but—even when they exhibit a little less of the characteristic Stravinsky tension and power—still provide the most effective realizations of the scores. It is the new performance of the *Symphony of Psalms* on Columbia ML-5948 and MS-6548, recorded with the CBC Symphony and Festival Singers of Toronto, that reveals this slight lessening of the tension and

power of the old performance, but that retains enough to make it an impressively effective statement of the work, with a gain from the recorded sound in which details stand out more clearly and vividly and some details are heard that previously were not heard. The records also offer a new performance of the Symphony in C.

The three great extended choral sections of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*—the ones that open and close the work, and *"O Mensch, bewein dein' Sünde gross"*—are on Angel 36121 (mono) with a number of the chorales, extracted from Klemperer's excellent performance of the complete work with the Philharmonia Orchestra and Choir.

An earlier beautiful work, Byrd's Mass for four voices, is sung well by the Choir of King's College, Cambridge, under David Willcocks' direction on London 5795 (mono), which reproduces sibilants with an excessive sharpness that requires reduction of treble. The reverse side has the less interesting Mass for three voices.

And remarkably beautiful singing by the Prague Madrigal Choir under Miroslav Venhoda's direction is heard in two fine works of Lassus, the Masses *In die tribulationes* and *Bell' amfitrit altera,* on Vanguard BG-651 and BGS-70651, of which the mono version reproduces the voices with sharper definition.

The Virtuosi di Roma does some of its beautiful playing under Fasano's direction, on Angel 36153 (mono), in several engaging pieces: the Vivaldi Flute Concerto in D *(Bullfinch),* the Concerto in A minor for four harpsichords that Bach made out of Vivaldi's Concerto for four violins, the Oboe Concerto in C minor attributed to Benedetto Marcello, and one movement of the Cello Concerto in A by Leo.

The impressive gifts which the young English conductor Colin Davis revealed in performances of Mozart and Berlioz are evident again in the performances of Mozart's engaging little Symphony K.200 and the great K.504 *(Prague)* with the English Chamber Orchestra, on London OL-266 and SOL-266, and again in the sensitively phrased performance of the poignantly lovely Symphony K.543 with the London Symphony on Philips 500-036 and 900-036. But the reverse sides of the Philips records have a strangely metronomic and graceless performance of the Symphony K.550 that makes this impassioned work inexpressive. The recorded sound of the Philips performances has an extreme deficiency of bass that must be remedied with the bass control or bass-equalization control.

Steadiness of pace and strong inflection of phrase make Artur Rubinstein's performance of Mozart's Piano Concerto K.466 with an assembled orchestra under Wallenstein, on Victor LM-2635 and LSC-2635, an excellent one. The second sides are completed by Haydn's extraordinary piece for piano solo, the Andante and Variations in F minor, in which Rubinstein's change to a faster tempo for the alternate theme in F and each of its subsequent variations is less effective than the maintaining of a single tempo throughout would be. The finale of Mozart's Concerto K.453, on Victor LM-2636 and LSC-2636, also loses by Rubinstein's slowing of its initial tempo; in the extraordinarily organized and affecting slow movement each of the piano's statements begins in a tempo which is not maintained; and the delightful first movement is played without the animation and enlivening inflection of Gulda's performance on the Vanguard records. I therefore recommend Gulda's in preference to Rubinstein's.

Isaac Stern's performance of Mozart's lovely Violin Concerto K.219—admirable in its animation and grace in the opening Allegro, its tranquilly sustained lyricism in the Adagio—comes off Columbia ML-5957 and MS-6557 with a veiled, edged tone instead of his actual beautiful tone that is heard in the less familiar and less interesting Concerto K.207 on the reverse sides. The assembled orchestra plays well under Szell.

The powers and weaknesses that were Fritz Reiner's are exhibited in the last performances he recorded—those of Haydn's Symphonies Nos. 95 and 101 *(Clock)* on Victor LM-2472 and LSC-2472. The powers are evident in the precise execution and beautiful tone he obtained from the orchestra assembled for the recording sessions, and his skilful pacing and shaping of No. 95 and the first movement of No. 101; but the remaining three movements of No. 101 bring the inevitable tempos wrongly chosen for the directions in the score and the character of the music to which those directions are related. The second movement suffers most in its overdeliberate tempo, as against the andante of Toscanini's famous performance; but the minuet movement and finale also lose in effect through their insufficient animation. In addition Reiner corrected the mistake in harmony that Haydn carefully wrote in at the beginning of the trio in the minuet movement, spoiling Haydn's little joke.

Much of what Prokofiev's developed craftsmanship produced in

his later years was described correctly by a friend who said it sounded like wall-to-wall music turned out by the yard; and the first movement of the Symphony-Concerto Op. 125 for cello and orchestra, on Victor LM-2703 and LSC-2703, is music of this kind. But the second movement, in which an opening scherzo-like section alternates with a lyrical section, is more engaging; and even better is the finale, which is made clear and coherent by its vertebrate theme-and-variations structure. The performance by Samuel Mayes and the Boston Symphony under Leinsdorf is a good one, except for Mayes' dry tone.

Perhaps the best of Prokofiev's later works is the Symphony No. 5, in which the sustained and involved construction of the first and third movements produces impressive progressions of music. And Leinsdorf's performance of it with the Boston Symphony, on Victor LM-2707 and LSC-2707, is another good one.

The first violin's unpleasant tone and some of the pacing cause me to advise against the Budapest Quartet's new performance of Schubert's great Quintet Op. 163 with Benar Heifetz as second cellist, on Columbia ML-5936 (mono), and to recommend instead the Prades Festival performance by Stern, Schneider, Katims, Casals, and Tortelier.

Another of the great works of Schubert's last year, *Die Winterreise*, overwhelms one with the progression of marvelous invention in the succession of songs as they are sung on Angel 3640 (mono) by Fischer-Dieskau with a voice, a sense for the musical phrase, and an expressive power that add up to something unique in performance in this genre.

B. H. Haggin

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THE OLDEST NEW NATION

By CHESTER BOWLES

APRIL 1965 is the twentieth anniversary of the surrender of the Nazi armies and the beginning of the end of the Second World War. In the intervening years America has committed its resources and its energies on an unprecedented scale to the task of creating a stable world order. We have largely financed the rebuilding of Europe and Japan, created a powerful military shield against Communist aggression that extends from Berlin to the Aleutians, and poured money, technicians, and good will into the development of the emerging nations of Africa, Asia, and Latin America.

Yet as we take stock of our efforts many Americans feel a sense of frustration. Although Western Europe and Japan have emerged from the destruction of war to become prosperous allies and trading partners, much of the world has stubbornly refused to behave the way we think it should. Instead of gratitude for our economic assistance, we have often faced criticism, insults, and even the destruction of our property. Instead of appreciation for the protective shield of American military power, we often find ourselves charged with imperialism and interference. It is not surprising that influential voices should be raised in Congress and the press to demand that we punish the recipients of our help and protection by withdrawing into our old isolationism, by letting them go their way while we go ours.

Although these impatient reactions are understandable in human terms, they make no sense whatever in terms of our na-

tional interests. We cannot withdraw from the human race. With our far-flung interests of trade and security we are irrevocably committed to a policy of world involvement. What happens or fails to happen in the most remote areas of the world will inevitably affect our lives as Californians, Dakotans, Kansans, or Vermonters.

Our task, therefore, is not to run away from the realities of our increasingly interdependent world but to reexamine our policies objectively, learn from our mistakes, and gear ourselves for a better performance. As a great power, rich, privileged, and strong, we carry widespread responsibilities to help assure the peace and to provide the conditions under which new nations can develop the political stability and economic capacity that will eventually enable them to make their own effective contribution to a more rational world.

When we become impatient with our role in today's world it is both sobering and reassuring to look again at our own history during the period when we were ourselves a new nation, as reluctant to play a constructive role in world affairs as most of today's new nations are, and at least as ungracious in regard to the efforts of those who made our progress possible.

In the period before our Revolutionary War the course of events on this side of the Atlantic was strongly influenced by nationalistic forces in Europe. From the outbreak of the War of the League of Augsburg in 1689 until the Peace of Vienna in 1815, Europe was torn by an almost continuous conflict that fluctuated between cold wars and hot wars and in which the principal antagonists were France and Britain. Each of the four major wars fought during this period was reflected on our side of the Atlantic in blockades, troop movements, guerrilla raids, massacres, and other classic manifestations of a world-wide power struggle not unlike those we face in many parts of the world today.

When the American colonies finally came to a parting of the ways with the mother country, it was not surprising that the King of France should grasp the opportunity to embarrass his

British adversary. In March 1776, Silas Deane, accredited by the Continental Congress as its "Commercial Agent," arrived in Paris to inquire about the prospects of French political and military assistance for the rebellious American colonies. After a few weeks of negotiation, Louis XVI, a most unlikely supporter of upstart colonial revolutionaries, agreed to provide the Continental Congress with credits amounting to one million *livres* ($200,000). Only when the revolutionary leaders in Philadelphia heard that this French military and economic assistance was firmly in hand did they decide on the final break with Britain. On July 4th, four months after Deane's arrival in France, came our Declaration of Independence.

Following the surrender of General Burgoyne's British Army at the battle of Saratoga in October 1777, George III and his advisers decided that the time had come to cut their losses in America in order to free themselves for the decisive struggle against France. When news reached Paris that the British had offered the American colonies home rule within the Empire, the French monarchy took immediate steps to prevent what it considered a "premature" peace.

In early 1778 a treaty was hurriedly signed between the French and American governments. Under the terms of this "defensive alliance," the French recognized the independence of the United States, granted generous privileges to our shipping, and promised massive military assistance in return for a pledge that neither nation would make peace with Britain without the other's consent. The greatly expanded flow of French military equipment which soon followed, in addition to the active support of a French army and fleet, assured the decisive victory of the Continental Army two years later at Yorktown.

Although our Founding Fathers had had almost no previous experience in world affairs they demonstrated a capacity, no less shrewd than that of many new nations in our own era, to manipulate the great power rivalries of Europe to assure our national independence. From this early experience came the American commitment to nonalignment which President Washington reflected in his Farewell Address in 1796: "It is our true

policy," Washington said, "to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world." For the next 121 years, American foreign policy remained rooted in this neutralist concept.

The commitment of the new republic to a nonaligned approach to international problems was soon put to the test. Once we had signed a peace treaty with the British, the comradely relations between the revolutionary new American republic and the doddering French monarchy which had helped us to secure our independence began to cool rapidly. Nor did the overthrow of Louis XVI in 1789 serve to clear the air.

Indeed, nine years later Congress reacted against French interference with United States shipping by authorizing the capture of French warships, suspending commercial intercourse with France, and declaring the treaties of 1778 void on the grounds that they had already been violated by the French Government. A few years later when Citizen Genêt, the first minister to the United States from the new French Republic, sought by direct personal appeal to persuade the American Government and people of the follies of neutralism, he was accused of indiscreet conduct and asked to leave the country.

Although the French were resentful, they could hardly charge the nationalistic young Republic with favoritism. In 1812 when the long struggle between democratic Britain and the Napoleonic French police state was moving toward a climax, the United States declared war on Britain. Although the official reason of our government was to insure "freedom of the seas" for American shipping, this was a freedom which, as a belligerent, we have never before or since accepted as a right for others in time of war. In the words of the eminent historian Samuel Flagg Bemis, "The War of 1812 was caused by a western expansionist urge rather than solely by the just grievances of neutral rights and impressment." The western "war hawks" led by Henry Clay hoped for the quick conquest of Canada, while their southern counterparts looked eagerly toward Florida, which was then in the wobbly grip of Britain's ally, Ferdinand VII of Spain.

Three years later, the Peace of Vienna, which confirmed the British Navy's command of the seas, ushered in a century of relative peace in Europe, while the Peace of Ghent laid the basis for a relationship between the United States and Great Britain which has evolved from indifference, through a grudging interdependence, to the firm alliance which exists today. By the time of the Peace of Ghent the United States had been an independent nation for 39 years, three times as long as most of the emerging nations of Asia and Africa have enjoyed such a status. Living in a far simpler world, we had achieved a high degree of political stability, our economy was booming, and our national objectives, although limited, were clearly defined.

The unspoken nineteenth-century relationship between America and Britain was destined to shape the economic and political development of our country in many critically important ways. Its origins may be traced to the decision of the British Government to prevent the four Holy Alliance powers (France, Russia, Prussia, and Spain) from restoring Spanish sovereignty over its former Latin American colonies after they had won their independence during the Napoleonic Wars.

In August 1823 Foreign Minister George Canning proposed to our Minister in London that the United States and England should jointly declare that they would not be indifferent to any attack on the newly independent states of Latin America. In response to Canning's proposal, Secretary of State John Quincy Adams, reflecting our traditional "neutralist" conviction that the American and European systems should be kept as separate and distinct from each other as possible, recommended to President Monroe an independent stand in which we would oppose European intervention in the New World without becoming a "cockboat in the wake of the British man-of-war." Therefore, in December 1823 Monroe, while rejecting Britain's proposal for a common position in opposing the Holy Alliance, declared that the United States would not only continue to avoid involvement in the politics or wars of Europe, but also would oppose any effort on the part of the European powers to acquire new territory in the New World or to interfere with the political

system in the American continents. Several months later Canning privately informed the French that this was British policy, which henceforth would be enforced by the British fleet.

In his *History of the Monroe Doctrine,* Dexter Perkins underscores the significance of the British naval barrier which made our brash unilateral pronouncement meaningful. "The Government of the United States," he writes, "spoke out boldly and independently with regard to the colonial question, with the knowledge that in a pinch it would be supported by the mistress of the seas."

There were, of course, occasions when Britain failed to support our closed door position in regard to Latin America, notably when it occupied the Falkland Islands, when it approved Emperor Maximilian's involvement in Mexico during our Civil War, and in 1895 when the British themselves intervened in Venezuela. But these were the exceptions. Through much of the nineteenth century it is fair to say that the effectiveness of our Monroe Doctrine in maintaining the integrity of Latin America against European expansionism was in large measure due to the fact that the British Navy provided a protective shield and that British diplomacy, anxious to maintain a political balance in Europe, found it expedient to underwrite Monroe's unilateral pronouncement that the Old World Powers had no business on our side of the Atlantic.

It is interesting to consider how different our economic and political development might have been if this British shield had not existed and Prussia, Russia, France, and Spain had been free to probe at will into the New World. In order to hold the expansionist-minded Europeans on the other side of the Atlantic, we would have been forced to become deeply involved in European political machinations and to create an expensive army and navy capable of defeating whatever military challenge might be thrown at us. Inevitably our dynamic surge westward to the Pacific and our unprecedented industrial development would have been drastically curtailed and the shape of modern America affected in many unpredictable ways.

If our nineteenth-century commitment to nonalignment an our manipulations of the European power balance to serve ou short-range national interests are reminiscent of what some of u believe to be the "unrealistic" attitudes of many nonaligned n: tions today, the same may be said for much of our early ec nomic development.

Immediately after the American Revolution our governmer and its people turned to Europe for capital assistance to financ our social and industrial development. The prospect of profi and political influence in the rapidly expanding new Americ soon served to attract large amounts of capital from Britain an lesser amounts from other European countries. Of the $11. million raised to finance the purchase of Louisiana from Franc $9 million came from Britain. The $7 million bond issue whic financed the Erie Canal passed largely into British hands. I 1805 Samuel Blodget estimated that one-half of all America securities were foreign-owned. By 1838 the British investmer alone had grown to $175 million—a sum larger than all Unite States private investment in India today. By 1899 this figure ha increased to $2.5 billion. On the eve of the First World War i had reached a fantastic $4.5 billion. Indeed, in terms of presen day purchasing power, this is substantially more than our tota present capital investment in any country in the world with th exception of Canada.

During this same period, thousands of able European scien tists, engineers, and craftsmen crossed the Atlantic to contribut their skills and experience to building the new American nation

On August 3, 1914, when the Kaiser launched his grey-cla infantry divisions westward toward Brussels, Paris, and th English Channel, there were few Americans who grasped th political significance of the event. Having taken for grante the protective shield of British diplomacy and naval power fo nearly a century, we, like many nonaligned nations today, ha lost contact with international realities. We still could see n reason to question the continuing wisdom of our century-ol

policy of neutralism in what we believed to be one more war in the never-ending struggles of Europe. Indeed when British purchasing agents sought military equipment for their hard-pressed armies from American manufacturers they were forced to liquidate three-fourths of Britain's massive investments in the United States to pay for it.

America's awakening to her profound stake in the victory of the Western powers came with painful slowness. Perhaps the turning point was the bleak afternoon of May 31, 1916 when the British High Seas Fleet was very nearly destroyed in the Battle of Jutland. Only when we saw Britain actually pressed to the wall did we begin to understand the vital importance of the British naval and diplomatic shield which had stood between us and Europe for more than a century but which we had taken for granted. With massive help from an awakened America the Germans were ultimately forced to surrender and we embarked on the historic debates over Woodrow Wilson's proposals for a League of Nations which in his words would "lead the world into pastures of quietness and peace such as never have been dreamed of before."

The destruction of the Wilsonian vision at the hands of the "little group of willful men" in the United States Senate who had learned nothing from the near defeat of our Western Allies need not be reviewed here. It is sufficient briefly to record two tragi-comic incidents in the 1920's that reflect the effort of millions of Americans to return to a neutralist approach to world affairs.

In 1923, the Illinois legislature passed a resolution declaring that the official language of the State of Illinois would henceforth be known as the "American" language, not as "English." Three years later, "Big Bill" Thompson, running for reelection as Mayor of Chicago, boldly vowed to keep the British Navy out of Lake Michigan; indeed if King George should attempt to visit Chicago itself he would personally hit him on the "snoot." When asked *which* King George, III or V, His Honor is reported to have exclaimed, "My God, don't tell me there are *two* of them!"

Not only did we remain manifestly unappreciative of Britain's

decisive contribution to our own security and development throughout the nineteenth century, we also continued resolutely in the face of overriding evidence to reject any future share of responsibility for maintaining world peace.

In 1935, when Mussolini, in violation of the mandate of the League of Nations (a mandate which our own refusal to become a member had rendered ineffective) invaded Ethiopia, Congress responded by passing the Neutrality Act which embargoed arms shipments to all belligerents in the event of war. In 1939 when the Germans launched their second attempt within a single generation to conquer Europe, Congress agreed to lift the embargo on arms but only when a "cash and carry" stipulation had been added as well as a provision that denied the right of United States ships to enter declared war zones (a "right" for which we had presumably fought the war in 1812).

With all our unprecedented wealth and power, it is fair to say that the United States did not come of age in regard to foreign affairs until we had been literally dragged into two world wars, each of which we might have prevented.

Only in the midst of the second grave and costly struggle did we as a people recognize that we could no longer protect and promote our national welfare and security through the often irresponsible posture of international noninvolvement which marked our isolationist years. With massive public support, the leaders of both political parties introduced the principle that henceforth America's security and prosperity depended not only on the avoidance of war but on the encouragement of orderly economic and political growth throughout the world.

Since then we have sought by the laborious and often frustrating process of trial and error to develop strategies and tactics that reflect this objective.

This brief rereading of American history in world affairs demonstrates the manner in which a greater power that constructively promotes its own interests within a broader framework of global peace and order may make a decisive contribution to the economic growth and political independence of younger

nations. It also suggests that a great power which acts in this role can expect on occasion to be ignored, misunderstood, and resented.

In today's world America can no more purchase the gratitude or support of the developing nations of Africa, Asia, and Latin America than the British could have purchased ours in earlier years.

But for those emerging nations which seek realistically to strengthen their economies and provide greater opportunities with social justice for their people, and which keep their defense costs within reasonable bounds and conduct their international relations with a decent respect for the rights (and the property) of others, we can often provide a decisive measure of economic support and direct or indirect military assistance against common dangers.

In the last decades of the twentieth century America's task abroad therefore is the persistent, patient building of a sound structure of world peace and prosperity, not because this will assure us first place in a global popularity contest or enable us to buy the loyalties or affection of less fortunate nations, but because only in such a world can we ourselves be secure.

To give way to our frustrations and to be tempted from this task by the sterile isolationist dream that we and a few other "like-minded nations" are rich and powerful enough to go it alone, would ultimately place our national security in serious jeopardy.

THE TRAGIC AND THE EPIC IN T. E. LAWRENCE

By JAMES A. NOTOPOULOS

THERE have been brave men after as well as before Agamemnon. A glance at the United States Printing Office book on our winners of the Congressional Medal of Honor shows acts not unworthy of Achilles or Ajax. "Only they lack a poet," as Horace says. They also lack an ethos of society where "the delirium of the brave," as Yeats calls it, is the highest value in life. The *Iliad* has this quality, while the *Aeneid* and *Paradise Lost* lack it, compensating for it by their larger symbolic themes. The capacity for gallant living and dying is more appealing when it is rooted in that core of darkness called the tragic sense of life. Though the epic-tragic is a quality largely enveloped in the greatness of the Homeric epic wherever it appears in subsequent literature, it never ceases to captivate the human heart.

I believe that modern life has found a unique manifestation of this quality in T. E. Lawrence who, even when stripped of the myth that has shed glamor upon him, possesses the last glow of the Homeric splendor. His attraction is now the battleground between psychiatric and literary analysis. He exhibits the dilemma of a modern figure who experienced the Homeric delirium of the brave and wrote of it with the requisite magic of literature, yet was condemned to tragic frustration by the anachronism of the heroic act in our times. Lawrence is now an enigma to his stream of biographers who veer more and more to psychoanalysis. His enigma is stripped of the glamorous myth with which Lowell Thomas invested him in the 'twenties. His life, writings, and conduct involve symptoms of abnormality which excessively fascinate an age addicted to psychoanalysis. He may be a "sick soul," but we need to be reminded that great

literature also deals with sick souls like Achilles in Homer, Ajax and Philoctetes in Sophocles, Othello and Hamlet in Shakespeare. Though Lawrence received many wounds and beatings in the war, and inwardly many more in his postwar career, his enigma becomes clearer if set against the metaphors of great literature. The present study aims at understanding Lawrence through two metaphors of literature, the epic and the tragic which he felt in literature and experienced in his brief life.

It is one of the oddities of English literature that in the desert of Arabia were born two of its prose masterpieces—Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* and Lawrence's *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom.* Doughty was one of Lawrence's literary heroes and his own experience of desert life increased his admiration for him and indebtedness to him for style, structure, and understanding of Arab psychology and ways of life. Yet Lawrence's book is not a travel masterpiece but an epic which any student of Homer will call Homeric despite its many differences from Homer. It has the touchstone of the delirium of the brave, that basic impulse in the Arab warriors which Lawrence moulded into a "Triumph," the subtitle of his book. Yet at the very moment of victory it became a defeat for Lawrence ever after. Historians of English literature have pointed out that after Milton the epic was taken over by the novel. This is only superficially true. There are two modes of epic in English, Milton versus *Beowulf* and Malory. The former is a symbolic epic, the latter are genuine epics. The direct descendant of Beowulf and Malory is to be found in Lawrence's *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom,* which outside of verse depicts the heroic ideal and way of life in a society where fighting is a necessary and noble activity. Yet Lawrence could not write the simple direct kind of epic. It had to be an epic fashioned out of complex factors.

Lawrence himself was unaware that he had written an epic. In a letter to Edward Garnett he protests against Read's review of *The Seven Pillars* in which Read unerringly saw the character of the book. Lawrence, though a very good critic, as his *obiter dicta* on books show, was notoriously a poor critic of his own writing, as his letters show. He protests to Garnett, "Isn't he [Read] ridiculous in seeking to measure my day-to-day chronicle

by the epic standard? I never called it an epic, or thought of it as an epic, nor did anyone else to my knowledge. The thing follows an exact diary sequence, and it is literally true throughout." The diary sequence is true, and in this the book may be compared with Xenophon's *Anabasis,* Caesar's *Commentaries,* and Doughty's *Arabia,* all favorites with Lawrence. He is aware of such and other influences for he tells Garnett in another letter, it is "built up of hints from other books, full of these echoes to enrich or side-track or repeat my motives."

The diary sequence is the armature of the narrative, but Read's judgment is nevertheless correct. Lawrence himself later admitted that it is "an introspective epic," which is nearer the truth. The book has multiple levels and one can get lost in them. It contains blocks of sense and thought in its cursive progress. Lawrence was aware of this motley architectural pattern and tries to account for "its wild mop of side-scenes and side issues: the prodigality and profuseness: and the indigestibility of the dish" by saying "for this the whole experience and emanations and surroundings (background and foreground) of a man are necessary." He conceived of his book not as a work of art but "a summary of what I have thought and done and made of myself in these first thirty years." These are valuable hints for the reader to have. The twisted strands that make the whole of the *Seven Pillars* are open for inspection. It is in part biographic but not in the usual sense of war memoirs. It is historical in part, but the Revolt of the Arabs is not written as history but as art, for which he devised a unique style which pleases the ear and eye and mind together.

Its archaic style has been misunderstood by some critics. Lawrence could write as contemporary English as any, and this is shown in *The Mint.* He deliberately chose a style nearer to Doughty's to enhance the outmoded epic gesture of his theme. He stops the flow of narrative with pages or even chapters of Thucydidean analysis of motives, portraiture of the *dramatis personae.* It even includes a Platonic analysis of strategy as *epistêmê* (knowledge) versus *doxa* (appearance or opinion). Some of these take the form of prose choral odes of a tragedy which comment on the previous episode or action. It is Herod-

otean in its digressions, again another favorite author of Lawrence. It exhibits the archaic joy in the fulness of reality, yet he strives to subordinate this to key ideas. He writes in a letter, "in all my life objects had been gladder to me than persons, and ideas than objects." He sees the remarkable in the obvious because he used all of his eyes to see it. This is the clue to his art. Yet what Lawrence saw he sees in such a way that there is a radar refraction from the object seen into Lawrence's own mind. In the Arab we can see much of Lawrence's submerged self. "These lads," he says, "took pleasure in subordination; in degrading the body: so as to throw into greater relief their freedom in equality of mind: almost they preferred servitude as richer in experience than authority, and less binding in daily care." *De te fabula.* Lawrence had become so much an Arab that this sentence is the explanation of his later self-flagellating life in the RAF, so vividly described in *The Mint.* Lawrence took pains to reveal himself by indirection. He writes to Garnett, "By avoiding direct feeling I would keep the emotional expression on the plane of the rest of the construction. That's the reason of all that resolution of the personal, the indirectness of which offends you: and my temptation is to go more abstract, more complex, rather than more open." Lawrence describes vividly his transformation from an Englishman into an Arab in order to lead the Arabs to victory. In a scene where English soldiers join with Arabs on the march to Damascus, Lawrence tells how he belonged more to the Arabs than to his fellow British soldiers. Life with the Arabs resulted in a metamorphosis for him whose consequences were to haunt him till the end of his life. In the suppressed introductory chapter to the *Seven Pillars* he writes, "In my case, the effort of these years to live in the dress of Arabs and to imitate their mental foundation, quitted me of my English self, and made me look at the West, and its conventions with new eyes: they destroyed it all for me. At the same time I could not sincerely take on the Arab skin: it was affectation only. Easily was a man made an infidel, but hardly might he be converted to another faith. I had dropped one form and not taken on the other, and was become like Mohammed's coffin in our legend, with a resultant

feeling of intense loneliness in life, and a contempt, not for other men, but for all they do. Such detachment came at times to a man exhausted by prolonged physical effort and isolation. His body plodded on mechanically, while his reasonable mind left him, and from without looked down critically on him, wondering what that futile lumber did and why. Sometimes these selves would converse in the void; and then madness was very near, and I believe it would be near the man who could see things through the veils of two customs, two educations, two environments."

This passage clearly illustrates why Lawrence, despite his efforts in indirection of self-revelation, called the book "an introspective epic." Here we see emerging a chapter of the wasteland that characterizes his life after the war. Here we see the seed of the powerful letters he later wrote to Lionel Curtis, wherein we see the demonic visitations of futility and doubt about himself. André Malraux and Irving Howe have given a full account of the irreconcilable tensions in Lawrence. Here is a man, as Herbert Read said, "with a load on his mind." He is a man who couldn't go home again. In May 1933 Liddell Hart observed "his sense of futility of everything." The *Seven Pillars,* subtitled *A Triumph,* became, as Lawrence said, "in essence a tragedy—a victory in which no man could take delight."

The nature of this tragedy awaits clarification. The tragedy was twofold, political and personal. For Lawrence, who put his heart into the Revolt and tuned the Arabs to such a pitch of faith in him that they believed he personally embodied England's policy, the Revolt began on false pretences. Aware of the Sykes-Picot treaty between England and France, which involved the annexation after the war of some promised areas and the respective spheres of influence over all the rest, Lawrence was constantly and bitterly ashamed. He was privy to a deceit and he put on the "mantle of fraud," which made the "bravest, simplest and merriest of men" dupes. The Peace Conference brought all this out, and though Churchill later made some amends, Lawrence continued to look upon his war triumph as a tragedy, a mockery of the cause he inspired in the Arabs.

The tragedy was also a personal one. It was a tragedy in the

classical sense of the word. The central conflict in Lawrence is best explained in terms of a problem Sophocles saw long ago. Lawrence's tragedy is but a newer version of Sophocles' *Philoctetes.* No one who reads the *Seven Pillars* needs convincing about Lawrence's epic role for which he was to the manner born. The heroic act began with the romantic impulses in his childhood, was matured by his favorite authors: Homer, Malory's Arthurian epics, Doughty's *Arabia Deserta,* Caesar's *Commentaries on the Gallic Wars.* Later Melville's *Moby Dick* was to join the list. As we shall see later, the heroic world was the focus of his inner and outer life. Yet no one more than Lawrence was conscious of the absurdity and anachronism of the heroic act in the world of the twentieth century. He could not let himself go and enjoy the heroic act with the simplicity, the directness, the passionate dedication of the Homeric or Arab hero to his *timê,* the value of the heroic act. The corrosion of doubt, his consciousness of the betrayal of the Arabs, the visitation of the introspective moods of the futility of life which reach a crescendo in the letters to Lionel Curtis, restrained him from a wholehearted acceptance of the heroic act. He went to all manner of absurd lengths after the war to avoid its rewards and honors. For him Colonel Lawrence was dead and he assumed the alias of John Hume Ross A/C[2] No. 352087, and later T. E. Shaw. Enjoying the friendship of the greatest figures in England, military, political, literary, and artistic, he flagellated his war-weary body in enlisted camps in the RAF and the Tank Corps. This period in his life joins the wasteland exhibits of Joyce and Eliot. The capture of Damascus at once had disclosed to him "the exhaustion of my main springs of action." His self-denial of the heroic amounted almost to a stoic suicide. It took the form of an impossible return to the Ithaca of normalcy. The nightmare is vividly described in *The Mint,* which is his Golgotha. Yet even this self-immolation of normalcy had its momentary cracks, such as his incognito visits to Lowell Thomas' film and talk on Lawrence of Arabia; his circulation of the eight copies of *Seven Pillars,* printed in sheets by the *Oxford Times* staff, to his friends; his allowing Garnett to abbreviate the original text into the *Revolt of the Desert* so as to raise money for

Eric Kennington's beautiful illustrations of the limited edition of 1926 of about 107 copies. All this attests to his fascination with the heroic gesture. The very title of *The Mint* reveals further Lawrence's fascination with the heroic. It was minted from Housman's line,

> They carry back to the coiner the mintage of man,
> The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

Lawrence suffered not from Miniver Cheevism but from what Edmund Wilson calls "the wound and the bow," a phrase he coined in his famous essay on Sophocles' *Philoctetes* to symbolize the hero, the artist, who pays the price of the wound for his *aretê*. Sophocles in this play dramatizes the hero out of joint with the pragmatic world; the dilemma of the unbending Homeric hero whose myth is so manipulated by Sophocles that he is made to face a new world, the realities that Sophocles saw at work in the fifth century. A new kind of hero is required in such a complex world, the Odysseus who is aware of the obsolescence of the Homeric *aretê* in a modern world. Thus in the play Homeric ram-rodness is made to confront diplomacy, compromise, use of people as means to an end. This confrontation is irreconcilable even for Sophocles himself, who in this play alone makes use of a *deus ex machina* to resolve the conflict. So too with Lawrence who carried in his soul a dialogue between the Homeric hero and a nonheroic world. Yet he could not find any *deus ex machina* except retreat into anonymity and the self-effacement of a recruit's life. Lawrence was unable to deviate from Philoctetes' words to Neoptolemus, son of Achilles,

> . . . thou hast proved this day
> Thy race and lineage, not of Sisyphus
> But of Achilles, noblest once of men.

The heroic bow unerring in its integrity to the heroic ideal has its price, the wound, both for Philoctetes and Lawrence. Both rage because of the wound, Philoctetes festering in the lonely isle of Lemnos, Lawrence in the Lemnos of his private self. It is not for outraged honor but the festering doubt as to his worth as a human being. The Furies of introspection haunt him in the camp of the RAF and Tank Corps, in Karachi, India, in

Plymouth. Wherever he goes he creates a Lemnos, with moments of peace found only in unheroic menial tasks of the services.

If the core of darkness in Lawrence cannot be understood without the metaphor of Philoctetes, his splendor as a human being and a writer cannot be understood without the metaphors of the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*. Both of these poems enter into his experiences, his writing, and into shaping his outlook. Homer was a lifelong study with Lawrence and he emerges as one of his finest translators. That he read him as part of his schooling in England is taken for granted. Homer followed him to the dig of Carchemish by the Euphrates. Sir Leonard Woolley recalls him "sitting in front of the winter fire reading—generally Homer, or Doughty's poems or Blake." He discusses the *Iliad* with Thomas Hardy for whom Homer was also a companion. Homer follows him to Karachi where he spent all his off-duty hours in translating the *Odyssey*. Interspersed in his letters are not only some shrewd observations on the craftsmanship of Homer but the highest compliment to the poet. "Homer is more an inspiration than a person. I aspire more fervently in him; . . . I wish I had written the *Odyssey* and not *The Seven Pillars*. . . . Something about the *Odyssey* effort frightens me. It's too big: Homer is very very great: and so far away. It seems only a sort of game, to try and bring him down to the ordinary speech of my mouth. Yet that is what a translation ought to mean. I do it, tacitly, every time I read him. . . . I like Homer." In translating the *Odyssey* over a period of four years he was consciously reliving his own Homeric life which prior to the Revolt fits into the *Odyssey* pattern. While an undergraduate at Oxford he traveled to Syria and Palestine following the trail of medieval castles in order to write his special Oxford thesis. This was written completely through a personal odyssey involving hardship, stinking steamers, dysentery, risk of life, beatings by native Kurds.

His archeological career at Carchemish by the Euphrates for three years is a veritable odyssey as we read of it in his letters. So is his mission into Mt. Sinai desert to map, in the guise of an archeologist, the district for Lord Kitchener. It may truly be

said of him that he lived the opening lines of the *Odyssey:* "the various minded man . . . made to stray grievously about the coasts of men, the sport of their customs good or bad." He lived the *Odyssey* not as a simile but as a metaphor. This is seen in a letter to his publisher about disagreements with a classical expert who suggested changes beyond translation. "Actually," he writes, "I'm in as strong a position vis-a-vis Homer as most of his translators. For years we were digging up a city roughly of the Odysseus period. I have handled the weapons, armour, utensils of these times, explored their houses, planned their cities. I have hunted wild boars, and watched wild lions, sailed the Aegean (and sailed ships), bent bows, lived with pastoral peoples, woven textiles, built boats, and killed many men. So I have odd knowledges that qualify me to understand the *Odyssey* and odd experiences that interpret it to me." Lawrence did not produce a translation that is antiquarian. He calls it a "novel," which justified his choice of prose over verse and gave to him the license to excise, transpose, be free with moods and tenses. His preface is somewhat eccentric to the classical scholar. As one who had lived with Arab oral bards, to such an extent that he even made an amusing parody of the formulaic style in a story to parody Auda's incorrigible epic addiction, Lawrence failed to perceive the oral style of the *Odyssey*. Yet one will go far to match such touches as his characterization of Nausicaa who "enters dramatically and shapes, for a few lines, like a woman—then she fades, unused"; or such fine touches as his description of the hanging of the faithless maidservants of Odysseus: "A little while they twittered with their feet—only a little. It was not long." His translation of the *Odyssey* reveals a side of Lawrence essential to the understanding of him as a Homeric man. No scholar has ever brought such non-armchair knowledge as Lawrence to the translation of the *Odyssey*.

The most significant event in Lawrence's life, the Revolt of the Arabs which he organized and led to success, can only be understood by the metaphor of the *Iliad*. In the midst of the Revolt there flashed to him the meaning of his role—the role of destiny which, in an unheroic age, thrust him into a heroic way of life. He speaks of "the incongruity in my answering the in-

fectious call of action. . . . I had had one craving all my life—for the power of self-expression in some imaginative form—but had been too diffuse ever to acquire a technique. At last accident, with perverted humour, in casting me as a man of action had given me place in the Arab Revolt, a theme ready and epic to a direct eye and hand, thus offering me an outlet in literature, the technique-less art. Whereupon I became excited only over mechanism. The epic mode was alien to me, as to my generation. Memory gave me no clue to the heroic, so that I could not feel such a man as Auda in myself. He seemed fantastic as the hills of Rumm, old as Malory."

Despite all the complex levels, *The Seven Pillars* is, as Lawrence himself notes, "a theme ready and epic." It is this theme that is the focal point in the book. The Revolt opened for him the epic mode. Here was no war such as the generals of the Western Front were waging; here, in the desert of Arabia, Lawrence devised a strategy that fitted in with the Arab's individualism. "The Arab war," he says, "was simple and individual." The Arab had the very characteristics of Homer's warriors: individualism, family pride in the heroic code of honor, revenge, joy in arms, in booty, and as Lawrence observed, "to an Arab an essential part of the triumph was to wear the clothes of an enemy." Lawrence had witnessed at first hand an epic society which, outside of clothing, differed little from the Homeric way of life. But without Homer and Malory, Lawrence could not have made *The Seven Pillars* the masterpiece that it is. They awakened in him on the occasion of this epic experience an inner and outer idiom to feel and to express the experience. Read in his review saw this very quality and insisted that the book be measured by the epic standard.

In the epic we have heroic actions arising out of events and out of character. *The Seven Pillars* contains both. There is epic action in the hit-and-run tactics of dynamiting the trains, in the interplay of design and accident that ever characterizes wars. But one cannot have an epic out of such, only military history, war memoirs. For epic or tragedy we must look for character spinning the plot. There are two such in *The Seven Pillars*—Lawrence himself, and Auda. Lawrence is everywhere the

source of the strategy and action and his unique position as one detached from the British Army, acting independently as *agent provocateur* and leader of the Arab Revolt, is such that he emerges as a lone-wolf, and not a general. This enables him to find direction to the heroic through indirection. His upbringing as an Englishman prevents him from seeking the heroic directly; it enables him to envelop the epic with introspection. His epic quality is cerebral even though he does not spare us his descriptions of straining his body and spirit to out-Arab the Arabs in their endurance. He is aware that he is an actor playing the role of an Arab but never can be a complete Arab. His heroic impulses are muffled by his awareness of the ludicrousness of the heroic role in modern society. It can be used as a means in modern society, not as an end in itself. Yet Lawrence's book achieves its epic quality by reason of his fascination with the heroic act as an end in itself. This finds fulfilment in Auda, who embodied for Lawrence the primitive epic hero and whom he models closely to his Homeric prototype. In the portrait of Auda we find the envy of Lawrence himself.

A study of Auda in *The Seven Pillars* shows epic action emanating out of epic character. Lawrence realized the importance of Auda to the success of the Revolt. Only by means of Auda and "his immense chivalrous name" could Lawrence swing the tribes from Maan to Akaba to take Akaba. His unique role is seen in Lawrence's conscious use of Homeric adjectives and phrases to describe him: "the old lion," "the implacable warrior," "child of battle who had never known a master," "lordly in his delight of war," "drunk with a life-time wine of self-will." Lawrence was fascinated with portraiture and later he consented to an abbreviated version of *The Seven Pillars,* which has already been mentioned, in order to raise money to hire Kennington to do a series of portraits for the limited edition of *The Seven Pillars*. Lawrence's book is filled with masterful short portraits of the leading actors of the *Revolt*. He first sketched these portraits in reports he wrote for *The Arab Bulletin*. When Lawrence lost the first draft of *The Seven Pillars* he utilized these portraits for the rewriting. The first portrait of Auda appears in an undated report for the *Bulletin*. A comparison of this portrait with

that in The Seven Pillars shows some verbatim identities and some variations by way of expansion or contraction. Lawrence was a careful prose craftsman. These portraits help us to understand the structure of The Seven Pillars. They constitute the beads on the string of his diary movements. The static portrait then is translated into movement of action in the narrative. Here is Auda's portrait:

> Auda was their [i.e., the Howeitat nomad clan] master type. His hospitality was sweeping. . . . His generosity kept him always poor, despite the profits of a hundred raids. He had married twenty-eight times, had been wounded thirteen times; whilst the battles he provoked had seen all his tribesmen hurt and most of his relatives killed. He himself had slain seventy-five men, Arabs, with his own hand in battle: and never a man except in battle. Of the number of dead Turks he could give no account: they did not enter the register. His Toweiha under him became the first fighters of the desert, with a tradition of desperate courage, a sense of superiority which never left them while there was life and work to do. . . .
>
> Auda raided as often as he had opportunity, and as widely as he could. He had seen Aleppo, Bazra, Wejh, and Wadi Dawasir on his expeditions: and was careful to be at enmity with nearly all tribes of the desert, that he might have a proper scope for raids. After his robber fashion, he was as hard-headed as he was hot-headed, and in his maddest exploits there would be a cold factor of possibility to lead him through. His patience in action was extreme: and he received and ignored advice, criticism, or abuse, with a smile as constant as it was very charming. If he got angry his face worked uncontrollably, as he burst into a fit of shaking passion, only to be assuaged after he had killed: at such times he was a wild beast, and men escaped his presence. Nothing on earth would make him change his mind or obey an order to do the least thing he disapproved; and he took no heed of man's feelings when his face was set.
>
> He saw life as a saga. All the events in it were significant: all personalities in contact with him heroic. His mind was stored with poems of old raids and epic tales of fights, and he overflowed with them on the nearest listener. If he lacked listeners, he would very likely sing them to himself in his tremendous voice, deep and resonant and loud. He had no control over his lips, and was therefore terrible to his own interests and hurt his friends continually. He spoke of himself in the third person, and was so sure of his fame that he loved to shout out stories against himself.

Here we have a portrait of a primitive Homeric hero, the stuff out of which Homer shaped his heroes, and out of which Lawrence shaped his epic. Homer did not turn the *Iliad* into

a biography of Achilles nor does Lawrence turn *The Seven Pillars* into a biography of Auda. Yet his narrative achieves its epic quality largely out of this portrait. The epic quality comes out of this figure; throughout the narrative Auda's actions break away from this portrait, each pursuing briefly but fiercely a course of its own.

Auda is a poet-warrior like Achilles, who whiles away his isolation by singing songs of glorious deeds. Auda breaks into song to guide at night the warriors following him by the radar boom of his epic song; he rushes into hearty poetry on the powerful glory of his discovery of the power of dynamite. His constant indulgence into oral epic poetry leads Lawrence to parody his epic style, much to the amusement of the Howeitat and of Auda himself. Songs of old served Auda as inspiration of his epic role even as the songs of Homer and Malory inspired Lawrence himself to understand the epic mode of action into which destiny had cast him. Auda was imbued with the sense of heroic genealogy even as we find in Hippolochos' speech to Diomedes in the *Iliad*. In one scene Auda proclaims, "Indeed, I am Auda and you know Auda. My father (to whom God be merciful) was master, greater than Auda; and he would praise my grandfather. The world is greater as we go back."

Lawrence's chief fascination with Auda, however, was the warrior's delight in war and the delirium of the brave. The crescendo of the epic action in the book coincides with Auda's exhibition of the delirium of the brave. The terror of Auda emerges in several scenes. Always in charge of his Arab warriors, like Achilles over the Myrmidons, he ever strikes terror in the enemy: "The Howeitat spread out along the cliff to return the peasants' fire. This manner of going displeased Auda, the old lion, who raged. . . . So he jerked his halter, cantered his mare down the path and rode out plain to view beneath the easternmost houses of the village. There he reined in, and shook a hand at them, booming with his wonderful voice: 'Dogs, do you not know Auda?' When they realized it was that implacable son of war their hearts failed them." Lawrence's description of Auda's furious charge at Aba el Lissan, after he taunted Auda on the Howeitat's "shooting a lot but hitting a little," is sheer

Homeric. Slaking his thirst with countless slaughters Auda comes to Lawrence: "Auda came swinging up on foot, his eyes glazed over with the rapture of battle, and the words bubbling with incoherent speed from his mouth. 'Work, work, where are words, work, bullets, Aub Tayi . . . and he held up his shattered field-glasses, his pierced pistol-holster, and his leather sword-scabbard cut to ribbons. He had been the target of a volley which had killed his mare under him, but the six bullets through his clothes had left him scathless."

Finally we have a scene reaching a crescendo before the triumphal entry into Damascus, where *The Seven Pillars* finds tangency to Achilles' reaction to the slaying of Patroclus. The Turkish slaughter of Tallal's kinsfolk, with pregnant women bayonetted, rouses Tallal, Auda's bosom friend:

> Tallal had seen what we had seen. He gave one moan like a hurt animal; then rode to the upper ground and sat there awhile on his mare, shivering, and looking fixedly after the Turks. I moved near to speak to him, but Auda caught my rein and stayed me. Very slowly Tallal drew his head-cloth about his face; and then he seemed suddenly to take hold of himself, for he dashed his stirrups into the mare's flanks and galloped headlong, bending low and swaying in the saddle, right at the main body of the enemy.
>
> It was a long ride down a gentle slope and across a hollow. We sat there like stone while he rushed forward, the drumming of his hoofs unnaturally loud in our ears, for we had stopped shooting, and the Turks had stopped. Both armies waited for him; and he rocked on in the hushed evening till only a few lengths from the enemy. Then he sat up in his saddle and cried his war-cry, "Tallal, Tallal," twice in a tremendous shout. Instantly their rifles and machine-guns crashed out, and he and his mare, riddled through and through with bullets, fell dead among the lance points.
>
> Auda looked very cold and grim. "God give him mercy; we will take his price." He shook his rein and moved slowly after the enemy. . . . The old lion of battle waked in Auda's heart, and made him again our natural, inevitable leader.

The slaughter that ensued, as the price of Tallal, "the splendid leader, the fine horseman, the courteous and strong companion of the road," is Achillean. Here and nowhere else in modern literature do we catch the last delirium of the brave. Here we

glimpse in *The Seven Pillars* the last vestige of the epic. Gilbert Murray, that gifted connoisseur of the epic, says:

> Whether poetry seeks for the scene of its narrative a past time or a distant country, I think it almost always seeks for a state of society that is simpler and ruder than the poet's own. By simpler and ruder, I mean one in which the individual human soul is less protected, less standardized, more exposed to strain and peril, and more dependent on its own strength for its battle against the world. The modern city poet seeks the Middle Ages, or the wild west, or the various parts of the world in which Conrad delighted, for a quality which they all possess in common. In all of them life is dangerous; and the things which in civilized society are reduced to a more or less mechanical and harmless level there stand out in their full intensity—friend and foe, love and hate, truth and treachery, honour and dishonour, courage and cowardice. . . . [The Heroic Age] provided a combination of rare dangers and rich chances, of indescribable terrors and bewildering hopes, in which, amid the crumbling of external protections, a man had to stand or fall by what he was really worth, by his fighting power, his courage, his strength of will, and the degree to which he could either make his fellow men follow him and his friends love him and die for him, or, if need were, himself follow and love and die.

The Seven Pillars belongs here and nowhere else. Lawrence had heard this song of the delirium of the brave and he never could return to the modern city. In his preface to the *Odyssey* Lawrence said of Homer, "He . . . was driven by his age to legend, where he found men living untrammeled under the God-possessed skies." Lawrence so lived and died that he has become a legend gracing an unheroic age. It is an age to which the epic mode is alien and whose memory gives no clue to the heroic. Hence its misunderstanding of Lawrence's dilemma, its futile attempts to solve him through the world of Freud, its lack of comprehension of the personal price he paid, the price of Greek heroes who are "bound hand and foot to fatal destiny." The metaphors of great literature are requisite for the understanding of such.

HOPKINS THE CRITIC

By MYRON OCHSHORN

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS was equipped for the right use of criticism as few critics of any age have been; and while it is a great shame, a great loss for all of us, that his rare gifts were put but to limited use, and were in some areas open to him hardly put to any use at all, he did use them enough I think to insure his immortality as a critic.

What is most impressive is the *combination* of gifts he possessed—and the resulting critical balance. He was to begin with a born writer, and he retained all his life an amateur's zest when discussing literature. A reader of his criticism will be hard pressed to discover anywhere a single slack expression or tired remark. He was a bit overfond of a few refined literary phrases ("breathes" and "breathing," for example), and this lends at times an archaic touch to his prose style (so that, unlike his poetry, it is not at all modern in feel, but is even backward looking); yet, despite this touch of the archaic, and despite a few crabbed parenthetical passages, his writing offers one of the most animated, flowing, and graceful examples of English prose since John Dryden.

His gift of gifts was his fineness—his fineness of mind, of sensibility, of expression—an exquisite critical fineness as much beyond the reach of his great contemporary Arnold, as Arnold's own indubitable fineness was itself beyond the reach of Saintsbury or Bagehot. Almost equally remarkable was the clear eye of his judgment. He isolated at a glance the essential qualities of most of his contemporaries, and pronounced judgments on them which it was to take our best critics half a century to reach. Yet these were but two of the many extraordinary gifts he possessed.

Along with this exquisite fineness and clairvoyance of judg-

ment, he had a Johnsonian kind of sobriety and hard-headed common sense. Along with a minute, fastidious concern for the shape of the particular, he had a lovely warmth, a large humanity of spirit. Along with an intense moral in-earnestness, he had a liberal and broadly judicial point of view. Along with a daring turn of mind and a gift for the sudden sweeping insight, he had a talent for close scholastic reasoning and for hair-splitting precision of utterance. Along with a ready admiration for the fresh, the original, he had an acute sense of the continuum of art and a deep respect for its necessary rules and controls. Coleridge aside, there is I think no critic in English, not even Dryden or Eliot, who can match quite his combination of gifts.

He had in abundance (to borrow one of his own phrases) all the gifts but the one needful: the determination to make his mark in the world as a critic. No one can read his carefully deliberated remarks and feel he had *no* ambitions as a critic; and besides, there is clear evidence that he was aware his letters had lasting literary significance and might outlive him. But he did not attempt a systematic unfolding of his critical thought and opinions, as a professional critic must: and that he did not, makes for complications in the evaluation of his work.

When it is remembered that great critical reputations may be founded virtually on a single essay, as is the case with Sidney, Young, Wordsworth, and Shelley, then the *bulk* of Hopkins' criticism will not seem slight or inadequate. Collected from his four volumes of letters and notebooks and properly trimmed, it should make a solid volume of some two hundred and fifty pages. Even so, it is a volume, for the most part, of splendid fragments, with a good deal left unsaid. We know for example of his great love for George Herbert, but aside from one discriminating remark, Herbert is not discussed. And even in what he did discuss there is often the sharp penetrating glance—and no more. His remark on Dryden for example—"he is the most masculine of our poets; his style and his rhythms lay the strongest stress of all our literature on the naked thew and sinew of the English language"—is just that, a remark. It may well be the most penetrating remark ever made on Dryden's verse, but it is not

a study of his verse. And so too with his somewhat longer judgments on Milton, Burns, Barnes, Arnold, Swinburne, Shakespeare, Browning, and many other writers. Aside from Bridges, Patmore, and Dixon, whose poetry did call forth fragmental studies, and aside from his extensive discussions of poetic diction and versification, which constitute studies in themselves, he treated only Keats and Tennyson and perhaps Wordsworth at any considerable length. His admirers, then, will grant the general brevity of his remarks. But they may suggest too, with Geoffrey Grigson, that these critical glances of his "add up to one of the most direct, strict, piercing, and convincing bodies of criticism in the English language."

One can understand R. P. Blackmur's reservation and regret when (in an admiring review of Hopkins' *Further Letters*) he wished Hopkins had left us essays, not letters. Still, when we have Hopkins' prose writings clearly before us (not only his letters but his different kinds of notes, journals, and diaries, his sermons, his essays early and late), we see how natural and right and even necessary the letter form was for expressing most forcefully his critical talents. Neither Hopkins the critic nor Hopkins the prose writer is habitually at his best in his non-epistolary writings. In his notes and journals we sense the incompleteness of the utterance; in the sermons, despite the many striking passages, the highly mannered, even stilted expression; in the essays, the cryptic, self-conscious unfolding of the thought. There is good reason to suspect that under the exigency of "formal development," the many remarkable letters would have lost their bloom, might not have become particularly remarkable essays at all.

Hopkins was by nature fastidious, overscrupulous, self-judging, "his face always *set* to do what was right" (as a friend of his youth recalled). For him the comparatively relaxed demands of letter writing became a positive asset: the informality acted as a mild soporific, soothing and appeasing the harsh self-judgment enough so that the intelligence could get its work done. We come to understand it was in part *the letter form itself*—far more demanding than his private note-taking, but not inhibiting

like his public sermons or essays—which enabled Hopkins to show his best hand; which by its *relaxed* demands kept the door of his critical mind ajar so that the deep intuitive brilliance could flash out without labor or constraint; which gave to the expression of that complex and powerful mind its ease and flow and delicacy and grace, its sudden surprise and flexibility, its pitch of absolute confidence.

His correspondence was all the opportunity and spur he needed. He was always eager, at times it seemed desperately eager, to express his literary theories and opinions. (We might recall here that in his college days at Oxford, as poet, essayist, and Greek scholar he had been the star of Balliol.) He almost never published anything and therefore brought all his zeal and ideas to his letters, ideas which in many cases he had already partially explored in his notes and journals. (In time the latter became a rather copious private collection of rough-edged esthetic insights, which wanted in most cases but one final polishing—a polishing he invariably supplied in his letters to his friends.) Three of his four chief correspondents were themselves literary men of uncommon fineness, and while it might perhaps be paying them too weighty a compliment to say it was they who brought out his best, at least they supplied him with the literary occasion for the best that he had to offer.

The best of Hopkins . . . that is almost to say the best of poetic criticism. But what sort of criticism is it? What are its working assumptions and principles, its leading ideas? Where does it fit in the large movement of literary criticism?

Hopkins, it is clear, belongs among his fellow Victorians. By now, Hopkins scholarship has pretty well convinced us that the poet is not so much of the twentieth century as the nineteenth. When we consider his prose criticism, where there is no "technique" to absorb our attention, the Victorian cast of his thought is unmistakable. Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, and Pater are the critics who stir up his immediate esthetic concerns, who influence directly his sensibility, his manner of seeing and judging, the critics with whom in a deep sense he agrees or disagrees.

That he is not quite like any of them should not disturb this historical judgment very much. We need but remind ourselves that neither are they themselves quite like each other. Carlyle is not like Ruskin, Ruskin is not like Arnold, Arnold is not like Pater; nor will the many real differences among these men disappear simply by invoking the magic word Victorian. Yet without in any way wishing to minimize these differences, one can point to a considerable area of agreement, much of it tacit, even unconscious, which like the very air they breathe, silently surrounds their contradictions and turns their disputation into discourse; an enveloping esthetic air which itself rises directly out of their common revolutionary heritage. For all these men, Hopkins among them though he is a latecomer, were sons or grandsons of the Romantic Revolution. Even Arnold, professedly the most classical of the lot, grew up, as he himself proudly reminded us, "in the great shadow of Wordsworth." Born between 1795 and 1844, all cut their esthetic eyeteeth on the still-fresh theories of Wordsworth and Coleridge; all retained deep Romantic assumptions until the day they died. And all found fault with the Romantic ground they walked on; belabored the intellectual and moral excesses of Romanticism; insisted on a greater degree of reason, of realism, of moderation and control—the classical virtues. If the poet still retained his Romantic role as passionate prophet, if it was still taken for granted that "it is a man's sincerity and depth of vision that makes him a Poet" (as Carlyle had said . . . and as Arnold forty years later was to reassert), it was now expected of this very sincere, very deep, and very passionate prophet-poet that he behave himself like a gentleman, that he practice what he preached, that he concern himself not only with the expression of private feelings but, somehow, with the advancement of the public good: of public education, public morality and taste.

I have been trying to describe something of the essential nature of Victorian criticism—as it seems to me, a highly moral, highly serious, frequently anti-Romantic kind of *realistic romanticism*—and to suggest that it is within this many-sided Victorian critical movement that, historically speaking, Hopkins

clearly belongs. His own lifespan, 1844 to 1889, offers a serviceable set of dates (give or take a few years). It is a period of some fifty years, from the early eighteen-forties and Carlyle's "The Hero as Poet" to the late eighteen-eighties and Pater's *Appreciations.*

When in 1890 Oscar Wilde published *The Critic as Artist* and *The Picture of Dorian Gray,* and announced to his large audience that "there is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all," a spirit different in kind had found expression in English criticism. "An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style," said Wilde. He warned that "a little sincerity is a dangerous thing, and a great deal of it absolutely fatal." It was a spirit of brash, aggressive estheticism in which Carlyle's moral earnestness had become a Wildean subject for satire, puns, and mild ridicule. It was the birth of a new esthetic movement, with the embarrassed godfather Walter Pater refusing to appear at the christening, so monstrous to him and strange was the newborn unethical babe.

The notion of Carlyle as one of Hopkins' critical influences needs perhaps a word of explanation, or defense. Hopkins disliked him but thought him "the greatest genius of Scotland."

> I do not like his pampered and affected style, I hate his principles, I burn most that he worships and worship most that he burns, I cannot respect (no one now can) his character, but the force of his genius seems to me gigantic.

What makes Carlyle so specially important here, however, is not his general influence but rather the specific direction he helped give to Victorian sensibility. In his influential study of Romantic theory, *The Mirror and the Lamp,* M. H. Abrams has pointed out how sincerity became in the nineteenth century the primary criterion of excellence in poetry: how Wordsworth had suggested such a criterion and how Carlyle not only established one but made sincerity equivalent to truth itself. Now Hopkins, it is true, distrusted Carlyle, Carlyle's sincerity or earnestness.

He said of him, "he is terribly earnest but never serious—that is never *in* earnest." But he never doubted the principle itself. Like Ruskin and Arnold and Pater before him, Hopkins adopted Carlyle's ruling principle, adopted it as a critic with greater esthetic subtlety than his predecessors, and at the same time employed it with equal moral rigor and demand. And just as Carlyle had equated *sincerity* with the "truth" of an artist's work, so Hopkins equated *in-earnestness* with a work's "reality."

Both as poet and critic Hopkins was a realist of the imagination. His two leading ideas—the idea of *in-earnestness* and the idea of *inscape*—are but twin aspects of his realism, of his reaching for reality in his own work and in the work of others. Each idea takes the form of an imperative. There is the moral imperative: one must be in earnest. And there is the esthetic imperative: one must instress the inscape. If we add to this his practiced conviction that nothing in art or criticism should violate the rules of common sense, and that art must always be examined closely and judged in a spirit of liberality, we have in hand the essence of his critical method.

The distinction above between moral and esthetic imperative is for clarity's sake quite a bit overdrawn. One should rather say, there is the essentially moral imperative, the essentially esthetic imperative. The qualification is necessary, for the two ideas readily fuse and become one idea in Hopkins' mind. It would be misleading, for example, to see his criticism as a kind of practical extension of his poetic theory of inscape . . . with strong moral overtones granted. There are very few moral overtones in his work: his criticism is openly, one may say naturally, moral. The morality is part of his natural way of seeing. In the expression of what he sees it becomes at once part of the natural tissue of his utterance.

Also—and this is of the greatest importance—the essentially moral criterion of *in-earnestness* easily becomes in his mind an esthetic principle; as, for example, when he attacks "the introduction in earnest of Athene" into a late-nineteenth-century play of Bridges:

. . . in earnest, not allegorically, you bring in a goddess among the characters: it revolts me. Then, not unnaturally, as it seemed to me, her speech is the worst in the play: being an unreality she must talk unreal. Believe me, the Greek gods are a totally unworkable material; the merest frigidity, which must chill and kill every living work of art they are brought into.

So too in his more technical criticism. He objects to *inversions* "because they destroy the earnestness or in-earnestness of the utterance"; to the *foreign phrase* because its introduction "invariably has a frigid effect" and "destroys the seriousness of the style"; to *archaism* because it creates "unreality": "I hold that by archaism a thing is sicklied o'er as by blight. Some little flavours, but much spoils, and always for the same reason—it destroys earnest: we do not speak that way; therefore if a man speaks that way he is not serious, he is at something else than the seeming matter in hand."

Not being in earnest (or what for Hopkins amounted to the same thing, "earnestly" urging upon the reader the unreal, some plain contradiction of common sense) was the esthetic sin of sins. It was a murder of reality, the chilling and killing of the life of the work. "Want of earnest" and "unreality" were for him virtually synonymous. To Patmore he writes: "want of earnest I take to be the deepest fault a work of art can have." And to Bridges: "I did find one fault in it which seems indeed to me to be the worst fault a thing can have, unreality." And again to Bridges, in the Arnoldian passage that has by now acquired a fame of its own:

This leads me to say that a kind of touchstone of the highest or most living art is seriousness; not gravity but the being in earnest with your subject—reality. It seems to me that some of the greatest and most famous works are not taken in earnest enough, are farce (where you ask the spectator to grant you something not only conventional but monstrous). I have this feeling about *Faust* and even about the Divine Comedy, whereas *Paradise Lost* is most seriously taken. It is the weakness of the whole Roman literature.

The passage above, by the way, is not so much a great borrowing as a great energizing and enlargement of Arnold's thought. As Hopkins detects in a phrase, Arnold's *high seriousness* is in

critical practice not much more than "gravity"—moral gravity and a felicitous gravity of accent. (Witness Arnold's own touchstones and his reasons for rejecting Burns as a classic. Perhaps it would be helpful here to separate Arnold the humanist and Arnold the critic, and note the latter's limitations. The humanist's *high seriousness* has reaches of intention and meaning that the critic is unable to give form to.) Hopkins' notion of seriousness ("the being in earnest with your subject") is, at any rate, after bigger game: not a grave, impressive "classic" accent but reality itself.

Hopkins had of course a proper respect for gravity of accent. He spoke with envy of Wordsworth's "inimitable simplicity and gravity." And like Arnold he was deeply upset by the morally indecorous. He complained, for example, about Homer's picture of the Greek gods, that it lacked "earnest," that the gods were not "majestic, awe inspiring," as they should be.

> At their best they remind me of some company of beaux and fashionable world at Bath in its palmy days or Tunbridge Wells or what not. Zeus is like the Major in *Pendennis* handsomer and better preserved sitting on Olympus as behind a club-window and watching Danae and other pretty seamstresses cross the street—not to go farther. You will think this very Philistine and vulgar and be pained. But I am pained: this is the light in which the matter strikes me, the only one in which it will; and I do think it is the true light.

It is a moral light we notice, one that imperceptibly shades off into the esthetic; a moral insight transformed into a telling esthetic judgment. He gives us much the same in his slash at Browning.

> Browning has, I think, many frigidities. Any untruth to nature, to human nature, is frigid. Now he has got a great deal of what came in with Kingsley and the Broad Church school, a way of talking (and making his people talk) with the air and spirit of a man bouncing up from table with his mouth full of bread and cheese and saying that he meant to stand no blasted nonsense. . . . Now this is *one* mood or vein of human nature, but they would have it all and look at all human nature through it. . . . The effect of this style is a frigid bluster. A true humanity of spirit, neither mawkish on the one hand nor blustering on the other, is the most precious of all qualities in style.

He found this humanity of spirit in Aeschylus, apparently his favorite among the Greeks. His praise exhibits a characteristic concern for the artist's moral intention and character, as reflected in the work. (Like most Victorians Hopkins would be puzzled by our contemporary esteem for the detached artist, "refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails.") There is in Aeschylus, he writes, "a touching consideration and manly tenderness; also an earnestness of spirit and would-be piety by which the man makes himself felt through the playwright. This is not so with Sophocles, who is only the learned and sympathetic dramatist; and much less Euripides." He realized, however, there may be artists of rich character and small genius, and too, "there may be genius uninformed by character":

> I sometimes wonder at this in a man like Tennyson: his gift of utterance is truly golden, but go further home and you come to thoughts commonplace and wanting in nobility. . . . In Burns there is generally recognized on the other hand a richness and beauty of manly character which lends worth to some of his smallest fragments, but there is a great want in his utterance; it is never really beautiful, he had no eye for pure beauty, he gets no nearer than the fresh picturesque expressed in fervent and flowing language (the most strictly beautiful lines of his that I remember are those in Tam O'Shanter: 'But pleasures are like poppies spread' sqq. and those are not). Between a fineness of nature which wd. put him in the first rank of writers and a poverty of language which puts him in the lowest rank of poets, he takes to my mind, when all is balanced and cast up, about a middle place.

Despite his moral concern, Hopkins had little of his fellow-Victorians' appetite for biographical criticism, or for probing the social milieu of art. The critic's task, he saw, was to measure in the *work* of the artist the relative weight of each of his qualities, including the degree of moral character there revealed, and then to "balance and cast up" a just estimate of that work, not of that man. It was quite possible for him to describe Milton as "a bad man" (the anti-Jesuit defender of divorce)—and to cite *Paradise Lost* as one of the "most seriously taken" works in literature. But this should in no way mitigate for us the value he placed on moral character in art. It was not just one quality.

He assigned it singular importance, the very foundation upon which the other necessary qualities rested.

If in a critic like Hopkins it is unwise to draw a sharp line between the moral and the esthetic, it is perhaps equally unwise to disunite Hopkins the man and Hopkins the critic. His own very sharp "eye for pure beauty" is informed by a vigorous moral sensibility; and that moral sensibility is of course a direct expression of the profound morality of his person. Hopkins lived his life according to an idea of goodness. One cannot read a page of his criticism without sensing his intense concern for art; but his deepest reaching, we should not forget, was a reaching for goodness. Not for true art or true beauty, but for true virtue: "that chastity of mind which seems to lie at the very heart and be the parent of all other good, the seeing at once what is best, the holding to that, and the not allowing anything else whatever to be even heard pleading to the contrary."

If we remember this we will not be surprised to hear him cry out to Bridges—a kind of Keatsian cry, in reverse—"Still, if we care for fine verses how much more for a noble life!" Nor will we be unready for his raising up in art, not the great delight but the great good it produces.

> What are works of art for? to educate, to be standards. Education is meant for the many, standards are for public use. To produce then is of little use unless what we produce is known, if known widely known, the wider known the better, for it is by being known it works, it influences, it does its duty, it does good.

Lastly, we will not be altogether unprepared even for the extremity of position his moral view could lead him to: "Art and its fame do not really matter, spiritually they are nothing, virtue is the only good; but it is only by bringing in the infinite that to a just judgment they can be made to look infinitesimal or small or less than vastly great."

A moral view pushed this far becomes a dangerous view for an artist or critic to hold. That Hopkins did at times push it this far may partly account for his limited output in both poetry and criticism. But one must not overstress this point. He of

course did feel art to be "vastly great." He believed it with a depth of conviction that, by comparison, makes the aggressive estheticism of a Wilde seem faddish and superficial; that makes the broad, intelligent, and sensitive humanism of an Arnold seem somehow too detached, in a troubling sense curiously uninvolved, uncommitted to the texture itself of art. More than any other English critic of his day, Hopkins was minutely concerned about the craft of art, about its "belonging technique," its subtle graces and forms. One reason, perhaps *the* reason, for his not "bringing in the infinite" as a critic was that he was far too caught up in an attempt to "bring in" the particular: to see, to feel, to distinguish, to "catch" (as he often put it) the individually distinctive artistic inscapes—the particular selves and shapes that art discovers and gives back to God's lovely things of this world.

The turn, then, from the idea of *in-earnestness* to the idea of *inscape* is not an abrupt turn from the intention of the artist to the actual quality of the art, from the sincerity of the poet to the expression itself of the poem. As we have seen, his essentially moral criterion of *in-earnestness* is used naturally as an esthetic principle and *is* focused on the expression itself—that is, on the moral character of the expression itself. But "expression," Hopkins knew, involved much besides earnestness and moral character. There was the exacting world of form, the elusive goal of style, the effort to combine pure beauty with deep feeling. He knew firsthand as a poet the many difficulties of expression. As a critic he kept himself open, appreciative of the difficulties, bent on a balanced judgment of the whole.

To help him, he had a sharply formulated esthetic theory of his own—a theory of *inscape* and *instress*—which he invoked in his criticism to separate the lifeless art from art that had "feeling" and "soul"; the ill-defined art from art that had "design, pattern," and "individually-distinctive beauty of style." He came by this theory early, as a young esthete at Oxford, sharpened and confirmed it (partly through his reading of Duns Scotus) during his years of scholastic training, and retained it as a central

esthetic faith the rest of his life. Historically speaking, it has its rightful place among the many "theories of expression" that follow in the wake of the Romantic Revolution—among the many, and for poetry perhaps the most richly conceived of all.

In Hopkins' youth the great "theory of expression" was Ruskin's, and the evidence suggests that it was largely his influence that pointed Hopkins in a "particular" direction. We know from his journals that he was quoting Ruskin with some intimacy in 1863, the year he came to Oxford with ambitions as a painter. The effect of reading Ruskin was (quite literally it seems) to send him out, notebook and sketching pencil in hand, looking for the world's inscapes. When he came home to his journals and tried to "catch" his impressions in words, it was not too long, his analytical and verbal power being what it was, before he found precise terms to explain to himself exactly what he was up to.

Instress and *inscape* (used as both substantive and verb) were words he coined to help him get at the inner loveliness of things. Along with such closely related words as *stress, scape,* and *pitch,* they were the key terms in a carefully constructed vocabulary of form. *Instress* he generally used along with the idea of feeling, or simple stress: as the feeling quality in art which is somehow deeply stressed in (instressed), and thereby sharply brought out: the quality which can then be felt by an observer (which can be seen not so much with the eye as with the heart, so to speak).

Inscape, the more inclusive term, he generally used along with the idea of pattern, shape, or visible form—and at the same time, in a tight oneness, along with the related ideas of inner essence, soul, individuality, and beauty. John Pick's early description of *inscape* as a "conception of beauty as the essence or 'inner form' of a thing as expressed in sensible pattern and design or 'outer form' " is not easily improved upon. I would shade this somewhat, and say that *inscape* is the inner force (the soul) or inner glow (the beauty) which manifests itself and shines forth in the strongly patterned and distinctive outer shape or form. This description leans heavily on Hopkins' phrases, and tries deliberately to reconcile what at first sight may seem self-contradic-

tory: Hopkins' calling *inscape* the soul and the shape and the beauty of art.

Hopkins never himself quite defined his term, but he did offer his view on the relationship between outward and inward beauty. Among other things, it is a kind of large theoretical rationale for his idea of *inscape*.

> It is certain that in nature outward beauty is the proof of inward beauty, outward good of inward good. Fineness, proportion, of feature comes from a moulding force which succeeds in asserting itself over the resistance of cumbersome or restraining matter; the bloom of health comes from the abundance of life, the great vitality within.

Perhaps no passage more clearly exhibits the Romantic root of his thought. It calls to mind at once Coleridge's statement on *organic form:*

> The organic form . . . is innate; it shapes as it develops, itself from within, and the fulness of its development is one and the same with the perfection of its outward form. Such as the life is, such is the form. Nature, the prime genial artist, inexhaustible in diverse powers, is equally inexhaustible in forms; each exterior is the physiognomy of the being within.

And it reminds us too of the larger "vegetable genius" idea, from which it, like Coleridge's thought, derives: the idea that genius in art is an organic inner phenomenon, which unfolds from within its own center like a vegetable growth of nature. (Every true poet, Hopkins remarked, "must be original and originality a condition of poetic genius, so that each poet is like a species in nature (*not* an *individuum genericum* or *specificum*) and can never recur.") Had this idea not been well advanced in nineteenth-century thought there is small likelihood that Hopkins would have been able to formulate his theory.

Earlier it was remarked that as a critic Hopkins kept himself open. He was slave to no theory, including the careful one of his own making. He believed in his theory; but he believed too, from the time of his college days, that "the first requisite for a critic is liberality, and the second liberality, and the third liberality"; and as a result, while the effect of his *inscape* theory

is everywhere pervasive in his criticism, it is not used there in any militant, or even in a very strict methodical sense. Certainly it is not self-consciously carried aloft like a flag or banner as he marches into new critical territory; and indeed it is unfurled by name hardly at all. The term *inscape* is used but three times in all his years of correspondence with Bridges, Dixon, and Patmore, only once with each correspondent. But one is reminded here of Aesop's fable about the vixen who sneered at the lioness because she never bore more than one cub. "Only one," she replied, "but a lion."

The uses are by now well known but perhaps can bear repeating. The one to Bridges (1879) on his own aims in poetry is cited most often.

> No doubt my poetry errs on the side of oddness. I hope in time to have a more balanced and Miltonic style. But as air, melody, is what strikes me most of all in music and design in painting, so design, pattern or what I am in the habit of calling "inscape" is what I above all aim at in poetry. Now it is the virtue of design, pattern, or inscape to be distinctive and it is the vice of distinctiveness to become queer. This vice I cannot have escaped.

Seven years later he writes to Dixon about "Whistler's striking genius—feeling for what I call *inscape* (the very soul of art)"; and in the same year he remarks to Patmore that the Irish poet Samuel Ferguson was "full of feeling, high thoughts, flow of verse, point, often fine imagery and other virtues, but the essential and only lasting thing left out—what I call *inscape,* that is species or individually-distinctive beauty of style." The combined effect here suggests that in a technical sense he regarded *inscape* ("the essential and only lasting thing") as the poetry of the poem—the poetry, that is, as distinct (say) from the subject, the grammar, or even the meaning. Such a notion, at least, is affirmed in the following passage from his journals (written around 1873-4), where *inscape* is placed at the center of his definition of poetry:

> Poetry is speech framed for the contemplation of the mind by the way of hearing or speech framed to be heard for its own sake and interest even over and above its interest of meaning. Some matter and meaning

is essential to it but only as an element necessary to support and employ the shape which is contemplated for its own sake. (Poetry is in fact speech only employed to carry the inscape of speech for the inscape's sake—and therefore the inscape must be dwelt on.)

It is a striking passage. Its contemporary ring, in fact, may be a bit startling. Looking back though, we can see how it links Romantic discourse with our own. At one end it exfoliates Coleridge's rich but scaly discussion of form. At our end it anticipates by some fifty years the widely influential formal views of Pound and Eliot, specifically the notion that the chief business of a poem is something besides its "meaning." In Hopkins' passage, however, the idea of an *essential shape* of poetry is so cleanly set forth that (link or no link) I find no statement in our contemporary discussion of form that goes beyond it.

His discussion of poetic diction makes a similar link or bridge. Directly behind Hopkins' idea of an essential shape of poetry is Coleridge's insistence on an *essential* difference between poetry and prose. "Essence," Coleridge said (in words Hopkins studied long before he read Duns Scotus), "in its primary signification, means the principle of individuation, the inmost principle of the possibility of any thing, as that particular thing." (Ruskin, whose particular voice at this time was loud in Hopkins' ear, was himself a disciple of Coleridge.) Hopkins' college essay on "Poetic Diction" (1865) endorses Coleridge's case against Wordsworth, agreeing that a stronger "emphasis of structure" asks for a stronger "emphasis of expression" and thought, so that "the diction of poetry could not then be the same with that of prose." But he fails to go beyond Coleridge and Wordsworth here, and he leaves untouched their disagreement over poetic language itself, whether it is to be the purified rustic and "the language really spoken by men"—or the educated and philosophic mind, from which "the best part of human language" is derived. Fifteen years later though, in a remark to Bridges, he returns to the subject, silently dismisses both rustic *and* philosopher, and places an everlasting cap on the head of their argument. He tells Bridges why he objects to poetic inversions, why he cuts himself off from the use of *ere, o'er* and other poeticisms ("be-

cause, though dignified, they neither belong to nor ever cd *arise from,* or be the elevation of, ordinary modern speech") and he goes on to say:

For it seems to me that the poetical language of an age shd. be the current language heightened, to any degree heightened and unlike itself, but not (I mean normally: passing freaks and graces are another thing) an obsolete one. This is Shakespeare's and Milton's practice and the want of it will be fatal to Tennysonn's Idylls and plays, to Swinburne, and perhaps to Morris.

The effort in our century to eradicate the "poetic," to admit the subjects, sounds, and rhythms of current speech, has won such universal support that nowadays (the battle smoke risen and gone) it is easy to forget that wars were waged. For Pound and Eliot it was a fight for a poetry closer to the bone, as supple and at least as virtuous as the best prose. The poet, Pound said, must not like Wordsworth seek the ordinary or plain word, but like the prose master must find *le mot juste,* the exact word. I do not mean here that Hopkins fought in the same company as Pound and Eliot, only in the same war. As his own poetic practice indicates, his general view is not identical with theirs. They could easily rally round his cry for "current language heightened"—every modern poet could. But they would boggle at his *extreme* call: "to any degree heightened and unlike itself" —a call for a kind of bushy tail that, Dylan Thomas aside, few contemporary foxes find fashionable. (I say nothing of Milton's tail and Eliot's instinctive antipathy.) Hopkins, in his turn, would be made restive by their stress upon "the exact word." In poetry, he felt, an exact propriety of diction was not enough: "propriety of diction is the special excellence and attainment of rhetoric; poetry must have down to its least separable part, an individualising touch."

He looked everywhere for this essential shape, this individualising touch, in his own work and in the work of others. And it is a measure of his openness as a critic that he found it not only in poets with aims similar to his own, but also in Dryden (a special fondness here), in Pope ("when one reads Pope's Homer with a critical eye one sees, artificial as it is, in every

couplet that he was a great man"), and in Gray ("Gray's poem may be outdone but, if you understand, it cannot be equalled") —poets who had been pegged in his day as objects for condescension. Art, he felt, had in every age its own saving technique. Despite the powerful moral urge of his disposition, he believed in "the pure art, morally neutral and artistically so rich." Nurtured though he was on Romantic principle he looked at both "natural" *and* "artificial" art; and despite his clear preference for the former, he granted to each its own premise and conditions. His concern was not for the kind, but for the quality and shape of the work that emerged. His critical questions were: did it touch you? was it in earnest? did it have its own essential shape, its individualising touch?

He judged accordingly. Barnes and Campbell found favor because their poems (despite imperfections) had this touch. Arnold's poems did not, and therefore were read "with more interest than rapture . . . for they seem to have all the ingredients of poetry without quite being it—no ease or something or other, like the plum pudding at the English ambassador's, but still they do not leave off of being, as the French say, very beautiful."

Austin Warren remarked that the shapers of Hopkins' mind were British empiricists, "all concerned with defending the ordinary man's belief in the reality and knowability of things and persons." It was a great belief (one can add, more strictly speaking) of Hopkins the critic too—that things, including works of art, were real and could be known and judged. He believed in "the majesty of judgment" in a world of fact. He called himself an Aristotelian Catholic. He believed with Coleridge that "good sense is the body of poetic genius," and shared his respect for rules and controls. And with an intensity of concern equal to that put in use by Aristotle and Coleridge, he believed in close logic, in close observation, in as much science as a subject would admit. He had few crotchets, and unlike several major poet-critics, little need in his criticism to promote his own interests as a poet.

He had I find but one serious flaw as a critic (aside from the major one of not getting all his work done)—a lack of sufficient worldliness. He was not without worldly knowledge, and his vocation as priest did not prevent him from meeting a fair number of the leading creative figures of his day and finding out what was going on in the world. Nor did his vocation prevent him from reading books. It was his own failing here, his own oversensitive nature perhaps, that made him an innocent in certain areas. It is difficult to comment with absolute assurance on a man's reading, but nevertheless, what with his large correspondence and abundant journal entries, one gets a rather full idea (almost month-by-month)—and it is not conspicuously broad. Certainly he was not like Coleridge (or like Auden in our day) a *great* reader of books. And he was deficient in literature precisely in those areas where his immaturity in life might have been compensated for. Had he read Flaubert he might not have overpraised Patmore's domestic poetry, nor would he have been perhaps quite so "spoony" over marriage. Had he read Stendhal and Baudelaire he might not have referred to the shy Canon Dixon as "a master of horror"; nor would he perhaps have been waiting, at forty-two, to read *Treasure Island.* Had he a broad knowledge of the world, his admiring criticism of the "scoundrels" Goethe, Burns, and Whitman might have been spared its prim, discomforting note.

It would be absurd however to hammer this point and suggest it as a major failing. Here and there in his criticism it crops up, no more. Mostly, the subject of worldliness is avoided altogether, something not too difficult to manage in the Victorian age. What fills its place—what magnificently fills its place—is his keen appreciation of the shape and texture of art and (despite the lack of worldliness) the shrewd but generous human context in which his sensibility placed it.

Something of this human context can be seen in his picture of Keats, a highspot of his criticism. I quote the end of his discussion, but enough so that his qualities as a critic have room to display themselves. He is remonstrating with Patmore, who "classed Keats with the feminine geniuses among men":

His mind had, as it seems to me, the distinctively masculine powers in abundance, his character the manly virtues, but while he gave himself up to dreaming and self indulgence of course they were in abeyance. Nor do I mean that he wd. have turned to a life of virtue—only God can know that—, but that his genius wd. have taken to an austerer utterance in art. Reason, thought, what he did not want to live by, would have asserted itself presently and perhaps have been as much more powerful than that of his contemporaries as his sensibility or impressionableness, by which he did want to live, was keener and richer than theirs. His defects were due to youth—the self indulgence of his youth; its ill-education; and also, as it seems to me, to its breadth and pregnancy, which, by virtue of a fine judgment already able to restrain but unable to direct, kept him from flinging himself blindly on the specious Liberal stuff that crazed Shelley and indeed, in their youth, Wordsworth and Coleridge. His mind played over life as a whole, so far as he a boy, without (seemingly) a dramatic but still with a deeply observant turn and also without any noble motive, felt at first hand, impelling him to look below its surface, cd. at that time see it. He was, in my opinion, made to be a thinker, a critic, as much as a singer or artist of words. This can be seen in certain reflective passages, as the opening to *Endymion* and others in his poems. These passages are the thoughts of a mind very ill instructed and in opposition; keenly sensible of wrongness in things established but unprovided with the principles to correct that by. Both his principles of art and his practice were in many things vicious, but he was correcting them, even eagerly; for *Lamia* one of his last works shews a deliberate change in manner from the style of *Endymion* and in fact goes too far in change and sacrifices things that had better have been kept. Of construction he knew nothing to the last: in this same *Lamia* he has a long introduction about Mercury, who is only brought in to disenchant Lamia and ought not to have been employed or else ought to be employed again. The story has a moral element or interest; Keats was aware of this and touches on it at times, but could make nothing of it; in fact the situation at the end is that the sage Apollonius does more harm than the witch herself had done—kills the hero; and Keats does not see that this implies one of two things, either some lesson of the terrible malice of evil which when it is checked drags down innocence in its own ruin or else the exposure of the Pharisaic pretence in the wouldbe moralist. But then if I could have said this to Keats I feel sure he wd. have seen it. In due time he wd. have seen these things himself. Even when he is misconstructing one can remark certain instinctive turns of construction in his style, shewing his latent power—for instance the way the vision is introduced in *Isabella*. Far too much now of Keats.

Hopkins' debt here to Arnold (whose essay on Keats he had read with approval; "a rare genius and a great critic" he called him) is clear enough. Broadly speaking they say much the same thing. Closely speaking, Hopkins not so much borrows as refines Arnold's thought. The social snobbery ("love letter of a surgeon's apprentice") is removed; the moral prudery ("the entire want of tone, the abandonment of all reticence and all dignity"—again in reference to Keats' private love letters, now published) is also removed, and replaced by a deeper moral complaint; the rich critical thought is saved, underscored, and developed in a fresh way.

This is not the place for a full-scale comparison of the two men, an essay in itself. Such an essay will find I think that Hopkins is the sharper reader, the keener judge, the finer mind—but not the greater critic. In the judging of poems and poets he is Arnold's superior. But then Arnold's true genius is for something else, for ideas about poetry. Arnold's is the larger mind: he read more, thought more, worked more. And his level is high enough to weigh his great effort heavily in his favor. His size as a critic will always, I think, be greater than Hopkins'. But I am not sure his *use* need be, or should be.

Lionel Trilling has suggested both Arnold's use and place as a critic in the image of a connective bridge:

> Our contemporary literary criticism, in all its various schools, is continuous with the literary criticism of the Romantic Movement. For it was the Romantic critics of Germany who established the assumption on which every serious contemporary critic works—the assumption of the transcendent importance of literature as an agent, or at the least as an indication, of the health of individuals and society. Preceding cultural epochs had certainly not represented literature as without importance, but the value and function of literature had never before been so grandiosely and so specifically stated as it was by Lessing, the Schlegels, and Schiller. It was their view of literature that prevailed with Wordsworth and Coleridge, who passed it on to Shelley and Keats. Matthew Arnold may be thought of as the writer who, in the English tradition of criticism, serves as the bridge from the great periods of Romanticism to the present. (*The Portable Matthew Arnold,* p. 183)

Hopkins too may serve as such a bridge. Either one will be

serviceable, depending on where you want to go and what you want to see. Arnold's offers the grand humanist tour—a long reverential look at Dove Cottage, then curving off across the channel toward the Continent, toward Paris and the palace at Weimar. The roadway is broad, the view from the bridge is transcendent, grandiose, the voices heard are of mixed literary accent mostly discussing "life." Hopkins' bridge is narrower, more sharply formed. It is mostly English built, with its main terminus at Highgate. On Hopkins' shorter trip all you see are English flowers, all you hear are English voices—mostly talking about the nature of English flowers and English voices. Without too much metaphor, when we consider that Hopkins' ties both with Coleridge and with our form-conscious modern sensibility are stronger than Arnold's, then it seems logical to expect that once his criticism becomes widely read his "bridge" will see a good deal of service. (Especially I should think by young poets, who will hear along the way one of the finest discussions of verse-making in the language.)

There is of course nothing to prohibit two trips. We do have them both. Hopkins, like Arnold, is one of our classics, and deserves a place alongside him as one of the two foremost literary critics of the Victorian age.

BOUNTY

By CORMAC McCARTHY

IT was in August that he had found the sparrowhawk on the mountain road, crouched in the dust with one small falcon wing fanned and limp, eyeing him without malice or fear—something hard there, implacable and ungiving. It followed his movements as he approached and then turned its head when he reached out his hand to it, picked it up, feeling it warm and palpitant in the palm of his hand, not watching him, not moving, but only looking out over the valley calmly with its cold-glinting accipitrine eyes, its hackles riffling in the wind. He carried it home and put it in a box in the loft and fed it meat and grasshoppers for three days and then it died.

Saturday he went into town with Mr. Eller, holding the bag in one hand and sitting up high in the cab of the old truck watching the fields go by and then houses and more of them and finally stores and filling stations, the river-bridge, and beyond that the shape of the city against the hot morning sky.

How you gettin back? Mr. Eller asked.

I'll get back, he said. I got some things to do.

He was standing on the running-board, one foot in the street at the corner of Gay and Main. Here, Mr. Eller said, leaning across the seat, holding his hand down.

What?

Here.

I got money, he said. It's okay.

Go on, damn it, the man said. He was shaking the quarter at him. Behind them a horn sounded.

Okay, he said. He took the quarter. Thanks, I'll see ye.

He slammed the door and the truck pulled away, Mr. Eller lifting his hand once in parting; he waved at the back of his head in the rear glass, crossed the street and went up the walk to the courthouse, up the marble stairs and inside.

There was a woman at a small desk just inside the door fanning herself with a sheaf of forms. He stood for a few minutes looking around the hall and reading the signs over the doors and finally she asked him what it was that he needed.

He held the bag up. Hawk bounty, he said.

Oh, she said. I think you go in yander.

Where's that?

Over there—she pointed to a hallway.

Much obliged, he said.

There was a long counter and behind it were other women at desks. He stood there for a while and then one of them got up and came over to him and said, Yes?

He hefted the ratty little bag to the counter. From the sweat-crinkled neck exuded an odor rich and putrid even above the stale musty smell of the old building. The woman eyed the package with suspicion, then alarm, as the seeping gases reached her nostrils. Delicately with two fingers she touched the pinked mouthing of the bag, withdrew. He upended it and slid the malodorous contents out on the polished wood in a billowing well of feathers. She stepped back and looked at it. Then she said, not suspiciously or even inquiringly, but only by way of establishing her capacity as official:

Is it a chickenhawk?

Yesm, he said. It's a youngern.

I see. She turned sharply and disappeared on a click of heels behind a tier of green filing cabinets. In a few minutes she was back with a little pad of printed forms, stopping further down the counter and writing now with a pen from a gathering of ink-stands there. He waited. When she had finished she tore the form from the pad and came back and handed it to him. Sign where the X's are, she told him. Then take it to the cashier's office. Down the hall—she pointed. He signed the two lines with the pen, handed it back and started away when she called him back.

I wonder if you would mind, she said, wrinkling her nose and poking a squeamish finger at the little bird, mind putting it back in the bag for me. He did. Holding the slip of paper delicately

in one hand and waving the ink to dry he went to collect his bounty.

He left through the open door with the wind hollowing through into the hall and skirmishing with the papers on the bulletin board, warm wind of the summer forenoon fused with a scent of buckeyes, swirling chains of soot about on the stone steps. He held the dollar in his hand, folded neatly twice. When he got outside he took it and folded it again, making a square of it, and thrust it down between the copper rivets into the watch-pocket of his overall pants. He patted it flat and went down the walk past the grimy trees, the monuments, the poised and interminably peering statue, and out to the street.

A band was playing, wavering on the heat of the city strains of old hymns martial and distantly strident. Rows of cars were herded in shimmering somnolence beneath a vapor of exhaust fumes and at the intersection stood a policeman at parade rest.

He crossed the street and the music came suddenly louder as if a door had opened somewhere. When he got to the corner he could see them coming, eight and ten abreast, a solemn phalanx of worn maroon, the drill-cloth seedy and polished even at that distance, and their instruments glinting dully in the sun. In a little knot to the fore marched the leader, tall-hatted and batoned, and the four guidons bracing up their masts, the colors furling listlessly. A pair of tubas in the mass behind them bobbed and rode like balloons, leaped ludicrously above the marchers' heads and belched their frog-notes in off-counterpoint to the gasping rattle of the other instruments. Behind the marchers came a slowly wending caravan of buses through the windows of which flocks of pennants waved and fluttered.

He watched, gathered up and pressed in the crowd, the people sweating in their thin summer clothes, a maze of shapes and colors similar only in the dark patches under their armpits, straining their necks, toe-standing, holding up children. The marchers passed them under the canopy of heat, sweaty and desperate-looking. He saw the near tuba player redfaced and wild as if perhaps he were obliged to puff at his instrument to keep it from deflating and drooping down over the heads of his

fellows. They passed in an enormous shudder of sound and the buses came, laborious in low gear, churning out balls of hazy blue smoke, their windows alive with streamers, pennants, placards, small faces. Long paper banners ran the length of the buses proclaiming for Christ in tall red letters, and for sobriety, offering to vote against the devil when and wherever he ran for office. One by one they passed and again the multicolored flags in small children's hands waving at the spectators who in turn mopped listlessly at their necks and faces with handkerchiefs. A blue and yellow card legended: Don't Make My Daddy a Drunkard fell to the street like a stricken bird, leaving an empty hand clutching at the window. The next bus splintered and ground the flagstem and printed tiretreads over the sign.

Then the music stopped abruptly and there was only the uneasy shifting of the crowd, the slow drone of the buses. The pennants and signs came gradually to rest, to a collective embarrassment as if someone had died and they went on that way until the last bus was by, the little faces looking out solemn as refugees, onto the bridge and so out of the city. The crowds ebbed into the streets and thinned and the traffic began, the cars moving and the streetcars clicking past.

He was still standing on the sidewalk and now he saw the city, steamed and weaving in heat, and rising above the new facings of glass and tile the bare outlandish buildings, towering columns of brick adorned with fantastic motley; arches, lintels, fluted and arabesque, flowered columns and crowstepped gables, baywindows over corbels carved in shapes of feet, heads of nameless animals, Pompeian figures . . . here and there, gargoyled and crocketed, wreathed dates commemorating the perpetration of the structure. Rows of pigeons dozed on the high ledges and the heat rose in visible waves up from the paving. He patted the folded dollar again and started up Gay Street. When he got to the Strand he stopped and studied the pictures advertising the Saturday serial and fingered the quarter. Then he turned left and went up to Market Square. On the corner a man was screaming incoherently and brandishing a tattered Bible. Next him stood an old woman strapped into an accordion, mute and

patient as a draft horse. He crossed the street behind the half-circle of spectators. The man stopped screaming and the accordion began and they sang, the two voices hoarse and high-pitched rising in a sad quaver to the calliope-like creaking of the instrument.

He went up the far side of the square under the shadow of the market house past brown country faces peering from among their carts and trucks, perched on crates, old women with faces like dried fruit set deep in their hooded bonnets, shaggy, striated and hooktoothed as coconut carvings, shabby backlanders trafficking in the wares of the earth, higgling their goods from a long row of ancient vehicles backed obliquely against the curb and freighted with fruits and vegetables, eggs and berries, honey in jars and boxes of nuts, bundles of roots and herbs from sassafras to boneset, a bordello of potted plants and flowers. By shoe windows where shoddy footgear rose in dusty tiers and clothing stores in whose vestibules iron racks stood packed with used coats, past bins of socks and stockings, a meat market where hams and ribcages dangled like gibbeted miscreants and in the glass cases square porcelain trays piled with meat white-spotted and trichinella-ridden, chunks of liver the color of clay tottering up from moats of watery blood, a tray of brains, unidentifiable gobbets of flesh scattered here and there.

Among overalled men and blind men and amputees on roller carts or crutches, flour and feed bags piled on the walk and pencil pedlars holding out their tireless arms, past stalls and cribs and holes-in-the-wall vending tobacco in cut or plug, leaf or bag, and snuff, sweet or scotch, in little tins, pipes and lighters and an esotery of small items down to pornographic picture books. Past cafés reeking with burned coffee, an effluvium of frying meat, an indistinguishable medley of smells.

Under the Crystal's marquee of lightbulbs a group of country men stood gazing hard past the box office where a tired-looking woman sat beneath a sign: Adults 25—Children 11—watching the film through a missing panel of curtain. Sounds of hooves and gunfire issued onto the street. He couldn't see past or over them and went on by, up the square, until he stood before a

window garnished with shapes of wood and metal among which he recognized only a few common handtools. He held his hand up to one eye to break the glare of light on the glass and he could see them in the dim interior, hanging from their nail on the wall. He checked the dollar and went in. His footfalls were muffled on the dark oiled floors, bearing him into an atmosphere heavy with smells of leather and iron, machine-oil, seed, beneath strange objects hung from hooks in the ceiling, past barrels of nails, to the counter. They were hanging down by their chains and looking fierce and ancient among the trace chains and harness, bucksaws and axehelves. A clerk passed behind the counter and waited on a man idly turning a brass doorknob in his hand. Together they disappeared into the gloom, ducking under a fringe of dangling strap leather, to the rear of the store. A few minutes later a grayhaired man came up the aisle and leaned on the counter looking down at him.

Can I hep ye, son? he said.

How much are they? He motioned vaguely past the man as if there were but one item of merchandise displayed there. The traps . . . your traps there.

The man turned. Traps? Steel traps.

Yessir.

Well, he said, let's see . . . what size?

Them. He pointed. Number ones.

The man studied the dull metal shapes as if aware for the first time of their existence, seemingly puzzled not over their price but as to how they came to be there in the first place. Then he said, Yes. And lifted one down and set it on the counter before the boy at a quarter-angle, straightening the chain, as one might show a watch or a piece of jewelry.

The boy touched the oiled smoothness of it, pan, trigger, jaws, spring. How much? he asked again.

Thirty cents.

Thirty cents, the boy repeated.

Lessen you buy by the dozen. They're three dollars the dozen.

The boy turned that over in his mind. Thet would make em twenty-five then, wouldn't it?

Well, the man said, twelve and three . . . four for a dollar . . . is right, twenty-five cents is right.

Well, he said, I aim to get a dozen but I cain't get all of em together at the same time. So I wonder if I couldn't get four of em today and then get the rest latter on . . . ?

The man looked at him for a minute and then he smiled. Why I reckon you could, he said. Course you'd have to sign a pledge for the whole dozen so as for me to let you have the four at the dozen price.

The boy nodded.

He reached up and unhooked three more traps and put them on the counter, their chains rattling angrily, reached under the cash register and came up with a book of old order forms. He wrote in it for a while and then tore off two copies and handed one to the boy. Sign that, he said. He was holding out the pen.

The boy took it and started to write.

Better read it first, the man cautioned.

He read it, ciphering out the tall thin handwritings

> I, the undersigned, do hereby agree to purchase 8 (eight) Victor no. 1 traps from the Farm & Home Supply Store prior to Jan. 1, 1941. Price to be @ 25 cents ea.
>
> Signed......................

signed his name to the bottom and handed back the pen.

The man took the signed paper and handed him the other one, the carbon. Thisn's your copy, he told him. The boy took it and folded it, then took the dollar from his watchpocket and smoothed it on the counter. The man took the dollar and rang it up in the register. Wait till I get you a poke, he said.

He pulled a sheet of brown paper from a roll and wrapped the traps in it and tied them with string. The boy took the package, hefting the weight of it in his hands. I'll be back to get the othern's afore long, he told the man.

Then he was gone, out into the blinding sunshine among the high-shouldered crowds, sped and well-wished by an old man's smile.

CRISIS IN FRENCH CANADA

By W. E. GREENING

RELATIONS between the French and English in Canada have become very strained in the last two years, largely because of a strong new wave of nationalism that has arisen among the French. They make up more than a third of the total population of the country, and most of them live in the Province of Quebec. The agitation for the establishment of their own nation in the Valley of the St. Lawrence constitutes the worst crisis to confront the Canadian people since the Second World War.

Although the discontents of French-Canadians have a long and complex history, recent events have given them a new intensity. The predominantly French part of the country is undergoing profound social and economic changes; insulated for a long time from the rest of the modern world, at long last it has been penetrated by the industrial revolution. During the past three decades it has been transformed from a region of small isolated rural communities where the local farming population lived under the guidance and protection of an omnipresent Catholic Church into one of the leading industrial regions of Canada—an area of mighty enterprises such as the aluminum and electric power plants along the banks of the Saguenay River, and the new iron mines in the remote wilderness to the north of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. There has been a large-scale migration of population from the small villages and towns to the fast-growing industrial cities like Quebec City, Sherbrooke, and Trois Rivières. Today, for the first time in history, the urban population of Quebec exceeds the rural, and the future of the province is certainly along industrial rather than agrarian lines.

And there are other reasons for the present crumbling of the Chinese Wall which has for so long isolated French Canada from the modern world. New influences are seeping into the province from English Canada, the United States, and Europe. These changes are reflected in the policies of the present Liberal administration of the province, under the leadership of Jean Lesage, which came into power in 1960 after the resounding fall of the hyper-reactionary Duplessis Administration which had governed the province for many years. The Lesage Administration is trying to make up for lost time by modernizing the institutions of the province and bringing them into harmony with the contemporary industrial world. It has already put through some valuable reforms.

It has introduced a system of state-administered hospital insurance and is trying to improve the backward legal status of French-Canadian women. It has also revamped the antiquated educational system. The schools continue under the control of the Catholic Church, but for the first time in over a century a movement has arisen among some of the younger French-Canadian intellectuals in the province for the establishment of secular schools.

A big step toward government ownership of the natural resources of the vast province was taken in the year 1963, when the Quebec Government nationalized one of the power giants of Quebec, the Shawinigan Power Corporation, a move which caused a considerable amount of alarm and opposition in the ranks of investors and financial institutions outside the province. Now all the power reserves of this province, some of the largest in North America, are under state control.

But in spite of all of these reforms, which have been widely popular because they have provided the answer to a deeply felt need, Lesage finds himself in a difficult position. The wave of extreme nationalism is the reason. Like his predecessor Duplessis, Lesage has always posed as the champion of the rights of the Province of Quebec against the centralizing power of the Federal Government in Ottawa, but now he finds the influence

of his party weakened by the rise of a much more extremist movement, the new nationalism.

This development began about two years ago with the publication of two books, both of which have exercised a considerable influence on a certain group of younger French-Canadian intellectuals. One of these is *Pourquoi Je Suis Séparatiste* by Marcel Chaput, a scientist formerly in the employ of the National Research Council of the Canadian Government in Ottawa; the other is *Pourquoi J'ai Choisi l'Indépendence* by Raymond Barbeau, former member of the staff of the Ecole des Hautes Etudes Economiques in Montreal. The two books, although written from slightly different viewpoints, have a common message. Both advocate setting up an independent French state in the Valley of the St. Lawrence, and both claim that it is a political and economic possibility. According to these writers, Confederation of the British provinces in North America, which occurred almost a century ago (in 1867), has been a failure as far as the interests of the French-Canadians are concerned. It is maintained that the position of the French in the English-speaking provinces such as Ontario and Manitoba (where their numbers are considerable) has continually deteriorated, that their language and educational rights have been continually violated by English-Canadian politicians and legislatures, that French-Canadians are continually and systematically discriminated against in the Federal Civil Service in Ottawa, and that bilingualism is a farce, since very few English-Canadians even in the Province of Quebec take the trouble to learn more than a few words of French.

The angry young men of French Canada further allege that the French-Canadians are not even the masters in their own house in the Province of Quebec. The larger corporations and industries there are almost entirely controlled by non-French-Canadians, by English-Canadians, Americans, and Europeans, they say; the French language spoken there is being corrupted by Anglicisms and Americanisms; indeed, unless strong and immediate measures are taken, the French-Canadians will suffer

the fate of their brothers in Louisiana, and French-Canadian culture will disappear completely.

Both Chaput and Barbeau are fully confident that it would be possible to set up an independent French state in Eastern Canada, but the obstacles are numerous. For one thing, it would create a situation in the northern half of North America something like the situation of Pakistan in the Indian Peninsula. The English-speaking population of the Maritime Provinces of Canada—Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island—would be cut off from English-speaking Ontario in Central Canada by an independent Quebec, in the same way that the two parts of Pakistan are separated by the Republic of India. For another thing, there are a great many French-Canadians living in English-speaking provinces, including New Brunswick, Ontario, Manitoba, and Alberta. Chaput and Barbeau are apparently willing to let them eventually be absorbed by English Canada.

Already the Separatist movement has become divided into several wings and groups. Among the most important of these is the Ressemblement pour l'Indépendence Nationale, which, besides advocating the complete separation of Quebec from the rest of Canada, has a program that includes state aid to cooperatives, equal pay for women, and an increase in family allowances and old-age pensions. It would not completely expropriate foreign companies operating in Quebec, but it would compel them to reinvest in the province a substantial part of their earnings there.

Another leading group in the Separatist movement is the Parti Socialiste, which is much more to the left. It is the Quebec wing of the New Democratic Party, the national left-wing party whose program is patterned after the British Labor Party. It advocates a five-year economic plan which would involve socialist planning and the regulation of industry on a large scale.

There is also an extreme nationalist group, the Fédération pour la Libération de Québec, or FLQ, which is mostly made up of university students and younger intellectuals and whose

general character resembles that of the FLN in France and North Africa. Indeed, it has been said that the influence of right-wing refugees from France and other European countries is strong in this organization. It is this group that has been held responsible for the much-publicized bombings in cities of the province last spring and for the thefts of weapons from armories in Montreal and other Quebec cities which took place some months ago.

These left-wing groups obviously are trying to combine extremist French-Canadian Nationalism with the restless discontent that has become so widespread among the lower-income groups in the province during the past few years, but the number of French-Canadians of any social group or background who wholeheartedly support the program of any of these Separatist groups is still comparatively small. Yet there are certain features of the Separatist attacks on the English-Canadians and on the Federal Government in Ottawa which strike a sympathetic chord among almost all French-Canadians, regardless of economic status or political belief. Almost all French-Canadians resent the fact that in the past English-Canadians have made so little effort to master the French language and have shown so little interest in understanding the French-Canadian view on national issues, or to acquaint themselves with French-Canadian achievements in literature and the theatre and the fine arts—achievements which, in recent years, have become impressive. They also resent the fact that English-Canadians still have so little understanding of the recent but already far-reaching social and economic changes in Quebec. All too many English-Canadians still conceive of French Canada as it was described by Louis Hémon in *Maria Chapdelaine* over half a century ago—a region of isolated and fervently pious Catholic farmers. French-Canadians are not pleased by the tendency of many English-Canadians to put them in the same category as national minorities who have come to Canada as immigrants in such large numbers since the end of the Second World War. After all, the French settled in the Valley of the St. Lawrence well over three

centuries ago and a century and a half before the British conquest.

The situation is worst in the largest French-speaking city in Canada—Montreal. The wealthy English-Canadian group which controls most of the industries and financial institutions in that city are thought to look upon the local French-Canadian community with something of the condescending arrogance regarded as typical of the attitude of British or French garrisons toward the native populations in African or Asian colonies in the nineteenth century. For over two centuries, under both the French and the British, Montreal was a garrison town, and though the British army garrison disappeared almost a century ago, the garrison mentality still lingers among the upper-class English-speaking population.

Almost all the French-Canadians in the Province of Quebec feel that they are discriminated against in matters of employment in the big English- and American-controlled corporations, and it is true that in most of the industries in the province one finds few French-Canadians in the key directorial and managerial positions. But English-Canadians reply with considerable justice that the situation is not the result of some deep-laid plot on their part; they point out that the French-Canadian educational system, which in the past has placed a strong emphasis on the study of the Greek and Roman classics, philosophy, and the humanities, has neglected the study of the natural and social sciences which would prepare young people for positions of industrial leadership.

Already the propaganda and activities of the Separatist groups have had some very unfavorable repercussions in the English-speaking provinces. A bitterness of tone has crept into newspaper editorials and radio commentators when they speak of developments in French Canada that has not been matched since the crisis over conscription during the Second World War, two decades ago. Deep-rooted prejudices against French Canada and the Catholic Church are beginning to reappear in such

traditional centers of a militant Anglo-Saxonism and Protestantism as Toronto.

The situation is made worse by the lack of leadership and guidance on the part of the Federal Government in Ottawa in connection with this explosive and complex issue. Lester Pearson, the present Prime Minister of Canada and leader of the Liberal Administration that came into office in the spring of 1963, is a native of Ontario and has little first-hand familiarity with French-Canadian attitudes or the French-Canadian environment. He is further hampered by the lack of any really respected and influential French-Canadians to advise him on Quebec problems today, as Ernest Lapointe advised the late Mackenzie King during the long period in the first half of the present century when King directed the political destinies of Canada.

Pearson has appointed a commission to inquire into the whole question of relations between the two cultures in Canada, and during the past few months he has been responsible for some rearrangements of the financial relations between the Federal Government and the provinces by which the Province of Quebec has gained more power over its own taxation and economic policies. Under his guidance, the provinces and the Federal Government have worked out a method by which at long last, after almost a century, the British North America Act, the Canadian Constitution, may be amended in Canada without further reference to the British Parliament in London. His Government has also, for the first time in history, provided Canada with a distinctive national flag. But these measures, although they are far-reaching and make some concessions to French-Canadian nationalist sentiment, are not nearly enough in view of the gravity of the present political situation in Canada.

This situation was made still more tense by the official visit of Queen Elizabeth to Canada in October 1964, in connection with the ceremonial commemorating the one-hundredth anniversary of the moves of the British North American provinces which led

to the Confederation of Canada almost a century ago. As might have been predicted, the visit of the Queen to Quebec City resulted in almost complete indifference on the part of the local French-Canadian population. In addition, there were unfortunate incidents in the city on the day of the visit. Although no actual attempts were made by Separatist fanatics to assassinate the Queen, groups of Separatists congregated in the city made jeering attacks on the monarchy in a manner hitherto unprecedented in Canadian history. The Quebec City police dealt with these demonstrations with a brutality which left unfavorable impressions both in Quebec and all over Canada. This incident has served to strengthen the anti-Quebec feeling in such traditional strongholds of British loyalism as Ontario and the provinces on the Atlantic Coast. It is quite apparent that the Crown is no longer a unifying political factor in Canada and the much vaunted French-Canadian devotion to the monarchy is largely a thing of the past. And the Separatists have gained much free publicity from these events, both in Canada and abroad.

Some spokesmen on the French side are beginning to propose new constitutional arrangements by which the province of Quebec will be given still wider autonomy within the Canadian political framework, but it is doubtful if this movement can proceed much further without seriously straining the whole fabric of Confederation.

At all events, it is quite easy to see that the solution of all of these complex problems will require a degree of statesmanship and skill which seems quite beyond the present leaders of the Canadian national parties in Ottawa.

REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS MANN

By KONRAD KELLEN

WHEN I became Thomas Mann's secretary in the summer of 1941 he was working on the last volume of his great Joseph tetralogy. He wrote this book as he had most of his other books—every day of the week, between nine and twelve in the morning, he wrote with pen and ink, on plain white sheets, covering never less than two and never more than three pages in a day. So great was the force of his self-conditioning, attained through awesome discipline, that he kept writing even when he was not at home, in hotel rooms, Pullman cars, steamship cabins.

Thomas Mann never made an outline. His *Joseph the Provider,* on which he was working at the time, grew without any discernible plan. So it was all the more surprising that he never rewrote or rearranged or changed anything except here and there a few words. Not once during the two years that I transcribed his manuscript on the typewriter did he throw a single sheet into the wastepaper basket. Almost every sentence that came from his pen was exactly as planned, flawless and ready for the printer. He did change a word here or there when he reread what he had written at the end of the day's work. But sentences, sequences, paragraphs remained where they stood.

Very rarely—perhaps once every twenty pages—a thought, expressed in half a sentence or even less frequently in one or two sentences (but never more), was lifted out of the web of fine and clear gothic script only to reappear later on another page. An idea or detail, once formulated and written down, hardly ever disappeared altogether. The economy of his effort was infinitely greater than that of any other man I have ever seen at work in any field; well over 99 percent of what he fashioned retained its form and appeared—without so much as a comma added

or deleted by another hand—in print. Apparently his ability to create in final form and his aversion to any kind of change dated back to his early youth. When, at the age of 24, he had completed his first great novel, *Buddenbrooks,* he sent it to S. Fischer, at the time perhaps Germany's most important publishing house. The firm answered very benignly that they would like to consider publishing the book if it were reduced to about half its size. Thomas Mann merely informed them that—unfortunately—not a word could be changed, and Fischer printed the book as the young man had submitted it.

The quality that permitted Mann to write long novels without outlines and yet never to waste words was the tense yet great and sober calmness with which he approached his task every day. He never permitted himself, if ever he had the inclination, any of the great elations, or orgiastic moods, or stormy fits of creativity which many artists experience and evince, and found them rather embarrassing in others. His mode of life was equally controlled. He drank very little—one glass of Cinzano every afternoon, and beer or wine on occasion—and smoked cigarettes and cigars in limited number, but never while he worked, as far as I can remember. His children persuaded him to take some benzedrine when it first appeared on the market; they wanted to test whether and how it might influence his writing. With some amusement he took the drug, reporting later that it had made him "gay," and named the tablets "gay-makers." But he did not repeat the experiment.

At the time, Thomas Mann lived in a comfortable, spacious home in Pacific Palisades in Los Angeles. His house differed from neighboring villas in that it had a small separate wing which was Mann's refuge. This wing consisted of a medium-sized square workroom with a free view through a picture window over avocado groves, a few houses, descending hills, and, at a distance, the Pacific Ocean. His bedroom was situated directly over his workroom and connected with it by a small staircase, so that Mann could go from one floor to the other without notice. This comfortably and rather elegantly furnished workroom, covered to the ceiling with bookshelves on two of its

walls, was connected with the center of the house by a narrow passageway.

Thomas Mann always wore conservative clothes and behaved in conservative fashion. He looked like a cross between a modest, sparse university professor and a modest, sparse Middletown banker, and a little more serious, in the most basic sense of the word, than either. At first glance he did not stand out in any crowd or group, and had one not known who he was one hardly would have noticed him, except for one thing: occasionally, when something struck him, or amused him, a momentary sparkle of recognition, delight, just plain light, would come into his eyes, arresting for those at whom he directed it. Apparently, Mann himself was very much aware of the force of a look from eye to eye, for somewhere in his writings—I cannot remember where—he speaks of the eye, "that little mass of protoplasm, capable of suddenly casting a bridge over the abyss between two people," or words to that effect.

But Mann was bourgeois and formal not just in his relations with the American world at large, which almost worshiped him during those years of war as the representative of "the other Germany" and might not have kept its distance had he been less forbidding; he maintained the same posture of correct and distant formality even in the circle of his friends and family. Not long after I had begun my work with him, I witnessed a conversation between Thomas Mann and his brother Heinrich. Over a cup of tea, the two brothers, sitting at opposite ends of a long sofa, discussed various esthetic and literary problems, very much like two college professors who have just been introduced. Yet Heinrich was among the very few who called Mann by his first name. In fact I never heard anybody call Mann "Tommy" except his brother Heinrich and his wife Katja.

Those very close to him, including his children, frequently called him "Zauberer," magician. This nickname was not so much a tribute to Mann's magical power over words as the result of an evening long past during the Munich carnival season when Thomas Mann had put on a magician's costume for the dance. Yet even during the night's gay travesty Mann had

remained true to himself, a strict and reserved gentleman, and had given other revelers to understand that the "magician" was only a nocturnal phantom and that no subsequent familiarity such as so often developed at the Munich carnival would be welcome.

One of Mann's sons once confessed to me that he rarely sat down to a meal with his father without a little intellectual preparation. "I always prepare myself mentally to talk on some topic," the son said, "otherwise I get stuck and there is silence." The distance his sons kept from Mann was surprising enough, but their father took such an impersonal manner in dealing with them that he often spoke or even wrote about one of their books or articles as though he were criticizing the work of some author otherwise entirely unknown to him.

Every day, after laying down his pen at noon, Mann called his black poodle Niko (short for Nicodemus) and took a walk with him, cutting a lone figure in the streets of Pacific Palisades where there are no pedestrians. After his walk Mann sat down to a substantial lunch; the American custom of having a quick sandwich and glass of milk he disdained. After an afternoon nap, which was a necessity for him, he would either read, do some of his non-literary writing, such as political articles or statements, or, when I was there, work with me on his correspondence. On such occasions we would also discuss the war and its sometimes intolerably slow progress. Impatient, I exclaimed one day: "Things can never work *this* way!" Mann was amused by this exclamation, which in German sounds even more abrupt and childish. He kept using it from then on, unexpectedly, when someone asked his Olympian opinion on some of the great questions of the day. Thirteen years later, in 1954, when Mann had returned to Europe and become very displeased with postwar developments there, he sent me a copy of his *Felix Krull* inscribed: "Things can never work *this* way . . . in memory of bygone days."

Mann's correspondence was very extensive and almost everybody who wrote to him wanted something from him, whether it was Nelson Rockefeller, then Coordinator for Inter-American

Affairs, who needed an inspiring statement, or a lowly Jewish fugitive from Hitler's clutches, hoping to reach these shores before being overtaken by the Nazi avalanche pushing over Europe. Such pleas for help were usually not financial. They were cries for assistance in the baffling, endless, labyrinthine task of obtaining an American immigration visa. Many times Mann wrote to Cordell Hull whom he had met personally, and pleaded for assistance, but Hull never answered. This grieved Mann deeply.

It occasionally aroused his mild anger—though he laughed about it at the same time—that of the innumerable petitioners for articles, contributions, statements, appeals, forewords, and so on, hardly any ever offered him money. "What do these people think?" he would murmur. "After all, a man like me also needs money!" One day he suddenly decided that Alfred Knopf, his lifelong publisher, should pay him more. He studied his contract with Knopf and then dictated a long letter to the publisher full of financial data, asking for a better royalty arrangement. Knopf replied in great detail and very cordially, pointing to several errors in Mann's calculations and suggestions. "All right," said Mann when he showed me Knopf's reply, "I suppose I'm just no businessman." Actually, he was very happy with his arrangements with Knopf and was grateful for all that Knopf did for him.

One day Mann's mail brought a letter from the widow of a railroad magnate with a small volume of poems printed on expensive paper. Her husband, said the lady, though a successful businessman, had really been in secret a poet and writer of aphorisms. She now had had his work privately printed and wanted Mann's honest opinion "for I want my husband to be judged by his peers." As it was Mann's custom to answer every letter, I reminded him of the poems after a few weeks and asked him whether he had read the booklet. "Well, I looked at it," he said. I asked him what he had thought of it. "Oh well," he answered, "you know, I think I could have written just as well." Then he laughed and asked me to write that he had "read the little volume with interest and found it quite

touching." He then added with a strict mien: "That will suffice."

At five o'clock, after the labors of correspondence, tea was served. It was taken in the large living room. Visitors appeared and there was a good deal of conversation. Thomas Mann enjoyed it if people reported on all sorts of daily occurrences but disliked those conversations about mankind's ultimate concerns that some of his visitors felt obliged to instigate. He preferred to hear about an adventure caused by a flat tire.

Thomas Mann and his touching, patient wife Katja were quite domestic. Evenings Mann liked to listen to records. His favorite was Wagner. I asked him once how he could explain it that he and Hitler had the same favorite. "There is no mystery to that," Mann said. "Hitler is attracted by the nationalistic element in Wagner, and I by the international element." When he did not listen to music he read or conversed. Quite frequently, when he felt like it, and the group of guests suited him, he read from a manuscript on which he had just been working. He read with a dry voice, giving however special and, it seemed, delighted emphasis to all ironic passages. The fulsome praise of his listeners he accepted with gentle skepticism. For mildly critical objections which were occasionally expressed by some guest in a fit of temerity, he had no ear whatever. They did not interest him.

In his ordinary social contacts he was anything but haughty. Once after a cocktail party at his house where Charles Boyer had been among the guests, Mann's children complained that there had been two young girls present who had lionized Boyer and asked for his autograph. They thought that in their father's house a man like Boyer should be made to feel at home and not be molested by starry-eyed fans. Mann listened to their criticisms and then said, somewhat depleted: "I suppose I did not behave too well myself then. I also said to Mr. Boyer that it was quite an exciting experience to come face to face with such a famous movie star whom I have seen quite a few times on the screen."

Though Mann rarely complained and instead listened to the

complaints of others quite patiently, he was often depressed. He ascribed his depression mainly to the war and the German situation. Skeptical and sophisticated though he was in almost every respect, he hated and despised the Nazis with an elementary violence, and tolerated no excuses of any kind for any of their doings. As a vastly educated observer of history and political developments he examined the causes of Naziism in several of his political essays with trenchant objectivity, but his personal attitude was one of almost compulsive contempt. In one of his weekly radio broadcasts to Germany over the BBC he called the Nazis men with "verjauchten Gehirnen," which, if there were a literal translation, would be considerably stronger than "putrefied brains." The Allied conduct of the war often filled him with impatience, but at no time did he doubt for a moment that the democracies would win.

The loss of his German public was very painful for him, and his fury against the Nazis was still further deepened by it. Of course he had a large American audience, he was highly esteemed, he was showered with honors in his new country. That was some consolation. But he felt that translation ruined his work. Even though he spoke English only fairly well (though very fluently), his immensely differentiated sense of language made him aware even of the tiniest flaws and shortcomings in the translation of his works. He knew that his style was essentially untranslatable; that the nuances, the ironic accents, the double and even triple meanings of certain words which he used with such relish became casualties of the translation; that cadences were displaced, that the rhythm was disturbed, and that his often immensely baroque sentences rolling on to safe denouements after breathtaking journeys in German became shipwrecked in English. He was very appreciative of the work of Mrs. Lowe Porter, who largely devoted her life to the translation of his novels. He was grateful that she had given him his English-speaking public, and that she did her task with great talent and infinite care. But even she could not alter the fact that the English language was just not the right medium for him, or any other language, for that matter, except German.

"I really am only writing for posterity," he once said to me. This was not at all a piece of extravagant self-appreciation but a somewhat sad yet confident statement, reflecting his belief that his beloved German language would in due course be liberated from its barbaric perverters.

After Mann had completed his monumental Joseph series, he experienced an emotional deflation. To several people he wrote that "in all these dark years of Hitlerism and emigration this book was my support. I now miss my work on it." Yet he was not entirely satisfied with this greatest and most ambitious of his undertakings. When I asked him how he liked it, now that it was completed, he replied somewhat surlily: "Well, at least you can call it a triumph of tenacity." The idea for the series had been on his mind for more than thirty years. And he had always thought of the conversation between Pharaoh and Joseph as the climax of the entire effort, a sort of summit of his life's work. But now that it was done, he found the result "somewhat disappointing." Why? He could not say. On the other hand, he felt that the chapter on Thamar, which, like the Pharaoh-Joseph conversation, comes in the fourth and final volume of the series, and had been published separately in a special luxury edition before the whole book appeared, had come off beyond his expectations, and he professed to be very fond of it. He gave me a copy with the somewhat strange inscription: "For KK, this touching rarity."

In the summer of 1943 I was drafted into the army and sent to a camp in Texas for my basic training. To this desolate place, Mann wrote me a letter of consolation which read in part:

> . . . I hear that you have arrived at the place of your preliminary destination, that you have, so to speak, a regular address, no matter how unnatural it sounds to me [this refers to the APO address], and I should therefore like to send you some lines of my sympathy on the stationery which you purchased for me, so that you should not think "out of earshot, out of mind" or "*he* does not have to do KP, and for what others have to do he feels no concern." But it *is* of concern to me, though all I can do is to give you the well known scribbling to read without your having to copy or translate it. . . . You probably will only get

used to not getting used to it (Hans Castorp). Forgive my quoting myself! But who pulls himself together vis-a-vis his secretary! . . . I have to stop now . . . what do you think, I have other things to do, too . . . the war is really going almost fearfully well . . . we will hardly need you and Golo [one of his sons], who has also been called up, any longer against Hitler . . . at the most we will need you against Hirohito, the Victor Emanuel of the rising sun. . . . All the best, your old "boss" Thomas Mann.

When the war was over and he had had his drastic lung operation, Mann resumed work on his Faustus novel. Then he wrote me a letter to Germany, where the war had carried me, in which he said: "The patched up old miracle man strains and scribbles again quite industriously on the Faustus novel which is growing into a 'misshapen giant snake.' This is what Brahms used to call Bruckner's symphonies. We geniuses just don't understand a single thing about one another." In the same letter he thanked me for a very flattering magazine article about him that had appeared in the new Germany. But his reaction to the piece was quite truculent. He wrote: "I have read the article. In such a way, and sometimes with even greater solemnity, they now write about me. Funny, they always gave me toads to swallow, and all of a sudden I have turned into a sort of Merlin, old Goethe and miraculous *vieillard* whose views span the ages. . . ."

Then, great though his gratitude and affection were for the United States, he returned to Europe, not to Germany though he traveled there, but to Switzerland, to live once again surrounded by the German language. I visited him there in 1951 or so. He was very thin and already quite frail. When I left, he said: "Things don't look good to me."

TWO POEMS

By DAVID R. SLAVITT

THE CARNIVORE

INWARD beyond the bone, the grazing beast
glides like a fish in water among real fish
that swim the rippling sinews, silver still,
but know brown lowing too in fields of flesh.
Lion and lamb, the salmon and the steer
lie down together in my wheaten meadow,
wander within my orchard of apple and pear
and live serenely, past my pearly gates.
For heaven is all hunger: the high hawk
chews the chipmunk's terror out of him,
teaches him lessons of soaring, swooping—and learns
white oiliness of acorns. The oak's patience
first furred is feathered now and sees the green
blur of its whole hill in the carnivore.

I speak with the logic of wafers and sips of wine,
forbidden camels and swine, the sacred cattle,
and all the days of fasting and feast days:
the theological etiquette Isaac learned,
bound like an eye roast on the carving board
and, wet to drowning in God's spittle, spared.

And therefore am I vineyards, orange groves,
broad wheat fields and the depths of moving oceans
where I have raced in terror of my nets,
have preyed upon myself and died, eating
animal and herb with the dull love
the rat, the buzzard, and the worm bear me.

SPECULATIONS ABOUT THE DEATH OF ESKIMOS

I HAVE often imagined the moment—on the white
moonlit ice in the black of polar water,
the erratic pitch and yaw, the wind's bite,
and the shapes on shore of son, grandson, granddaughter,

still as whalebone, gazing as I go.
I once tried to build an igloo, thought the dogsled
fun—I liked dogs—but the Eskimo,
with his fur-fringed, weather-worn face, filled me with dread,

shipping his relatives off on the ice to die—
to freeze? to starve? to drown? I couldn't decide,
for I was always on that ice floe by
some terrible mistake. On shore they cried

and were sorry to learn, too late, how much they loved me.
It is not like that at all, but very formal,
undemonstrative, done with some dignity.
Death is not melodramatic but, properly, normal.

And the cause of death is almost certainly freezing,
which is painless, quick, cleaner than razor or pill,
rifle, rope, or guillotine for easing
the last agonies. So gently does cold kill

and so familiar is it to Eskimos
that tears are unlikely indeed. The departure itself
is visibly simple. The strip of water grows
wider and wider between floe and ice-shelf;

neither physician nor priest is required to say
which moment is the last; it is perfectly clear
that there he is, slowly drifting away.
Calmly they wait for him to disappear.

And out of sight of the shore, the sting of the cold,
and the sting abating. The feet begin to feel numb.
It happens so slowly. Slowly one grows old,
one learns the patience to wait for death to come.

The flab around the middle, the slack skin,
the defeats that flesh has suffered are undone:
the wattles wed again to the firm chin,
the fat is hard as bone, the bone as stone.

That I have changed my mind in twenty years
is reasonable. My fear was a child's fault.
I make my way and that cold shore appears
not unattractive as I start to smell salt.

THREE POEMS

By DANIEL HOFFMAN

IN THE COVE

THERE was no diminishing that day.

The sun in clarity of dew arose
Toward splendors unimagined before noon.

The day kept on becoming what it was,
The hour in being what it had become.

Then nothing dwindled. Where the tide fell back
The dazzled empire of the field enlarged

And we from the mountain to the farthest brim
Heard gulls on offshore islands calling, calling

Clamant at the lessening of the light
And the cessation of the fields of flowers

And the tide crawling toward the darker hours
And the black fir branchtips blotting out the sky,

A waning of one stillness and a coming
Of nothing near the soughing of the trees,

Changeless, rimmed by the sea's cold sway.

THE LOCUST

TO sleep for seventeen years
In a blind bed underground
Deaf to the rant of the weather,

An idiosyncratic clock wound
To strike once, transfiguring
The dull grub, his time come round,

To be awakened fully winged,
Strong-legged, with eyes refracting
The pitiless sun unblinkingly,

To leap glittering on the branch
And scrape rough wing on raucous thigh
In unremitting rant

Deafening the amber weather,
Then in a blind bed to plant
Dumb eggs in a nest of dirt

And lie, depleted, wrung, a withered
Carcass of silence straying ants
Will cut up against the winter

And hoard in secret tunnels
To chaw, while raving weather
And stars in cold channels

Turn and turn in clockwise motion
Seventeen full times around
Till your next resurrection.

BEFORE THE FALL

THE impersonal sun
Pours ambient fires
Through the fusty clouds,
Through withered leaves
Oblivious of the leaves
Or of the clouds' will,
Indifferent to our desires.

On amber shafts the leaves let
Light from the zodiac lean
Against the pruned hedgerows
Ablaze upon the lawn.
Midges, nits, and gnatwings
Sink and soar. Stray winds
Transfigure some with glinting.

Poised between the Van Allen Belt
And Catherman's Drug Store,
A book is in his hand
And he may cast adrift, may soar
On shafts of light, may bring
To his feast of shadows glints of sun
Before the Fall or withering.

THE FIRST AMERICANS: THE EVIDENCE OF MUD

By PAUL COLINVAUX

THE invasion and conquest of North America by Europeans was completed a century or so ago. The task required sophisticated societies, the technology of the stout ship, the art of the quartermaster, commercial companies, nation states. And yet the Europeans found America already occupied. It seemed unthinkable that stone-age Red Indians could have mastered an Atlantic which later nearly defied the resources of kings, but there they were, and there they had been for a very long time. We find the broken bones of slaughtered prey around the charcoal of cooking fires which were certainly burning twenty thousand years ago. This was a time in prehistory beyond the reach of the most fanciful legend of ancient explorers, a remote epoch of the stone age. And yet it was not so old when judged by the standard of all human history. Men of our species were fashioning axes in Europe at times more than twice as remote, and their ancestors dwelt in the Old World for hundreds of thousands of years before then. Of these truly ancient men and pre-men there is no trace in America. The record tells us quite unmistakably that men reached America comparatively late in the human story, that they came from the Old World sometime before twenty thousand years ago. But how could they have done it, so many millennia before even the Viking long-ship was invented?

America is an island continent which must today be reached by sea. There are some who think the first pioneers may have crossed the Atlantic, island-hopping from Iceland to Greenland by means of the ice-floes which probably choked the North Atlantic in the ice age, and there are others who think long raft voyages across the Pacific are more probable, but the majority favor the theory that immigration took place by the Bering

Strait route. A glance at the map shows why; Bering Strait is only fifty miles wide. It is much easier to imagine a stone-age boat capable of crossing fifty miles of water than one able to dare where the Vikings dared, or support life over the almost unimaginable distances of the Pacific Ocean. But the difficulty with this solution is that Bering Strait is in the Arctic. Its shores now support a few gold miners, a few more Eskimos, and numerous mutually confronting radar sites. Assuming that the first Americans were not gold miners or DEW-line operators we must wonder if they were Eskimos. They did not need to be, for twenty thousand years ago Bering Strait had been drained by the glaciers of the great ice age, and turned into dry land.

Glaciers are made of water, which has been drawn from the sea and put into cold storage on the land. As the water is withdrawn, shallow seas drain, continents expand across the continental shelves, straits narrow. The Bering Sea is so shallow that we can be quite sure that all of it was drained away by this process, allowing Alaska to be joined to Siberia by a vast lowland plain, a continental isthmus which held the abyssal waters of the Arctic and Pacific Oceans a thousand miles apart. And it is a surprising truth that this ice-made land was not itself afflicted with ice. The reason for this paradox seems to be that the rainfall (or snowfall) of the region was insufficient to build ice sheets, for without sufficient water glaciers cannot form however cold it may be.

The intercontinental isthmus, then, was bare of ice, as were the adjoining lowlands of Siberia and Alaska. But on every mountain ridge there was an icy cap, and away to the south were the forbidding ice sheets, lifeless, towering, impassable. The ice-free plains, stretching from the glaciers northward to the Arctic Ocean, and from the Yukon basin to the Lena River, have become known as the Bering land bridge. Much fossil evidence leads us to believe that large animals, such as reindeer, bison, horses, and mammoths, lived there, and it seems possible that men lived there too, having spread eastward from the Russian side. If men did live there, they would have been able to move southward into America when the ice melted, or they may have worked their way round the edge of the glaciers during the

milder periods of local glacier recession. Such is the Bering land bridge theory.

But the question presents itself whether stone-age peoples could have lived so far north in an ice age. In spite of the absence of an actual ice cover, might it not have been simply too cold to support human life?

The climate of the Bering land bridge has been the subject of debate. One approach, claiming pragmatic common sense, reasons that ice is cold, therefore ice ages are cold times, therefore the Bering land bridge at the time of the alleged migration must have been a frozen arctic waste. But there is also a contrary opinion according to which the climate of the Arctic has been warm when the rest of the world was covered with ice; according to this view the land bridge would have been a mild prairie.

A way in which it might be possible to choose between these two hypotheses was shown to me by my teacher, D. A. Livingstone, in the summer of 1959. The solution was suggested in a paper by David Hopkins of the United States Geological Survey, which reported the history of Imuruk Lake in Alaska. Hopkins concluded that the lake lay on a coastal remnant of the land bridge, and that it was already old when the advancing glaciers of the last ice age were draining the Bering Sea. Some of its sediments must have been deposited in land bridge times. If one could drill into the bottom of the lake, a muddy microcosm of the land bridge might be retrieved, a sample which should contain sufficient fossil evidence to make possible a reconstruction of the land bridge environment. It was an exciting prospect. I resolved to go to make such a boring, and set about the most difficult of research enterprises, the quest for funds.

My budget grew. I was warned to allocate fifteen dollars a day for living in Alaska, the equipment list was long, and there was a frightening item for the use of airplanes. The supposed causeway of the aborigines seemed a forbiddingly expensive place for modern man. But the National Science Foundation approved all but a fraction of the total.

Imuruk Lake lies on Seward Peninsula, which is the piece of Alaska approaching closest to Russia, the finger whose tip is the shore of Bering Strait. It is an eight-mile saucer of water

perched on a saddle between mountain ranges, in uninhabited trackless country, a remote place seldom seen by man. Early in the Pleistocene epoch (the epoch of ice ages) water began to collect in a depression left in the surface of newly cooled lava, and a slow shower of mud began to settle on the bottom of the resulting puddle. Fresh lava came at intervals to heighten the sides of the basin, streams and waves cut them down again, the crust of the earth tipped and spilled some of the water out, more lava raised the sides once more, but all the time a varying-sized saucer of water remained and the rain of mud particles continued. Because the lake was perched high on a saddle of land there has never been much catchment area to drain into it, an unusual feature which has resulted in the rate of sedimentation being very slow. Instead of suffering extinction at the hands of its own mud, which is the fate of most lakes, Imuruk has persisted over an immense span of time, and its slowly accumulating sediment has recorded the polar events of the Pleistocene.

I first saw Imuruk Lake on the eighteenth of June 1960 when circling over it in a little float-plane. Its steely-grey surface was set in a tundra which was beginning to turn green, and a brilliant sun was squeezing away the last of the reluctant ice. Along one shore the ice had already yielded to leave clear water for our floats.

There was not a tree in sight. On the horizon were the ivory teeth of distant mountains, to which the pioneers gave such fanciful names as "The Asses Ears" and "Skeleton Butte." On all sides the tundra rolled away—monochromatic, coarse, monotonous, tussocky, and I believe the roughest walking on earth. Sprawled about were the claws of lava flows, almost lifeless scars of rubble like the lunar surface of a spaceman's dream. Smaller scars were the lines of willows marking drainage channels over the permanently frozen subsoil, willows shorter than a man. The tundra was lonely, save when crossed by a wandering herd of reindeer, but the lake was life. Ducks, gulls, loons, geese, terns, plovers, and peeps, too eager for their parental duties even to wait for the ice to go, made the place ring with their voices.

My companion Peter and I had three small rubber boats, one

plastic boat, two pairs of oars, and an outboard motor with which to make ourselves admirals of our little sea. Our plan was to anchor a raft of rubber boats in the middle of the lake and there to push and hammer a small aluminum sampling device into the lake mud. We should have a pipe going through the water to the hole we made and, using it as a guide, would keep jabbing away with the sampler at the bottom until we got all the way through. This works well in the oozy goo at the bottom of Connecticut lakes, but it met its match at Imuruk where the bottom was hard and sticky. Given a long enough interval of peace and quiet we could work our way through even this intractable mud, but the stormy soul of the lake would not allow us such peace.

Our first shipwreck was purely human. A knife intended for a stubborn slab of chocolate ended up in the side of a rubber boat, and resulted in two men and one outboard motor being gracelessly deposited into a mixture of floating ice and water, a quarter of a mile from shore. Since the water was only five feet deep, we were able to salvage the motor. Our second shipwreck was the outcome of the first serious attempt at drilling. We were anchored in the middle of the lake and hammering away when a sudden squall hurled the motor-carrying rubber boat onto a sharp attachment of the raft.

Since hammering through the mud was apparently going to take much longer than the probable intervals between storms, I decided we needed a raft which should be tolerably steady in all but the roughest weather. We collected the bits of lumber left around the lake by nameless gold-seekers fifty years ago, and made a stouter platform, within which the original rubber boats were reduced to flotation chambers. This took time. The months passed, and we learned how men can live in a modern Bering Strait summer.

Wet mist would settle for days, then a tranquil sky would pour down sunshine for half a week at a time, a dazzling world of twenty-four-hour days, devoted to mosquitoes, sweat, and blasphemy. And yet it was a rustic peaceful place which should provide a summer living fairly readily if you had nothing to do but hunt for food. There were large numbers of ducks, berries

in great quantity, and an itinerant reindeer herd a thousand strong. One day the reindeer stampeded through our camp, treating us to a real-life version of Hollywood's ground-shaking sound effects and a great deal of repair work. But some of the reindeer made the mistake of swimming in the lake afterward and Peter, a look of the wild in his eyes, launched a rubber boat and rowed off after them. The procession endured for two miles; the great antlered heads, a wake, and the human water-strider sweating along behind. Back they came toward the shore, with one deer beginning to tire. A racing stroke, a gallant rounding on the pursuer, a smother of water, and the man and the deer disappeared. Soon the man was up, clamped to the now suicidally heavy antlers. The struggles quietened, and Peter, more subdued now, said almost guiltily, "I think it's dead." We spent a week eating it, and it was very good. Another week we lived on fish, the product of an hour and a half's fishing in the lake's outlet.

The new raft let us hammer at the bottom all through a period of relative calm. Instead of advancing by the one-meter intervals usual in mud boring, we chipped our way down a mere ten or twenty centimeters at a time. If we did manage to penetrate more than this, is was almost impossible to pull the sampler out again. One day in the middle of August we were bold with the hammering, paid the price, and were still stuck fast when the first of the autumn gales hurled the lake into sheets of spray. Helpless on shore, we gazed through glasses at a distant speck—the heaving pounded broken remnants of the raft. Waves were tearing beam from beam, snapping the steel cable of the sampler, twisting and breaking the driving rods. On the sixth day a derisive calm permitted salvage, but even skin-diving failed to reestablish contact with the drill. It remains somewhere in the heart of the Imuruk Lake mud as a trophy of the lake's victory.

The summer had passed in failure, the long arctic winter was only a month away. Rubber rafts would soon be superfluous, as ice covered the lake. The winter ice—there was an answer to the waves! I began to see the machinery of more potent sampling equipment spread out on a steady platform which, although frigid, would be strong and level. My retreat from

Imuruk became a strategic withdrawal, and a new assault was planned "when the weather should be more appropriate."

I returned to Imuruk Lake on the twentieth of November, 1960. With me were Dan Iatunguk and James Moto, men of the Arctic, whose Eskimo culture was to ensure me a comfortable stay. We had a new sampler, provided with a mechanical pile-driver, tripod, and winch. The lake appeared below our aircraft as a gray waste, set in the dazzling white of snowy slopes reflecting the horizontal rays of the noon-tide sun. Across its surface snaked the dirty wrinkled shadows of snow drifts. I felt a moment of unreasonable fear as the wheels approached the ice (in my native England the ice is never thick), and then we were bumping over the snow drifts. Ten minutes later we were fastening our tent to Imuruk Lake with six-inch nails, and the aircraft was a waning hum over the Asses Ears Mountains.

We went to bed that evening on reindeer skins, with the comforts of a good supper in our bellies, and the fifteen feet of the pile-driver's tripod looming over the tent. The tent walls and the Northern Lights were our horizon.

The following day we raised an eight-meter core, much longer than we had managed by weeks of summer hammering. It pierced through the mud to sand, and would prove to be long enough for my purpose, but the lake still had the last say. It summoned its icy strength to destroy my hammer. All the parts of the sampler were of aluminum, but the pile driver was steel, and steel becomes brittle at temperatures of below zero Fahrenheit. With the core at eight meters, the inch and a half thick guide-rod of the hammer snapped. We could drill no further.

The next day our relief aircraft came as promised. We heard it droning in the clouds which had settled on the lake, but we could not see it, nor could we on the next day, nor the next. We waited and tried to keep warm. The heat of our little cooking stove, and the bottoms of hot pots, melted the surface of the ice, which then froze again clear like glass, letting in the blue light from the water of the lake. We were poised on a wonderful Tyndall crystal under the dark shadow of the heavy tent. But then lenses of water formed in our ice, and it would not freeze firmly again. An icy bed was bearable, water was not. On the

fourth day we hauled everything to the beach, built a camp, and settled to await the return of flying weather. Gasoline was reserved for the lamp and we set about keeping warm in what may have been land bridge fashion. We burned willow twigs. They burn well, but in four days of cooking we had exhausted all the dead twigs on a considerable section of lake shore, and were starting on the thin line of live bushes. It was very evident that they would not last us all winter, and should certainly not support a larger group. Our food gathering was also inadequate, the fish showing no interest in home-made lures which we lowered through holes in the ice, and only three ptarmigan falling victim to days of hunting. We were being shown how inhospitable the long arctic winter could be.

If the land bridge provided no more fuel or food than does modern Imuruk Lake in winter (a seven-month winter) I should say it was almost uninhabitable. And yet some men do spend their lives inland in the Arctic. With the aid of some trade with coastal Eskimos, the Alaskan Caribou Indians manage to survive on the tundra. They do it by living in the path of the migrating caribou, where they can kill sufficient to provide all their year's wants in food, fuel (animal fat), and clothing. If there were more big animals to kill, other parts of the Arctic would offer a livelihood, and we know that there were more game animals in land-bridge times because we find fossils of horses, bison, musk-oxen, and mammoths. I saw a pair of mammoth tusks in a terrace of Imuruk Lake, the owner of which could have supported our little party for quite a while if he had still been around. But even with mammoths to eat, life would still have been hard if winters were as severe as those of today. It would not have been possible to live there without a knowledge of clothes-making and hunting comparable to that possessed by the Caribou Indians of modern times.

We did not have to put the sustaining powers of Imuruk Lake in winter to a very onerous test, since our relief aircraft found the lake on the eighth day. Then I returned to North Carolina to learn what I could from my eight meters of Imuruk mud.

At the bottom of the core was mud from some unknown remote period, probably from the land bridge or even earlier; at

the top, the mud of the last few years. Layers of coarse sand gave hints of ancient lacustrine catastrophies, but offered few clues to climate and none at all to age. The mud looked bland, wet, and enigmatic, an unpromising source for excitement. And yet it contained many tiny objects which should be the script of an ice-age story.

The history of a lake may be written in the corpses of its deceased inhabitants, not the few big vertebrate creatures which swim importantly around, but the mighty hordes of little lowly things. As these die or moult, their remains rain down to the bottom, where some become incorporated in the sediments as fossils. These fossils may be extracted and classified.

Many curious fragments emerged from the Imuruk Lake mud: claws, hairs, broken pieces of exoskeleton, whole animals, cysts, algal colonies, opened cocoons, eggs, spines, and scales. They recorded the passing of the lake's living things through millennia: the deaths of water fleas, sponges, midges, gastrotrichs, and moss animals, the hatching of fresh generations. But these clues were too few. To reconstruct the subtle changes that changing climate brings, it was necessary to follow the fortunes of populations. I had in these remains only the record of individuals. It was as if I had found some exceedingly ancient scroll, only to learn that most of the words had faded beyond recovery. I must seek another record.

In addition to the bodies of its former inmates, lake mud contains the remains of many things blown or washed into the lake from outside. The most interesting of these objects are pollen grains, for they are a record of vegetation. Over any plant community in summer hangs a cloud of pollen, invisible, save as a rare and transient dust, undetected, save by the allergy of hayfever, made up of an almost unthinkably immense multitude of tiny drifting grains, and slowly settling as a pollen rain. In spite of being so small, pollen grains are protected by an envelope of what is probably the most indestructible substance produced by living systems. Their skeletons may survive through geologic epochs. Those that rain in their leisurely drifting way onto the surface of a lake become waterlogged, sink, are embedded in the mud, and remain there for as long as the lake lasts. There may

be fifty thousand of them in a cubic centimenter of sediment. They can be extracted, concentrated, and counted. They can also be identified by their parents' names, for pollen grains combine their almost incredible indestructibility with a medley of bizarre ornaments which can be used as taxonomic features. They may bear spikes and spines (for sticking to insects), bladders (for being blown about), furrows, grooves, pores, apertures with lids, stipples, reticulations, hairs, freckles, and warts, all of them shaped in the wonderfully durable material of the outer coat. By listing the plant species represented in a collection of fossil pollen, and assessing which plants were dominant from the numerical abundance of the different kinds, it is possible to reconstruct the vegetation from which the pollen assemblage came. Once the vegetation is known, the climate is also known, for climate determines what plant communities shall grow in a particular place, and we may assume that the ancient climate was similar to that which prevails in regions of like vegetation today. My next move, then, was to perform a pollen analysis on the Imuruk Lake mud.

I took little bits of mud, about a quarter of a cubic centimeter at a time, from each ten-centimeter interval of the Imuruk Lake core, and proceeded to the drastic treatment needed to extract the pollen. The mud samples were boiled, first in caustic soda, then in a mixture containing vitriol. They were floated on heavy liquids (in which the denser rock particles sank), and left overnight to the mercy of hydrofluoric acid, a substance which dissolves even glass. Between each of their twenty-four treatments the samples were spun in a centrifuge. It was a demonstration of the slummy side of our scientific culture, involving weeks of disgusting aroma. At the end of the treatment, each sample was reduced to a small brown concentrate of pollen suitable for microscopic examination, thousands of grains complete with warts and spines.

Each preparation was carefully examined and a list made of all the species which were present. Next each slide was traversed under the high power of the microscope, and every grain encountered was identified and counted until a total of about one

hundred and twenty grains was reached. From this count the percentages of the different kinds present were worked out. It always happened that some ninety percent of the total was made up of about six kinds of pollen, the remaining ten percent consisting of isolated grains of many species, but such a distribution is usual in pollen counts. The few heavy pollen-producers in a plant community (usually wind-pollinated plants) produce so much pollen that the total production of all the other plants is swamped by it. This disproportion must be allowed for when interpreting the results of pollen analysis.

When all the counts had been made, and all the proportions worked out, I drew up the result as a pollen diagram. This was a graphic representation of the pollen history of Imuruk Lake, the vertical axis representing the eight meters of the core. At each ten centimeter interval the pollen proportions were drawn to scale, so that the changing fortune of a particular pollen type could be followed up and down the sediment column, that is through time. When the pollen diagram was completed, the analysis had occupied a year.

The diagram was deliciously involved. It had jagged toothy black bits, squiggly lines, the names of sixty plants, and over seven hundred plus signs. But for all the graphic complexity of the diagram, the pollen history was simple. The same few pollen types which made up ninety percent of the grains present at the top of the diagram also made up most of the total at the bottom, and there were no massive incursions of new types in the interval between. The pollen showed that a vegetation composed of tundra plants, like those making up the present stark arctic community of the Imuruk Lake basin, had occupied the region throughout the long history of the core. There were two intervals in the diagram where some of the pollen types were withdrawn, leaving an even sparser pollen assemblage. These two intervals could be regarded as representing tundras of times when the climate was even more arctic than that of today. Throughout the core then, the record was one of cold arctic tundras, when the environment was as cold or colder than that of modern Imuruk Lake. The hopes for a mild arctic migration

route were receding, but they were not yet quite gone. It was still necessary to demonstrate that the record was long enough to span land-bridge time.

A reliable time-scale must be placed alongside the pollen diagram. For this there were two possible approaches: comparison of details of the record with known histories from elsewhere, and radiometry. The arctic histories available for comparison were confined to the last ten thousand years, that is to the post-land-bridge period. Like the Imuruk core they recorded only tundra, but they showed the details of the tundra development since the land bridge disappeared. These details were reflected in the top one eighth of the Imuruk Lake pollen diagram. This was a thrilling discovery. Not only did it imply that lower parts of the diagram did indeed represent the land bridge, but it also hinted that the Imuruk Lake core spanned a fantastically long period, perhaps eight times as long as any polar record yet obtained. Detailed changes in the pollen diagram took on a new significance.

There were two intervals in the diagram, intervals which might span thousands of years, where the pollen reported a tundra even more forbiddingly frigid than that of modern Bering Strait. It was possible that these cold periods alone represented the land bridge, that their frigid climates were associated with the glaciers which had drained the Bering Sea. To see if this was so, I appealed to the radiocarbon laboratories for age determinations on the Imuruk Lake mud.

Radiocarbon dating depends on measuring the decay rate of the radioisotope of carbon in dead organic matter. The difference between this decay rate and that of living material gives the age of the sample. The sophistication of the method may be judged from the fact that the inventor won the Nobel Prize for it. Traps which may lead to error are legion, and my mud represented the very worst material for dating which the laboratories can be induced to accept. But I sent off my pitifully inadequate little samples and waited for results. They came in ones and twos, each giving its period of elation, each chopping away at my funds (the open-market rate for a radiocarbon date is one hundred and eighty dollars), each bringing its share of mystery.

The dates obtained were not consistent. The first to arrive later turned out to be one of the odd ones, and it set me to rebuilding my evidence like a Sherlock Holmes hopelessly duped by the false trail of his Moriarty. A desperate brain-boiling effort made all my facts fit this radiocarbon age, overturning the established chronology of the arctic pollen diagrams as it did so. Since the previous arctic chronology was the work of my teacher, the next dates to arrive came as something of a relief for they allowed a less iconoclastic interpretation. Gradually it became clear that there was an irreconcilable conflict between two series of dates, and that I must act as arbiter. One set of dates had to be treated as "not providing true ages."

Prudence dictated that the dullest interpretation of the chronology be used, but the balance of probability allowed the more exciting. This made the Imuruk Lake record stretch far back into the Pleistocene where none had been obtained before. It equated the two cold periods of the pollen diagram with the last two of the great continental glaciations, it purported to record the land-bridge climate which should have been experienced by migrating man, and it enabled judicious comment on the theory of ice ages. Now two years later, other records are available which increase the probability of the bold interpretation, but still it must be stated with a good many qualifications. The general conclusion, however, is beyond dispute. The land bridge was a cold arctic place, at least as frigid as modern Imuruk Lake, and probably a good deal colder. There was no wood for fuel. There were long bitter winters when food must be thawed even if not cooked, when sewn clothing was an absolute necessity for human survival.

The Imuruk Lake study has eliminated the possibility that the first Red Indians found an easy route to America. We still do not know with certainty from whence they came, but we do know that they were capable fellows. If they were not hunters of the Arctic land-bridge plains, possessed of the elaborate skills necessary to live in such a place, they were mariners who crossed the Pacific or Atlantic Oceans. A Pacific crossing meant a tremendous voyage on a Kon-Tiki raft. The North Atlantic in glacial times was probably choked with pack-ice and icebergs,

necessitating a kayak-building, seal-hunting type of culture. Men who came by any of the three routes must have evolved skills as advanced as tailoring or boat-making. This level of society is therefore set as having been reached by the men of twenty thousand years ago.

Which way did they come? I feel sure that the land bridge route was used. Even the arctic tundra, bitter as it was, could have been no more demanding of cultural skills than navigation of the Pacific or the ice-pack life of the North Atlantic. Herds of mammoths, horses, bison, and reindeer should have produced a crop of meat which was larger than is possible with the present reduced Arctic fauna, so that hunting men may well have fared better than the Caribou Indians of today. Life would have been possible, and where men can live they settle.

Migrations of stone-age men are not to be thought of as earnest treks for a promised land, directed by a passion and system which would brave all obstacles for sake of the advance. Primitive hunters followed their prey, moving on when the beasts moved on. If the hunting was good, the population grew, and as it grew the young people moved further in quest of more prey. I cannot imagine a stone-age chieftain telling his people to follow him to a new world, and it seems to me that a hypothesis to explain the settlement of America must allow for the gradual spread of populations directed by no other pressure than the freedom to thrive, or perhaps a few lean years. People could not have spread gradually across the oceans, but they could have done so across the Arctic plains. The Bering land bridge existed, a place where hunters could support themselves. It fused America to Asia. It provided a homeland over which people could move with the slow tempo of generations. I think it quixotic to deny that it was used.

And yet I am reluctant to think that the other routes were not used as well. Why should intrepid men not have spent their winters on Atlantic ice-floes, and why not the bold on Pacific rafts? The land bridge was the route for successful colonizing, but the other ways were there for adventurers. I, for one, choose to think that there were adventurers in the Pleistocene.

A SUPREME COURT JUSTICE STEPS DOWN

By DAVID J. DANELSKI

CHIEF JUSTICE WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT dreaded the day he would have to face his aging colleague, Associate Justice Joseph McKenna, and tell him that the time had come to step down from the Bench. "I shall never be forgiven," said Taft. And it seemed certain that the day would come, for as McKenna approached his eightieth year and senility in 1922, he told the Chief Justice that "when a man retires, he disappears and nobody cares for him." Taft felt at the time that McKenna should have retired years before and that he clung to the Bench only because he wanted the deference of office and feared death would overtake him if he retired.

The problem the Chief Justice dreaded facing was almost as old as the Court itself. One of John Marshall's colleagues, Gabriel Duval, lingered on the Court until his eighty-third year, ten years after he had become deaf. In 1838, Richard Peters wrote to Joseph Story that Justice Baldwin "was *entirely deranged!!*" Yet Baldwin remained on the Court until his death some six years later. Chief Justice Taney established a record for longevity in the Court that has been surpassed only by Justice Holmes. It was touching to see Taney go about his work in the Court in his eighty-seventh year. Though the Chief Justice was still strong in mind, the task of presiding so drained him that, according to Court Reporter Wallace, when Court recessed, a clerk had to administer "whiskey & water to him in the judges' room to keep him 'up'." Justice Grier, at the age of seventy-two, was beginning to break physically and mentally when, in a shaky hand, he wrote Chief Justice Chase: "My health is good—the failure is only in my *understanding* & powers of locomotion." Four years later Chase and a committee of his associates had to ask Grier to retire. "The Chief & Judge Nelson waited on Pa

this mor'g," wrote one of Grier's daughters, "to ask him to resign saying that the politicians are determined to oust him." Grier acquiesced and died within three months of his retirement. Justice Clifford suffered a stroke in 1880 at the age of seventy-seven that rendered him incapable of recognizing even his colleagues; yet he tenaciously clung to his place on the Court until it was wrested from him by death the following year. In his final years on the Court, Justice Field was so senile that he was incapable of any work; yet, intent on bettering Marshall's record of thirty-four years' Court service, he adamantly refused to retire. And he had his way: he finally retired in his eighty-second year, but only after he surpassed Marshall's record. Ironically, President McKinley chose Joseph McKenna to fill Field's vacancy.

As a boy, Chief Justice Taft had heard his father, Alphonso Taft, tell of the committee of Justices that asked Justice Grier to relinquish his seat on the High Bench. And as President, Taft thought it was an outrage that the four Justices who were more than seventy years old would not step down. "Those old fools," he said, "hold on with a tenacity that is most discouraging. Really the Chief Justice [Fuller] is almost senile; Harlan does no work; Brewer is so deaf he cannot hear and has got beyond the point of the commonest accuracy in writing his opinions; Brewer and Harlan sleep almost through all the arguments." The fourth Justice was Peckham, who died the same year Taft made these remarks. So in October of 1921, when Justice McKenna administered the oath of office to Taft, the Chief Justice was well aware that there were problems ahead in regard to the frail, white-bearded little man standing before him who had reached retirement age eight years earlier.

Chief Justice Taft's first contacts with the old Justice were favorable. Though McKenna had suffered a slight stroke of paralysis in 1915, he was in good physical health for his age and showed a willingness, as Taft would have put it, "to pull his weight in the boat." Being the senior Associate Justice, he occasionally assumed the privilege of advising Taft during his first year as Chief Justice. "A suggestion as to conference," McKenna would say. "My experience has been that postponed conferences

have not been a success. The argued cases get stale, and it is better to have them discussed even if they are not decided." Then, diplomatically, the *ancien* would add, "This is only a suggestion." The Chief Justice took such advice good naturedly and was rather touched by it. When McKenna was ill in January of 1922, Taft sent a note to the Justice's house indicating his concern and suggesting that he not try to make the conference that day. In the same spirit, McKenna answered: "Thanks for your note, its kind solicitude and its kind commands. If not in deference to the former, I must yield to the latter, and shall stay at home today."

Nevertheless, as Taft listened to McKenna in conference and read his slip opinions during the 1921 Term, he saw age gnawing at the mind of the old man. The fact that Justice Holmes, who was two years older than McKenna, was also on the Court did not help matters. Holmes, despite his years, was still sharp as ever and did his work with a dispatch that even some of his younger colleagues could not equal. Taft believed McKenna was jealous of Holmes and for that reason sought to write his opinions just as rapidly, but often with disastrous results. Although Taft regarded McKenna as "a good fellow," he also noted that the old Justice was sensitive and would sometimes lose his temper when criticized. "He is most humble and deprecatory in manner at first," Taft recorded in April, 1922, "and then blazes out in something that is denunciatory and personal." When Taft wrote those words he had in mind a spat McKenna had with Holmes in the conference on April 2, 1922. McKenna had lost his temper and apparently was abusive to Holmes. But the Magnificent Yankee had restrained himself and made no rejoinder. The other Justices said nothing, and the Chief Justice, embarrassed for everyone, asked the next Justice for his views on the case being considered. Taft, impressed with the way Holmes had borne himself in conference, wrote him later the same day, thanking him for his restraint. Holmes, characteristically, replied that "it does not require much effort to restrain one's self when one perceives the inevitable at work." He added that McKenna's domestic affairs made him nervous and that he (Holmes) had suspected for some time the subconscious ele-

ment to which Taft had referred—presumably McKenna's jealousy.

The occasional outburst by McKenna in conference Taft could take in his stride, but more shocking to him and embarrassing to the Court were McKenna's opinions. Though the Chief Justice assigned him only the simplest cases, McKenna still could not get them right. In case after case assigned to him for opinion he failed to satisfy his colleagues. Either the opinions missed the point upon which the decision turned, or they failed to deal adequately with the issues involved. In one case, McKenna brought back an opinion that sustained the opposite of what had been voted by the entire Court, including McKenna himself. The other Justices usually made only cursory comments on the back of McKenna's slip opinions, leaving the task of straightening them out to Chief Justice Taft. One opinion, however, slipped by Taft and the entire Court, resulting in a petition for rehearing on the part of the losing litigant. The Chief Justice regarded the incident as "most humiliating to the Court" and feared that the petition would have to be granted.

Before the 1921 Term ended, Taft was convinced that both McKenna and Holmes should retire. Holmes's case, admittedly, was an arguable one, but McKenna's presence on the Court, Taft thought, was unconscionable. For "McKenna's vote," Taft confided to his brother, "may change the judgment of the Court on important issues, and it is too bad to have a mind like that decide when it is not able to grasp the point, or to give a wise and deliberate consideration to it."

Perhaps one such case during the 1921 Term was *Truax v. Corrigan,* which involved the constitutionality of an Arizona statute restricting the issuance of injunctions against peaceful labor picketing. Since McKenna was moderately sympathetic to labor, one might have expected him to uphold the statute as Holmes, Brandeis, Clarke, and Pitney voted to do in conference. But McKenna cast his crucial vote with the conservatives and held fast. On the back of Taft's opinion for the Court, McKenna wrote: "Good work. Most heartily. McK."

As the 1922 Term began, McKenna, as Taft had feared, was again in his seat on the Bench, ready for another year's labor.

Justice Van Devanter remarked that though McKenna showed "the impress of mature years," he looked refreshed after the vacation. Whether McKenna looked refreshed or not, Taft was still of the opinion that "he ought to get off"; yet he was "the least likely to wish to go off." The 1922 Term, thought Taft, would be like the previous one: in winter McKenna would begin to drag and complain of the work; the cases assigned him would again have to be carefully selected; and his opinions would have to be thoroughly reviewed before they were announced. Holmes, by comparison, rose in Taft's estimation: "Holmes is vastly more useful, and does a great deal more good work."

The most important case in the 1922 Term was *Adkins v. Children's Hospital*, in which the Court, by a vote of 5 to 3, declared unconstitutional the minimum wage law for women in the District of Columbia. Taft dissented because he believed the constitutionality of such laws had been determined six years earlier in *Bunting v. Oregon*. Undoubtedly he found McKenna's vote with the majority in *Adkins* puzzling, for McKenna had written the opinion of the Court in *Bunting*.

The 1923 Term found McKenna and Holmes, now both octogenarians, still on the Court. Taft was becoming increasingly perturbed about McKenna. The old Justice's inability to participate in the work of the Court and "to hold up his end" were becoming more and more painful for everyone, especially the Chief Justice. He still acknowledged that McKenna was "a good fellow" and "a man of high principle"; yet Taft saw the old Judge's view as narrow, his mind as possessing "little logic," and his decisions as the result of haphazard impressions. To Taft, McKenna was a "Gestalt impressionist," "a Cubist on the bench, and Cubists are not safe on the bench." In the conferences during the 1923 Term, Taft noted, McKenna took no interest in the cases except to express an opinion, "generally professing that he does not understand [them]." And his opinions were criticized, cut down, and rewritten—all to his sorrow. Withal Taft had sympathy for the old man. He was aware that McKenna's wife was seriously ill, that McKenna was "depressed and not on good terms with the world," and that the prestige of

remaining on the Court was one of the few things McKenna had left in life. Yet, as much as he dreaded even the thought, Taft felt that if McKenna did not show some intention of withdrawing from the Court before the end of the Term, the Justices themselves would have to unite and bring influence to bear on him to retire. And Taft knew the task of spokesman would inevitably fall to him—a thankless job for which he believed he would never be forgiven.

As the 1923 Term wore on, it was obvious to practically all of the Justices that McKenna's time to go had definitely come. On March 7, 1924, Holmes wrote to Pollock that one of the opinions he was writing awaited "the oscillations of McKenna to determine whether it shall be the judgment of the Court." Taft, feeling that he could not tolerate the determination of important cases on the basis of the "oscillations" of a senile man, polled his associates in April as to action the Court should take. Justices Van Devanter, McReynolds, Sutherland, Butler, and Sanford agreed with Taft that McKenna must be asked to leave. But Holmes, though agreeing the action should be taken, could not bring himself to say so. And Brandeis, too, would not give his consent. Taft felt that Brandeis took this position because he wanted a Democratic president to fill McKenna's vacancy. More likely, Brandeis was thinking of his good friend Holmes. If McKenna was asked to leave, would not the next step be a request that Holmes, who was older, also retire from the Court?

The situation became aggravated late in the spring of 1924 because McKenna as senior Associate Justice had to preside over the Court in the Chief Justice's absence, and Taft became seriously ill late in April. He had suffered a slight heart attack in January, from which he recovered rapidly, losing no time from the Court's work, but when the condition recurred in April, Taft's physician insisted that he remain in bed even if it meant missing Court conferences. Disturbed by the thought of McKenna presiding over the conference, Taft persuaded his physician to permit him to go to the Court to preside on the condition that he stay in bed until it was time to go to Court and return to bed immediately after his work in the Court was completed. On one occasion late in May, Taft nevertheless had to ask Mc-

Kenna to preside, sending him detailed instructions. To be sure the job was done properly, Taft also informed Justice Van Devanter of his instructions to McKenna.

Some of Taft's friends saw a connection between his illness and the extra work he did because of the old men on the Court. "The fact is," wrote his former Attorney General, George W. Wickersham, "you have been doing the work of at least two men ever since you went on the Court, and that means two full-sized men! You cannot go on that way indefinitely. It is an infernal outrage that the octogenarians on your Court do not see the injustice of their staying on and piling additional loads on you." Taft, of course, agreed, but taking action was another matter.

When the Term ended, McKenna intimated that there might be some changes in the Court before the Justices met again in the fall, but that comment was no harbinger of hope for Taft. "If there are to be any changes," he told his wife, "I don't think they will be with the old men. Vacation usually gets them ready to come back with a certain determination to stay." Indeed, Taft pointed out that McKenna, just to show there was plenty of life in him yet, "printed a dissenting opinion in which he differed from the entire Court and made a lot of remarks that seemed . . . to be quite inapt and almost ridiculous."

During the 1923 Term, the Court was sorely troubled by *Carroll v. United States,* in which it had to decide whether a warrant was necessary to search an automobile if the police reasonably believed that contraband was being transported. At first McKenna was with the minority of four who thought a warrant was necessary. Taft, who was in the majority, assigned the opinion to McReynolds, but McReynolds later changed his mind, thus creating a new majority. But it was only temporary, for McKenna soon defected and Taft again had a majority. Taking the opinion himself, the Chief Justice carried it over to the following term and managed to convince all but two of his colleagues of "the correct principle in respect to the search of this instrument of evil, the automobile." Rejoicing in victory, Taft did not forget the importance of McKenna's defection at one point in the case.

Of the Justices who felt McKenna should have retired at the end of the 1923 Term, McReynolds' feelings were particularly strong. On August 21, 1924, over dinner at the Metropolitan Club with Charles S. Hamlin, McReynolds decried the lingering of the old men on the Court. McKenna's physical condition, he said, was fair but, touching his head, added: "There [is] nothing there." Holmes, he felt, was still all right mentally but was so out of touch with the world that he should have resigned long ago. In order to preserve itself, the Justice explained to Hamlin, the Court would have to take some action. McReynolds said he seriously considered introducing a motion in the Court prohibiting the assignment of opinions to Justices who were more than seventy-five years old. That would take care of McKenna and Holmes—and also McReynolds during his last four years on the Court.

During the same summer, Chief Justice Taft and Justice Van Devanter discussed McKenna with his physician, Dr. Sterling Ruffin. They told the doctor they felt the Justice was losing his "mental grasp" and was unable "to do hard, sustained mental work." Dr. Ruffin agreed and said he would do what he could to convince McKenna to retire, but it would not be an easy task, for the old man, highly valuing his associations with the Justices and not knowing what to do with himself if he left the Court, was determined to remain.

At the time, the campaigns of Calvin Coolidge and John W. Davis for the presidency were just getting under way. Lest the Court be criticized for being politically motivated in urging McKenna's retirement in 1924, Taft and Van Devanter thought it wise to postpone any action in the matter until after the November election. If Coolidge was elected, the plan was to confront McKenna immediately and ask him to leave the Court.

At the beginning of the 1924 Term, when McKenna returned to the Court, he appeared paler and thinner but still quite erect. Mrs. McKenna had been extremely ill that summer and was on the brink of death. Her illness had taken its toll on the aging Justice, and when she died during the second week of October, McKenna was beside himself with grief. After the funeral, one

of his daughters took him to Boston to live with her temporarily, hoping that he might be persuaded to retire from the Court. Taft had the same hope, but he was not optimistic. On October 20, he wrote his friend Jacob M. Dickinson that "with the pertinacity that grows with age, [McKenna] still hopes to return because he does not know what he could do with his time if he were not on the Bench. Undoubtedly he ought to retire, and I am hoping his family will induce him to do so."

But McKenna's family was unable to do so, and the old Justice returned to the Court in late October. With his heart condition bothering him again, Taft felt immediate action should be taken. Again he and Van Devanter consulted Dr. Ruffin, who was still emphatic about the wisdom of the Justice's retiring. On November 4, the people returned Calvin Coolidge to the presidency; on November 9, Chief Justice Taft called a conference of all the Justices, except McKenna, at his home to legitimize the action that he felt he had to take in regard to the senior Associate. Taft told his colleagues what they all knew—that McKenna's mental powers were no longer sufficient for the work of the Court and that it seemed unwise for the Court "to decide any case in which there were four on one side and four on the other, with Mr. Justice McKenna casting the deciding vote." This time all seven Justices, including Holmes and Brandeis, agreed that the time had come for McKenna to step down, and, as Taft had expected, they authorized him to handle the matter "as seemed best."

The Chief Justice moved quickly. His first step was to ask Van Devanter to bring the Justice's son, Major Frank B. McKenna, to the Taft home that evening. Van Devanter indicated generally to the Major what the problem was and told him that he and the Chief Justice wanted to advise the family that Justice McKenna was going to be asked, as gently as possible, to leave the Court. When Major McKenna met Taft and Van Devanter that evening, he asked whether he should broach the matter with his father. Taft thought not. He said that it was the Justices' opinion that he should handle it himself. The reason that the family was called in was the same reason Dr. Ruffin had been

consulted—to determine whether such a communication would be injurious to the Justice's health. Major McKenna consented to Taft's taking up the matter with his father and agreed he would say nothing about it.

The next morning Taft received a telephone call from McKenna in which the Justice said he had talked to his son and would like to come over and see the Chief Justice. Taft agreed to the meeting. He surmised that the Major had told his father what Justice Van Devanter had said and that McKenna had known of the conference the previous day. As Taft put down the telephone receiver, he knew that the day he had dreaded was now at hand.

Taft and McKenna faced each other in the Chief Justice's library on November 10, 1924. In appearance, they were contrasting figures—Taft, large and (despite his recent illness) apparently hearty; McKenna, diminutive and frail. Each knew his role in this once-in-a-judicial-career situation, and both hoped that all would go well. Taft spoke first recalling that some time before McKenna had said in the robing room of the Supreme Court that he was thinking of going away and that he did not propose to stay on the Court after he was unable to do the work or after his colleagues thought he could not do it. All of the Justices, said Taft, agreed that McKenna was now unable to do the work because he lacked the physical strength to command his mental energies, and thus the time had come for him to leave the Court.

Taft braced himself as McKenna began to argue his time had not yet come. The old Judge asked: Was he not up with his work? Had he not written every opinion assigned to him? How could the Justices conclude that he could not do the work when in fact he had been doing it? Taft, tense and full of sympathy for the old man, said he did not want to argue the questions. McKenna responded that he wished the Chief Justice would. Painfully Taft told the old Justice that he had not assigned him anything but the simplest cases for opinion, that even those opinions, when returned, had to be reassigned or rewritten, and that that should demonstrate that he was unable to do the work.

What Taft had said undoubtedly hurt McKenna. Of course, McKenna answered, the Justices were entitled to their opinions about what he could and could not do; certainly he did not intend to remain on the Court if he could not do the work, and he would abide by his colleagues' judgment. The Justices, McKenna assumed, had no authority to end his term. "Of course not," the Chief Justice answered; they simply believed it was their duty to communicate their view to him.

McKenna then took another tack. Leaving the Court, he said, would be hard for him to do at any time, but, having just lost his wife the month before, it was especially hard to do at this particular time. Hopefully he waited for Taft's generous heart to give him a reprieve. But the Chief Justice made no comment. "I concluded," Taft wrote later the same day, "it was wiser not to enter into that discussion and did not say to him, what of course is fact, that for two years the situation has been such that we have felt it a violation of our duty not to speak earlier."

McKenna saw that there would be no reprieve, that, much as he hated to do it, he would have to step down, and that this was the end of his public career. It had been a good and honorable career, and he began to tell Taft about it—about his first political office, District Attorney of Solano County, California, his going to the California Assembly, his four terms in Congress, his five years as a Federal Circuit Judge, his appointment as Attorney General by President McKinley, and finally his coming to the Supreme Court. Taft said McKenna's career had been indeed a long and honorable one, and all of the Justices regretted that it had to end now. He told McKenna "how deeply they loved him, how chivalrous they found him, how tender of the feelings of others he always was, and how particularly trying it was therefore to act in the present instance from a personal standpoint."

McKenna then said he would resign, but he asked two favors —that the resignation take effect about January 1, 1925, and that the Chief Justice assign him just two or three more cases. Taft said that although the docket was heavy, he thought he could arrange it. Thus it was done: McKenna would leave the

Court about the first of January. Taft felt relieved and thanked McKenna for making the conference as painless as possible. McKenna, too, seemed relieved. The two judges then discussed the men they had known in a lifetime of politics. McKenna told of his experiences with various presidents, with the judges of the Ninth Circuit, with Tom Reed, and others. He also told of his congressional campaigns, especially one in which he ran as a gold Congressman and was vehemently opposed by the silver interests. As they talked, it dawned upon Taft that he, McKenna, and possibly one or two others were the oldest men in public life left in Washington. When the conversation was over, the two men shook hands and Justice McKenna returned home. Taft was happy the encounter had gone so well, yet he was also sad. McKenna was really "a good fellow," and it was a blow to him to be asked to leave the Court. But that was not all that made for sadness in the Chief Justice; in talking to McKenna, Taft realized that he too was getting old. He knew his days were also numbered. Any day his heart condition might get worse. Perhaps he might not even fulfill his ambition to serve ten years on the Court.

True to his word, the Chief Justice assigned McKenna three more cases for opinion. The first was a tax case that had been argued while McKenna was in Boston. The opinion was written with Holmesian dispatch; Taft checked it carefully and McKenna delivered it on November 24. The second case also involved taxation. On December 9, Taft studied McKenna's draft opinion in the case and, being unsure of it, sent it to Justice Van Devanter. "Dear Van," the Chief Justice wrote, "I enclose McK's opinion. The latter part I had not seen. Run it over. Send me your suggestions on a separate paper so that I might incorporate them in my handwriting. The old man is in a hurry to send it out." Six days later McKenna announced the opinion in open Court. The third case involved the construction of the Federal Safety Appliance Act. Since it was McKenna's final opinion, he planned to deliver it on his last day on the Court—January 5, 1925.

On January 4, Holmes wrote to Laski: "McKenna leaves the

Bench tomorrow. I don't know whether the point will be marked at the time, but he has a sweet nature and though worn out we shall miss him." Later that day Taft drafted a letter of farewell to McKenna and circulated it among his colleagues. He asked them to make whatever changes they believed appropriate and return it to him as soon as possible. Since McKenna would be glad to have a little ceremony when he left, Taft thought that the letter might be read in open Court the next day, at which time the old Justice could respond and then withdraw. "It has never been done before," the Chief Justice wrote, "but I don't know that there is any objection if he would like it. . . . Let me have your judgment on this."

Holmes thought Taft's letter to McKenna was "a fine one." "It has the sound of spontaneous outburst and does you great credit." Holmes's judgment was against reading the letter in open Court, but he felt it would please McKenna to have something said to mark the occasion; hence a few words by the Chief Justice, together with the presentation of the letter, would be appropriate. "[L]et the bang come later," Holmes concluded. Most of the other Justices felt otherwise, so Taft decided to let "the bang" come in open Court.

Meanwhile, as Taft prepared for the retirement ceremony, McKenna's letter of resignation was formally transmitted to President Coolidge, who cordially accepted it. McKenna drafted a reply to Coolidge's letter of acceptance and showed it to Taft. Concerned about the content of the proposed reply, the Chief Justice circulated it to his colleagues with the comment that he did not want McKenna to look ridiculous. "Don't you think he ought merely to thank the President for his letter? His proposed answer has the suggestion that he did not do all, that others helped him." Taft's colleagues agreed.

At precisely noon on January 5, 1925, the Chief Justice and Justices took their places at the bench. McKenna, as usual, was seated to the right of the Chief Justice. It was opinion day, and Justice McKenna began reading the Court's opinion in *Davis v. Manry*, the last that he would deliver. His associates, in order of seniority, then read their opinions.

"Gentlemen of the bar," said the Chief Justice when the last Justice finished delivering the final opinion, "Mr. Justice McKenna has announced to us, his colleagues of the Court, his purpose to retire from the Bench. He has presented his resignation to the President who has accepted it. As his associates, we have expressed our feelings toward him in a personal letter, which I shall now read."

As Holmes had said, it was a fine letter. Taft emphasized the "charming intimacy" the Justices had enjoyed with "Brother McKenna." "Happy are you," said the Chief Justice, "with such a retrospect of love, confidence and usefulness." He then reviewed McKenna's honorable career from its inception in California. He praised McKenna's twenty-seven years' Court service and scored his distinctive style of opinion writing, which was "characterized by clearness and force, with grace of touch and aptness of phrase that stimulates the reader's interest." Into those opinions, Taft added, McKenna had poured himself—his "training, mental energy, long experience with men and affairs, judicial and ethical spirit, and love of country." Taft then returned to McKenna's personal relations with his colleagues. He said the Justices benefited from McKenna's "greater experience, example, and esprit de corps"; and his "fraternal nature," his "loyalty," and his "tenderness" endeared him to them all. Then came the finale: "May you have many years of happy, well-earned leisure, sweetened by thoughts of the affection and high regard of your associates, and still more by the knowledge of the good you have wrought in your great and honorable career. Farewell!"

McKenna's response was brief. He thanked his associates for their expression of esteem and praise. "They mitigate," he said, "the regret—indeed, sorrow—that I feel in separating from the work of a tribunal so necessary to the existence of a constitutional government. . . ." Also mitigating the sorrow, he went on, was the memory of pleasant associations in the Court with eminent men. He reminded his associates that he had served under three Chief Justices—Fuller, White, "and you, my dear Chief." His official relations with his colleagues would be severed that

day, he said, but he hoped he would continue to have the honor and pleasure of their personal relations in the days to come. "With these words of good-by," he concluded, "go my sincere and affectionate regards."

As Justice McKenna finished the last sentence, the Marshal put a basket of red roses in front of him. There was a moment of silence; then the Marshal's gavel sounded in the chamber. The Justices rose in a body, and the attorneys and spectators in the Courtroom followed their example. McKenna shook hands with the Chief Justice and bowed to the other members of the Court. He then stepped down from the bench. While everyone remained standing, Joseph McKenna, with a firm step and a bowed head, walked side by side with the Marshal to the doorway of the Supreme Court chamber.

Thus McKenna departed from the Supreme Court he so dearly loved. If there was anything to forgive, he forgave Taft for performing his painful duty in November of 1924. For in February of 1925, McKenna sent his photograph to Taft, referring to it as "a 'counterfeit' presentment of a former comrade and a present and ardent friend. . . . It beseeches a place upon your walls." Yet, as McKenna had known it would be, retirement was not easy. At times he would start out for a walk and find himself gravitating toward the Capitol. Perhaps he thought that he was once more Mr. Justice McKenna on his way to the Supreme Court to perform the duties of his office. But if he thought that, the cruelty of fact would strike him when he reached the Hill, and it was hard to take. Even an occasional tear could not relieve the intensity of his feeling. No, he thought, he had made a mistake: he should not have resigned. "Don't you resign," he told Justice Holmes the last time he saw him, "you have a right to linger superfluous on the scene."

Death mercifully claimed Joseph McKenna on November 21, 1926. The next day Chief Justice Taft announced the former Justice's passing, vividly recalling the day McKenna retired. "No one," said the Chief Justice, "who was present will forget the affecting scene and farewell in 1925, when the Justice, in this room, took his leave of the Court and his colleagues."

NEW BOOKS IN REVIEW

LENIN AFTER FORTY YEARS

IMPRESSIONS OF LENIN, *by* ANGELICA BALABANOFF, *translated by* ISOTTA CESARI *from the Italian edition of 1959, University of Michigan Press.*
THE LIFE OF LENIN, *by* LOUIS FISCHER, *Harper and Row.*
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LENIN, *by* ROBERT PAYNE, *Simon and Schuster.*
LENIN: THE COMPULSIVE REVOLUTIONARY, *by* STEFAN T. POSSONY, *Henry Regnery.*

AFTER the long drought, a flood. In the forty years since Lenin's death there have been no comprehensive accounts of his dramatic career. Now three full-length biographies and the translation of a recent memoir have been published within a few weeks. To say this is not to overlook earlier biographies by Leon Trotsky (1925), George Vernadsky (1931), David Shub (1948), and Gérard Walter (1950), among others, as well as the official Soviet biographies edited by E. E. Yaroslavsky (1934) and by P. E. Pospelov (2nd ed., 1963). These works are nevertheless in various ways limited, both because adequate sources on vital aspects of his career were lacking and because evaluation of the momentous events of 1917-24 was until recently difficult. Those whose only aim was to praise or condemn had an easy time of it, for Lenin presents a clearcut target. Those who sought understanding, however, faced perplexing problems of sources and interpretation. Since the death of Stalin a growing volume of published documents and memoirs has alleviated the first problem, and the evolution of Soviet society has brought the era of Lenin into clearer perspective.

The four authors bring to this subject very different backgrounds of experience and knowledge, which are reflected to a considerable degree in their interpretations. Angelica Balabanoff is a veteran of the Russian socialist movement, and she knew and worked with Lenin off and on for some fifteen years. She was thirty-nine at the time of the revolution, and her popularity among the European socialists made her a natural choice for the position of secretary of the Third International. For a while she tried to work with Lenin and Zinoviev, but she could not tolerate their ruthless intrigues and in 1921 she parted company with them. Her memoirs offer a series of very personal sketches of Lenin and his relations with Trotsky and Stalin, as seen from her vantage point as a democratic socialist. She found the methods of all three distasteful in the extreme, but at the same time she had the subtlety to recognize that Lenin's capacity

to persuade and admit mistakes set him apart from his more arrogant and ruthless comrades. She has not attempted a biography, but her character sketches are among the most revealing that we have.

Louis Fischer is a journalist turned scholar. He has examined with a scholar's care Lenin's voluminous writings as well as the other published sources, and at the same time he draws on his long career as a reporter in the Soviet Union and on his acquaintance with close colleagues of Lenin to provide a convincing sense of the spirit of the times. He writes without admiration but also without malice, and gives Lenin the respect that is due to a man who wrestled with formidable issues and imposed his will on a great nation. Western biographers of Lenin write in the knowledge that they are for the time being the court of last appeal, given the continuing lack of freedom of Soviet scholars to explore controversial issues, but they know also that the clues to many riddles are still in the Soviet archives. The obligation of responsibility and restraint imposed by this knowledge is fully met in the work of Fischer. The particular strength of his biography lies in his full treatment of Lenin's career after his accession to power, which occupies the greater part of the volume. His thoughtful and compassionate treatment of Lenin's role as a party leader and a statesman provides a very significant contribution to our knowledge of his life and times.

Stefan T. Possony is a scholar of Austrian birth and education, who made his reputation in Europe as a specialist on economic and psychological warfare before he came to the United States to devote his attention to problems of strategic air power, international diplomacy, and Communist political strategy. His biography of Lenin draws on a solid basis of research, but he is less interested in the statesman than in the tactician of revolution. He devotes particular attention to the years of apprenticeship before 1917, and draws effectively on unpublished materials in the Hoover Institution and elsewhere to provide hitherto unavailable details concerning Lenin's relations with Japanese and German agents. He also reviews at length the medical and psychological record of Lenin and his family, although he acknowledges that the evidence is in large measure circumstantial. Yet his account is so heavily weighted in favor of personal at the expense of political issues, that for the period after 1917 one has the impression less of a statesman wrestling with issues than of a theoretician issuing statements. A biography need not be a history of the times, but the life of a statesman can be understood only in the context of the great issues with which he is associated.

Robert Payne is a prolific professional writer who can turn out several volumes a year on subjects ranging from ancient Greece to twentieth-century China, and his accomplishments include a considerable knowledge of Russian history and politics. He is first of all a popularizer, however, and the fact that his biography is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection has given it a reputation quite out of proportion to its merits. Payne has written some exciting narrative passages, but he has not done his research very carefully. He regularly oversimplifies issues, and gives as much attention to trivialities if they catch his fancy as to fundamental issues of policy. Moreover he has a crippling affinity for the sensational. His main assertions—that there was not a drop of Russian blood in Lenin's veins, that at the end of his life he apologized to the Russian workers for reimposing despotism, and that he died of poisoning administered at the order of Stalin—are either grossly misleading or lacking in supporting evidence.

The extent to which Lenin's life is still a matter of controversy, despite extensive new sources and research, is illustrated by the conflicting accounts of his ancestry. Payne states categorically that Lenin was "German, Swedish and Chuvash, and there was not a drop of Russian blood in him" (p. 46). Possony maintains that Lenin's paternal ancestors were part Russian and part Kalmuck, and that his mother's mother was German or German-Swedish and her father was Jewish (pp. 1-3). Fischer goes into this matter in more detail, and is less categorical. He establishes that Lenin's paternal grandfather, a Great Russian, married a Kalmuck. His maternal grandmother was German or German-Swedish; and his maternal grandfather, Dr. Blank, an army physician, was either a German or a converted Jew (pp. 2-5). It is on this last point that the controversy waxes hottest, and it is interesting that the entire question of Lenin's ancestry, and particularly the identity of Dr. Blank, has been studiously ignored by official Soviet scholarship.

The importance of this issue is not what blood flowed in Lenin's veins, but how his family background affected his attitude toward Russian society. His father, a school inspector who rose rapidly to the rank of hereditary nobleman, was a conservative figure loyal to the state and to the official church. He died at the age of fifty-six, however, when Lenin was sixteen, and the removal of his restraining influence may well have been an important factor in the development of a youth who had grown up in provincial comfort in

the Volga town of Simbirsk. Lenin's mother, on the other hand, was a Lutheran but was apparently not conventionally religious. She spoke German as well as Russian and also read widely in French and English, and her tastes may explain Lenin's early and avid interest in West European ideas and institutions. It is interesting that his two brothers and two sisters who survived to adulthood also engaged in revolutionary activity.

A critical turning point in Lenin's life occurred in 1887, a little over a year after his father's death, when his elder brother Alexander was arrested and executed for complicity in a plot to assassinate Emperor Alexander III. The effect on Lenin of his elder brother's tragic death remains a controversial question. Fischer adheres to the conventional view that this was a traumatic experience that marked the beginning of his alienation from conventional society (pp. 17, 209). Possony, on the other hand, is inclined to see the two brothers as rivals (pp. 12-13, 382-383), and both he and Payne remark on Lenin's calm resumption of his studies after his brother's execution. He in fact graduated from secondary school with high grades within a few weeks and started his irregular university education, interrupted by arrest and police supervision, that was completed in 1891 when he passed his final law examination with excellent grades.

These were also the years of Lenin's conversion from the populism of N. G. Chernyshevsky, S. G. Nechayev, and P. N. Tkachev to the socialism of Marx and Engels. Payne places great emphasis on the influence of Nechayev, and goes so far as to devote the first chapter to him and to quote his "Revolutionary Catechism" in full. Possony takes a more scholarly view of Lenin's intellectual development, and reviews in some detail the various strands of Russian revolutionary thought that influenced him. He traces Lenin's early contact with Marxist writings, and makes a good case for the view that he did not become a full-fledged Marxist until 1892. Fischer is inclined to place even less emphasis on the populist element in Lenin's intellectual development.

In the following decade Lenin completed his apprenticeship as a revolutionary. He established relations with G. V. Plekhanov and the other leaders of Russian socialism in St. Petersburg and in Europe; suffered arrest and exile in Siberia; published *The Development of Capitalism in Russia;* married Nadezhda K. Krupskaya, who was to be his lifelong companion and assistant; and became accustomed to the irregular life of a revolutionary agitator and organizer in England, France, and Switzerland that was to last, with only brief

visits to Russia, until 1917. It was in 1901 that he first used the pseudonym "Lenin," probably derived from the Lena river following the precedent of Plekhanov's pseudonym "Volgin" from the Volga, although Payne suggests that it may be a form of Ulyanin, a variation of the family name. This period culminated in the publication of *What Is To Be Done?* (1902), which was a characteristic blend of the opportunism and activism of the Russian populist tradition and the historical materialism of Marx. Possony devotes particular attention to this crucial formulation of the role of organization and tactics, which was Lenin's principal contribution to revolutionary doctrine.

Lenin faced two crises on his road to power: the split in the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party, which he initiated in 1903 and which assumed a dramatic finality during the revolution of 1905, and the final revolutionary effort between April and November 1917. The first crisis found Lenin isolated from the mainstream of Russian socialism; the second brought him the victory for which he had been striving for so many years. Between the two crises lay a decade of restless and unhappy exile.

Lenin's conception of a professional revolutionary party was the central issue at the Second Congress which the Social Democrats held at Brussels and London in 1903. At this meeting the ruthlessness and obstinacy of Lenin's tactics were exhibited in an extreme form. Plekhanov, who supported him at this juncture, found him a disagreeable colleague and their cooperation did not long survive the congress. Even with Plekhanov's support Lenin was defeated in his effort to limit membership in the party as a whole to disciplined revolutionaries. Intra-party controversies permitted Lenin to control by a narrow margin a majority of the delegates who stayed on until the end of the Congress, and thus to claim for his faction the title of Bolshevik, but he was by this time an isolated figure.

The Mensheviks found themselves in a minority at the end of the Second Congress, but they dominated the socialist movement in 1905-06 when the autocracy cracked under the strain of the Russian-Japanese war. Lenin did not return to Russia until November 1905, and he distrusted the Soviets—the councils of workers' deputies—which had already been established and which in 1917 were to form the basis of his power. He distrusted them chiefly because they were dominated by the Mensheviks, and it was against the latter that he directed most of his invective. The revolution and its aftermath

raised many controversial issues relating to the participation of the Social Democrats in political life, and Lenin saw these issues chiefly in terms of factional strife within the party. He succeeded in preventing his faction from being absorbed by the Mensheviks, but he could not prevent the latter from pursuing a moderate policy. Balabanoff, Fischer, and Possony agree in stressing the uncompromising tactics of Lenin at this stage, and Payne cites with great effect (p. 199) Lenin's spirited defense of opportunism when his tactics were challenged by the Mensheviks.

Before the First World War, Lenin was prominent in the international socialist movement as a pugnacious individualist and a fanatical believer in a disciplined revolutionary party, but on questions of historical dialectics and materialism he remained in the mainstream of Marxist thought. He supported the orthodox Kautsky against the revisionist Bernstein in the prewar years, and it was only during the war that he came to believe that Russia might make a rapid leap from "feudalism" to "socialism" without a prolonged intermediate period of "bourgeois" rule. The first of his remarkable improvisations was formulated in his April Theses, issued upon his return to Russia in 1917, which Fischer and Payne treat in some detail but Possony tends to slight. The central innovation introduced by Lenin at this stage was the view that Russia need not pass through a long period of "bourgeois" government but could proceed immediately to a "proletarian" revolution. He therefore advocated sabotage of the war effort, usurpation of power from the Provisional Government by the Soviets, and nationalization of private property.

What was remarkable about this program was less the departure from orthodox Marxism than the recognition by Lenin, virtually alone even among the Bolsheviks, that a further revolution was possible. To the extent that Lenin's position assumed an imminent socialist uprising in Central and Western Europe, adumbrated in his *Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism,* it proved to be illusory. But it was also based on a keen appreciation of the new revolutionary opportunities offered by the increasingly anarchic conditions in Russian society, and here his judgment proved to be sound.

It did not take Lenin long to win over the top echelon of Bolsheviks to his point of view, although his authority was by no means unchallenged. As late as October 23 Kamenev and Zinoviev opposed the decision to attempt a seizure of power, but the success of the *coup d'état* on November 6-7 resolved any remaining doubts as to

the realism of Lenin's estimate of the situation. Outside the immediate circle of faithful Bolsheviks, however, Lenin's reputation was beclouded by the charge that he was a German agent. The circumstances of his return from Switzerland via Germany, the availability of generous sources of money for press and propaganda, and his advocacy of fraternization on the Eastern Front and finally of a separate peace with Germany, all pointed toward a pro-German orientation.

Drawing on the recent work of Zeman, Hahlweg, and Futrell, Possony provides a detailed account of the nature and extent of German aid to the Bolsheviks. Indeed, he goes so far as to maintain that at the time of the peace negotiations the Germans had a "secret hold over Lenin" (p. 266) and that he was "controlled by the Germans" (p. 274). His argument is that Lenin was so dependent on German support that he had no alternative but to make a separate peace. This deduction goes well beyond the available evidence and does not carry conviction. It is now well established that the Germans provided the Bolsheviks with extensive aid as a means of disrupting the Russian war effort, but it is also clear that Lenin used this aid for his own purposes.

Lenin's background and rise to power make a fascinating story, but his goal in life was to transform Russian society and in the last analysis his reputation must rest on his role as head of the Soviet state. Yet of the three biographies only Fischer's offers a full account of these years of crises and decisions.

Lenin now emerges as a single-minded leader, devoted to defending and consolidating the tenuous hold on political power gained by the Bolsheviks in 1917. It is a reflection of his astuteness that Marxism soon ceased to play a determining role in his policy decisions, although it continued to inspire both his long-term objectives and the semantics of his daily discourse. It is also significant that Lenin had few ideas as to how he should go about rebuilding Russian society. His definition of Communism as "Soviet power plus electrification of the entire country," still cited by Soviet authorities as "the programmatic formula of a genius" (Pospelov, xii), reveals his lack of comprehension of the problems of industrialization and social change. Not under Lenin but under Stalin, whatever one may think of him as a person, did the Soviet system evolve as we know it today. But no theories would have helped Lenin through the difficult years of 1917-21, and he exhibited outstanding gifts of imagination, origi-

nality, realism, and decisiveness in dealing with unprecedented problems.

One of Lenin's most critical decisions was his insistence on the separate peace with Germany at Brest-Litovsk on very onerous terms. Even the Bolsheviks found this hard to take, and Lenin was in a minority on this issue in some of the early Party councils. If one rejects the view advanced by Possony that Lenin was compelled to make peace because of his reliance on secret German subsidies, one must fall back on a more complex motivation based on his estimates of the viability of the Russian Army and of the likelihood of revolution in Germany. Lenin's opponents maintained that continuation of the war would hasten the revolution in Germany, and thus more effectively protect the new order in Russia. Lenin shared the illusions of his opponents regarding a German revolution, but he had a much sounder view of the home front. In discussing the Brest-Litovsk negotiations Fischer gives a particularly full account of Wilson's efforts through the Fourteen Points to convince Lenin that he could get better terms from the West. Wilson could offer hope for a generous territorial settlement after German defeat, but he could not offer peace nor could he even offer reeognition.

Lenin's last great improvisation was the New Economic Policy, introduced in March 1921, which involved a radical departure from Marxism as it was then understood in the Soviet Union and which met with much opposition on the part of the Bolsheviks and their associates. Here again Lenin's approach was pragmatic rather than theoretical, and he was quite prepared to turn to "state capitalism," as he called it, if this was the best means of restoring the economy. This decision, more strikingly than any other, reflects the true temper of Lenin as an original thinker and a realistic leader. He had lived by doctrines and theories most of his life, but these were only means to an end and he abandoned them as soon as he discovered that they were not sound. His great achievement was not in imposing Marxism on Russia but in finding viable solutions to problems with which he had had no previous experience. Only Fischer fully faces up to this juxtaposition of doctrine and policy, and he gives Lenin credit for creative imagination of a high order.

Lenin's contribution to Communist statecraft was thus as a pragmatic leader rather than as a theorist. In the realm of party organization Lenin made fundamental contributions that have survived to this day, but in the realm of state policy he could offer only his realistic reaction to a succession of crises. When Lenin became

incapacitated the Party continued as an instrument of power, but there was no one with Lenin's qualities of leadership to take his place. Lenin's health was already failing at the time of the debates over the New Economic Policy, and he gradually withdrew from active participation in government. He had recovered rapidly from the two bullet wounds inflicted by Fanny Kaplan in August 1918, but by 1920 "nerves" and headaches were forcing him to take long vacations and in May 1922 he suffered his first stroke. A second followed in December and a third the following March, and thereafter he was virtually helpless. He succumbed to a final stroke on January 21, 1924, at the age of fifty-three, and the autopsy revealed blood vessels so obstructed that the physicians were surprised he had lived so long. There is strong evidence that Lenin was predisposed to arteriosclerosis, for his father had died at about the same age and apparently of the same cause, but it is not unlikely that his death was hastened by overwork.

Stalin's rise in the Party to a position second only to that of Lenin may be dated as early as the death of Sverdlov in March 1919, as Possony suggests (p. 303). In April 1922, when Lenin sponsored Stalin's election by the Central Committee to the newly created post of Secretary General, he clearly regarded his Georgian associate as the Party member best qualified for this vital post. Yet at this time Lenin had not yet suffered his first stroke and the question of succession had not arisen. Lenin had no intimate friends among the leading Bolsheviks, and he led more by the power of his intellect and of his will than by appeals to loyalty. It was only after his first stroke that Lenin came to recognize Stalin's shortcomings—the ruthlessness that he exhibited both toward national minorities and toward Party personnel who stood in his way. As early as October 1922 Lenin expressly criticized some of Stalin's policies, but by this time he could no longer consult official documents without Stalin's approval. Lenin foresaw the developing feud between Stalin and Trotsky, to whom he referred on December 24, 1922, as "the two most prominent leaders of the present Central Committee," but he had no alternative leader to propose. Instead, in a final postscript to his testament, dictated on January 4, 1923, he proposed that the Party "consider a means of removing Stalin." He thus threw the decision to a Central Committee that was already predominantly under Stalin's influence.

Lenin's opposition to Stalin's policies during the last fifteen months of his life is now well documented, but by this time Lenin

was helpless and Stalin held effective power. The course of Lenin's illness was at the time by no means certain, however, and Stalin would have had reason to fear for his position if Lenin had regained sufficient strength to argue his case before the Central Committee. This circumstance, supported by evidence of a very fragmentary and unconvincing character, leads Payne to conclude (pp. 599-607) that Lenin was murdered by poisoning at the order of Stalin. Possony reaches the opposite conclusion, after a careful review of the same evidence, and Fischer likewise finds no reason to believe that Lenin did not die a natural death. Stalin's biography remains to be written, and it will not be easy to find an unbiased biographer, but the evidence at present available indicates that he was not responsible for Lenin's death, however much he may have benefited from it.

CYRIL E. BLACK

THE USES OF LUKÁCS

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL, *by* GEORG LUKÁCS, *with a preface to the American edition by* IRVING HOWE, *Beacon Press.*

STUDIES IN EUROPEAN REALISM, *by* GEORG LUKÁCS, *with an introduction by* ALFRED KAZIN, *Grosset & Dunlap.*

REALISM IN OUR TIME: LITERATURE AND THE CLASS STRUGGLE, *by* GEORG LUKÁCS, *with a preface by* GEORGE STEINER, *Harper & Row.*

THE Marxist critic Georg Lukács has finally arrived in the United States, but one would wish that he had come carrying other pieces of luggage. The haphazard selection of studies offered to the American reader definitely fails to suggest the meandering growth of an exasperating mind who dominates so much of European thought. His book on the historical novel was written almost a generation ago; the *Studies in European Realism* were edited in the late 'forties; the belligerent essay on *Realism in Our Time* dates from the first months of the East European thaw just before the Hungarians revolted. Long ago and far away, Lukács' discussions of the "Popular Front," the inevitable advances of the proletariat, and the vices of "bourgeois imperialism" dimly flicker like *Potemkin* or *Tshapaiev* in shabby movie houses; in ideas and argument, these studies belong to what one may term Lukács' "middle period," in which (as in the case of Bertolt Brecht) ideological orthodoxy tended to endanger literary sensibility. It would be a disservice to introduce Brecht by translating *The Measures Taken* without speaking of his earlier *Baal* and his late *Caucasian Chalk Circle;* and it is no less questionable to ignore Lukács' early *Theorie des Romans* (1919) or substantial parts

of his late *Aesthetik* (1963); they are far superior to anything else he has done. As long as these early and late essays are ignored by American publishers, the reader will have to take the shadow for the substance, and he will have some justification in asking how Lukács differs from a well-educated functionary who elaborates on ideological changes prescribed by powerful political organizations.

From his earliest days in Heidelberg (where he still admired Stefan George), Lukács was obsessed with reconstituting a vital relationship between the historical fate of mankind and the different forms of the creative intellect; and while first attempting to constitute these relationships in Romantic terms, he later redefined his answers according to Hegel, Marx, and Lenin. History and the forms of art are, as any nineteenth-century critic would say, inextricably bound to each other; the closer literature comes to grasping the principles of historical development, the better (whatever the subjective "intent" of the writer might be). The trouble is that Lukács unfolds his visions as a happy prisoner of Hegelian dialectics: a monotonous either-or dominates his world; "trends," "chains," "developments" are constantly paired in tightly corresponding antitheses; and, to the literary terrorist, individual facts never seem to suggest anything of the rich pluralities of mind and life. Fundamentally, Lukács merely admits of a correct and a false alternative in literature; the artist either succeeds in creating reflective images of essential history (i.e. "realism") or he ignores history and inevitably fabricates the static details or the abstract schemes of "naturalism." These key terms sometimes denote recurrent norms and sometimes descriptive period concepts; Lukács refers, with equal ease, to the "realism" of Homer and Balzac (revealing that he looks toward Hegel's definition of the great epic) and the "naturalism" of Zola, Joyce, Beckett, and other strange bedfellows. I believe Lukács conceives the work of art, as any traditionalist would, as a concrete universal which, in its immanent structure of character and situation, offers a reflection of human history moving toward a Paradise Planned and Regained; by creating types the writer crystallizes selected details into portraits of general if not prophetic meaning and opens a way to the future. Lukács' literary inclinations fortunately correspond to his theoretical demands: like any German conservative, he prefers old Greece and the German classics to recent French, American, and British literature; above all, he cherishes the writers of the realist tradition of the nineteenth century (Scott, Balzac, Tolstoy) and tirelessly demands that their example should be

followed. His is the taste of a highly erudite prewar Heidelberg professor plagued by an irascible Jacobin temper.

His substantial book on the historical novel clearly reflects Lukács' double genius for literary history and political terrorism; in the early part of the study, he suggests a highly convincing defense of Walter Scott as the ancestor of an important form of the European prose narrative; later, the critic changes into the commissar who endeavors to beat his fellow exiles (it is the epoch of Hitler's triumphs) into accepting the demands of Stalin's cultural policies. While Erich Auerbach, in his own exile, derived modern realism from the artistic practices of Balzac, Lukács (rightly, I believe) stresses the importance of *Waverley* and *The Heart of Midlothian* as seminal novels which first defined human character "from the historical particularity of the age"; and in his most illuminating passages, e.g. in his discussion of historism as ideology, he comes very close to anticipating Auerbach without ever listening as carefully as Auerbach to the more fragile implications of the text; it is only the shouted message of history that Lukács perceives. But there is a good deal of useful discussion of narrative techniques and tactics: "the delineation of manners dependent on event" (defined, of course, as early as 1821 by Adolphus); the dramatic, or rather scenic, quality of the narrative (characterized by Balzac in his letter concerning Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme*); the function of the average or middle hero (defined in Otto Ludwig's critical fragments on the English novel); the analysis of local color as "artistic demonstration of historical reality." I am afraid Lukács is far less sophisticated on Tolstoy; and when he comes to condemn the novels of Stefan Zweig and Lion Feuchtwanger because of their "reactionary pseudohumanism" the vital critic quickly degenerates into the efficient party hack. *Pseudohumanism?* I do not recall that Lukács ever condemned Lenin for disbanding, by force, the elected Constituent Assembly or for his order to massacre the sailors of Kronstadt.

In his *Studies in European Realism* Lukács unfolds his vision of correct art, or rather the concrete universal mirroring the right progress of history, throughout the nineteenth century. But the historical novel and the novel *an sich* completely coincide; ignoring the gothic strain and disregarding the novel of manners from Jane Austen to George Eliot, as does German Hegelian criticism in general, Lukács sees only half of the literary scene and pretends that it is the whole. In his vision of realism the year of the European Revolutions (1848) forms a decisive watershed of movements and talents.

As long as the middle classes march on, they are able to produce a giant like Balzac, but as soon as they clash with the proletariat, their *élan vital* decays; an almost inevitable transformation sets in; the writer loses his grasp of history and, consequently, falls victim to the naturalism of mere observation, psychological analysis which disregards class situation; exotic interests; private, static, a-historical manias. With Flaubert dispassionate observation unfortunately replaces historical "activism" and in Zola (whom Lukács persecutes as uncompromisingly as Heidegger) the nadir of art seems to be reached. Lukács does not necessarily condescend from the Hegelian *Weltgeist* to the individual work of art; rather, he carefully develops his ingenious distinction between description *(beschreiben)* and narration *(erzählen)*—Scott and Balzac "narrate" because they create typical characters and situations revealing the historical "forces" while the naturalists of all shades and colors merely "describe" in combining unselective details into static surfaces or those unhistorical constellations in which sterile figures remain severed from the dead scenery of environment. I am not surprised that Lukács dislikes Flaubert, who once said that socialism would do away with the tragic sense, but it is strange to see how implacably he tries to counteract the life and art of the socialist Zola. Again and again Lukács says that Zola did not create a single character to be remembered; but Lukács does not like Brecht either and it would not occur to him that Brecht's *Mother Courage,* an unforgettable figure stubbornly fighting for survival, may owe a good deal to Zola's *Mère Maheu.*

In spite of George Steiner's eloquent introduction, I fail to see that Lukács' *Realism in Our Time* (1956) amounts to more than a rearguard action against the desires of the younger generations; written a few months before the Hungarian revolution, it is an earnest if not passionate plea for continuing traditional realism as the most fruitful middle course between the aberrations of "naturalism" (here related to Heideggerian *Angst*) and the degeneration of socialist realism into a schematic propaganda literature furthered by Zhdanov and his henchmen. Politically, Lukács tried to reformulate the pre-Stalinist party-line of 1925; collaboration with middle-class-authors who forego at least their active opposition to "socialism" is to be welcome (now that Stalin is dead) and a new invitation to join the ranks of the victorious proletarian artists is issued to the European liberals and neo-Marxists. Theoretically not much has changed: Lukács contrasts Thomas Mann, as a critical realist in the nineteenth-century tradition, with Kafka who, in spite of his indubitable

talent, "objectively" tends to abet the imperialists because he never escaped the dangerous *Angst;* critical realists following Mann have a legitimate place next to socialist writers although, as Lukács clearly and ominously says, after the victory of socialism critical realism will "wither away." (I have witnessed the "victory of socialism" in at least one Central European democracy and the critical realists indeed soon withered away in the prisons and mines.) I do not see how this little pamphlet can be interpreted out of historical context; a few months before the conflagration that was to destroy the Budapest police headquarters as well as the prescriptions of socialist realism, the conservative Lukács—even at the price of criticizing Stalin's personality cult—tries to save as much as possible. But to conclude that Lukács here demonstrates his anti-Stalinist heroism seems rather odd; before hastily presenting him as a kind of *Maquisard* against Stalin, George Steiner should have waited for the second volume of the *Aesthetik,* which concludes with a substantial defense of the dead dictator against the attacks of the dubious revisionists.

It is revealing that Lukács always takes great pains to elucidate Plato's ambivalent attitude toward the arts; it is part of his self-analysis. Lukács is at his best when he speaks about Scott, Balzac, Stendhal, and Tolstoy in their context of social history; in other spheres of art, he is blinded by his ideological assumptions, decrees entire worlds of the imagination out of existence, and substantially misrepresents others; his is a sophisticated perception tuned to the massive narrative which reveals historical developments rather than to the inaudible connotations of the text. I have no doubt that today, Lukács is admired more in the "Western" part of the world than in the country of his birth; the younger intellectual generation in Germany, Italy, and France, above all, uses his stubborn insights and his political vigor to fight against the entrenched critical and academic establishments: Lucien Goldmann to oppose the positivism of the French universities, Paolo Chiarini to counteract the heritage of Croce, young West Germans to attack their elders who after faithfully serving Hitler suddenly, in 1945, discovered the "work of art itself"; because of his wide horizon, firm value judgments, and political passion, Lukács (if one chooses to disregard the darker side of his genius) proves to be an ally of stature and importance. It may be his hidden tragedy that the younger generation in the Communist countries continues to turn away from him; as the recent Kafka Conference (Prague 1963) demonstrated, the younger Communist intellectuals prefer Kafka to Thomas Mann, have little use for nineteenth-

century traditions, and are, more than their colleagues in the West, deeply aware of Lukács' involvement in the Stalinist policies of the past. Lukács might be a father figure, as Irving Howe suggests, but his Communist sons more and more prefer those intellectual nourishments he has ignored or cursed.

PETER DEMETZ

INTERIORITY IN SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY VERSE

THE PARADISE WITHIN: STUDIES IN VAUGHAN, TRAHERNE, AND MILTON, *by* LOUIS L. MARTZ, *Yale University Press.*

PROFESSOR MARTZ has given his latest book an engaging title: *The Paradise Within.* It is in many ways a very stimulating book. This latest group of studies approaches its materials, as Mr. Martz very well puts it, "from the standpoint of the Augustinian concept of interior 'illumination.'" This is certainly a good approach to men with so much of the mystical in their nature and works as Vaughan and Traherne. At the end of his preface the author modifies the approach slightly so as to include Milton, who has very little of the mystical in his nature or work: "This Augustinian principle of 'the indwelling Teacher', then, provides the central approach for the following explorations into the style, the organization, and the meaning of four literary works composed, approximately, within the same quarter-century: the first edition of Henry Vaughan's *Silex Scintillans* (1650), the *Centuries* of Thomas Traherne, apparently composed between 1670 and 1674, and Milton's *Paradise Lost* (1667) and *Paradise Regain'd* (1671)."

Mr. Martz approaches Vaughan's volume of 1650 "as the symbol of a vital transformation in the religious outlook of the age." True, he does justice to the influence of George Herbert "which, it seems, played an important part in cultivating Vaughan's peculiar experience." He notes how Vaughan's poem "Regeneration" opens with echoes of Herbert, but it soon "moves away from Herbert to convey its own unique experience . . . in which we may discern three dominant fields of reference: the Bible, external Nature, and the interior motions of the Self." Mr. Martz notes that there is not in this poem a single eucharistic reference, that the advice which Vaughan offers "bears no relation to any ecclesiastical symbolism: it is as though the earthly church had vanished, and man were left to work alone with God." For a man of Vaughan's sympathies this may have seemed in the period of Puritan domination a natural reaction. Certainly he puts his stress on the "rich and curious complex of the

Biblical and the natural," drawing on the Old Testament as well as the New.

In "The Holy Communion" the poem "veers away from the feast to ponder the action of grace within the self, and the operation of God's creative power over the entire universe." In his "Vanity of Spirit" Vaughan demonstrates his mastery of the Augustinian meditation, particularly where Augustine "marvels and meditates upon the power of Memory" in the chapters of the tenth book of the *Confessions*. Indeed, Mr. Martz suggests that we may use those wonderful chapters as a commentary upon *Silex Scintillans*. He further suggests that there is no such definite method in the Augustinian meditation as there is in the Ignatian; rather there is "an intuitive groping back into regions of the soul that lie beyond sensory memories." The characteristic movement in many of Vaughan's best poems like "Regeneration" "is a 'mining' of associations, a roving search over a certain field of imagery, a sinking inward upon the mind's resources, until all the evocative ramifications of the memory have been explored." In the process "the 'early days' of the individual's childhood become one with the 'early days' of the human race, as related in the Old Testament."

When the author turns to Traherne, he points out that "in their central imaginations Traherne and Milton share the Augustinian vision of a Paradise within." Mr. Martz compares the *Confessions* of Augustine with the *Centuries* of Traherne and concludes: "Both works are ultimately theocentric, not egocentric: the exploration of the personal memory exists only for the sake of affirming faith and praising God for all his many benefits of grace and creation." Indeed, Mr. Martz asserts that everywhere Traherne "displays a pervasive Augustinian affinity in the forms and literary method of the *Centuries*." "The mind . . . re-collects the fragmentary hints of truth scattered about in the things that are made, and in this way moves toward an apprehension of the essential idea that lives within the eternal mind of God." And he explains the technique of repetition in both works as an effort "to restore, by a continual effort of meditation, those truths that have been restored in the mind a hundred or a thousand times before." Then, he proceeds to point out that the traditional triad of Bonaventure, "Power, wisdom, and goodness . . . is echoed in the first meditation of Traherne's Second Century." Indeed, he finds that the "Steps and Degrees" of Traherne's "own spiritual autobiography are essentially those of Bonaventure's mystical *Itinerarium*," and that it is in Traherne's pursuing Augus-

tine's "concept of 'purposive seeking,'" that Traherne "displays his greatest originality and independence of mind."

I think Mr. Martz is quite correct in seeing more of the Franciscan influence in Traherne's point of view—"the full weight of the Augustinian doctrine of concupiscence is not allowed by Bonaventure to impede the potential of the mind." In the Fourth Century "Traherne is attempting to move beyond the limitations of personal experience and to grasp the essential principles of a life lived in the presence of God." And in the ten meditations of the Fifth Century "Traherne suggests . . . how the soul of man finds its proper home in the Infinity, Eternity, and Omnipresence of God." Here I think the Franciscan influence on Traherne is perhaps even more important than the Augustinian.

Mr. Martz finds that Milton in his *Paradise Lost* is "encouraging us to read the poem as the progress of an interior journey, toward the center of the soul." Essentially, "the action moves from the world we know toward the inward Light by which man is enabled to see a Paradise that lies within the center of the poem and within the center of the mind and memory." "Like Traherne, Milton finds the Love of God best demonstrated in his universal creativity." Here I do not think that Mr. Martz pays enough attention to the very different contexts of the two writers, and the different atmosphere in which they habitually live. Milton, also, believes, according to Mr. Martz, that "man has within himself . . . a creative power derived from the same source that created the first Paradise." "Adam's intuitive movement toward the love of God" in the eighth book "represents the fulfillment of the creative power manifested in the preceding book." The poem ends "in a delicate poise . . . where the sense of immense loss is subtly qualified by a sense of gain." At the end "the promised redemption consists primarily in the renewal of man's inner powers: those powers of the soul by which the bard has just pursued his triumphant journey of the mind toward Paradise."

Perhaps the most original, and most controversial, part of the book, comes in the explanation of the form and style of *Paradise Regain'd*. In this poem Mr. Martz believes that Milton has converted "Vergil's georgic mode into a channel for religious meditation, with the result that the poem belongs, simultaneously, to the classical mode of didactic, instructive poetry, and to the Christian genre of formal meditations on the Gospel." "This meditative poem . . . first of all, concerns the self-discovery of the hero: what it means to be pro-

nounced the Son of God." As regards the style of this work, "the flights of a poetic splendor are consistently drawn back by the prevailing net of a frugal, georgic style to the ground of renunciation and temperance." But at the end "the 'Angelic Quires' sing their concluding hymn of praise, which Milton phrases in a way that allows the Son of God in this poem to suggest the restored Image of God in man, the Paradise within." This theory does explain the tone and temper of *Paradise Regain'd* better than many other theories, but there is, I think, more of action, and of dramatic action at that, in *Paradise Regain'd* than this theory of the meditation quite accounts for.

HELEN C. WHITE

SCIENCE AND HUMAN PROBLEMS

ETHICS AND SCIENCE, *by* HENRY MARGENAU, *Van Nostrand.*
HEREDITY AND THE NATURE OF MAN, *by* THEODOSIUS DOBZHANSKY, *Harcourt, Brace & World.*

SCIENCE has much to contribute to our understanding of philosophical problems, but scientists in America have been rather hesitant to discuss them. The authors of these two books are exceptions. One of them, a physicist, talks about ethics; the other, a biologist, about the nature of man.

Professor Margenau's book is not one to be skimmed through lightly. For a reader not familiar with the terminology that seems necessary for the presentation of philosophical ideas, some of the chapters are heavy going. The main problem that the author poses is clear enough: can the methods used so successfully by science for the construction and verification of its theories be applied to the development of ethical systems? Most maintain that this cannot be done, but the author believes that the two fields are similar enough so that through an application of scientific methodology, moral philosophy can gain the sort of authority that science now enjoys.

The author first discusses how scientific theories are constructed and verified, and then the parallelism between science and ethics in these regards. Moral imperatives correspond to the axioms or postulates of science. The manner in which precepts are developed from these imperatives by casuistry resembles that in which science develops for practical ends the implications of its axioms. Collective human actions, which underlie ethics, correspond to the great body of factual experience on which science rests. Just as an hypothesis in science can be experimentally verified, an ethical command can be

validated by determining whether some desired quality (such as happiness) is attained by behavior that obeys the command. If so, this quality becomes a primary value. When a value leads to action in accord with the commands of an ethical system it is right and thus acquires an "ought," so essential in ethics. Thus the laws of Moses and the laws of Newton have certain basic similarities.

There are important differences between science and ethics, however. The purpose of science is to explain facts; that of ethics, to motivate actions. Ethics has freedom of choice but science does not. Science verifies, ethics validates. Most important, science deals with what *is*, ethics with what *ought to be*. It can be said that science has no room for obligation, that the ought never follows logically from the is; but the author points out that there is a certain normative element in science, also, since a theory that is verified is called "right" and an incorrect one, "wrong."

Values are essential in ethics. This subject is extraordinarily complex, and the author discusses some of the theories that have been evolved. In the ancient trilogy of values—beauty, goodness, and truth—only the second is an ethical value. One should not conclude, however, that the *practice* of science involves no ethical values. Many are essential to it, such as honesty, tolerance, freedom, and honor, as Bronowski has eloquently shown.

The author believes that conscience is an instinctive faculty. Its biological basis is difficult, and as to whether it represents the inheritance of an acquired character or the result of natural selection, he is not clear. To call it "a deposit of the past experience of the race" is not enough.

Historically, ethics and religion have been closely related, but ethics, says Professor Margenau, is now freeing itself from religious domination and beginning to stand on its own feet. Many will disagree with him here, but in a world where moral problems are becoming increasingly serious, this book will help us to see them in a deeper perspective.

The proper study of mankind is doubtless man, but for a geneticist man is the most intractable of animals. Fruit flies are much easier material! Nevertheless, man's significance is so vastly greater than that of any other organism that many students of heredity have tried their hands at interpreting him. Professor Dobzhansky, one of the most distinguished of our geneticists, has in recent years devoted much attention to human problems, particularly those in which heredity is involved. These are the themes of the present book.

Its first chapter is devoted to a brief but cogent discussion of the nature of heredity, including the chromosome mechanism and the recent spectacular contributions of biochemistry to genetics. It concludes with a short but stimulating section on the origin of life and the philosophical implications here involved. The rest of the book concerns four major human problems.

The first is that of the great variety among men. Save for identical twins, every individual on earth is unique genetically, a comforting thought to those who fear the coming of 1984. Then follows a lucid discussion of the ancient question as to the relative importance of heredity and environment in man's affairs. Both evidently are essential, for every trait is the result of interaction between the two.

Heredity comes closest to human affairs today in the problem of race. Races have arisen by genetic change, as have species, but they are not so sharply marked, since individuals of two races can be crossed and interchange genes. The thorny questions of the bearing of racial differences on the democratic ideal of human equality and of the alleged superiority of some races over others are treated with understanding and a broad knowledge of the facts. This book should be required reading in some of our states.

Of more imminent danger is the threat from man-made radiations having their source in medical practice and in the testing of nuclear devices. The author discusses the so-called "genetic load" of harmful mutant genes that are present naturally and cause ill health or abnormality when present in double dose. These are latent in a considerable fraction of the population but become manifest only through the mating of two persons who carry them.

Finally, Professor Dobzhansky looks into the future. He points out the profound difference between biological evolution, resulting from genetic change and thus very slow, and cultural evolution, in which knowledge acquired by experience is passed from one generation to the next by education and can speedily accumulate. Natural selection still operates in man, and if we prevent its action by allowing weak or defective individuals to live and multiply, we face a dilemma between physical and moral degeneration. Human evolution can to some degree be planned, and in this we shall need to depend chiefly on our cultural, not our biological, heritage. What makes the author of this stimulating little book optimistic about mankind is that human evolution is still continuing; that "creation is not an event but a process."

EDMUND W. SINNOTT

MORE FRUITS OF THE EXPEDITION

THE FIELD NOTES OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLARK, 1803-1805, *edited by* ERNEST STAPLES OSGOOD, *Yale University Press.*

THE appetite of Americans for accounts of their forebears' exploits appears to be insatiable. It is an appetite that grows by what it feeds on and is often indiscriminate enough, but the history of the records of the Lewis and Clark expedition shows that it can refine itself at the same time that it grows more voracious.

When the "Corps of Discovery" returned to civilization after nearly two and a half years in the unmapped plains and mountains of the Northwest, public interest in its adventures was intense. Any number of misfortunes and difficulties delayed publication of the discoveries, but at length, in 1814, appeared the Biddle-Allen *History of the Expedition.* By the standards of its day, this was an excellent compilation, based on all the voluminous original materials that members of the party could supply. It was, however, a wholly rewritten version, "a readable paraphrase" of the journals kept by the two captains and others. Biddle not only regularized the soldiers' rough-hewn sentences, spelling, and punctuation, but pared away matter that would have repelled readers who had never struggled with raw nature or dined with Plains Indians. (Occasionally he resorted to Latin for an ethnological passage, such as the Mandans' buffalo medicine ceremony, which was scientifically important but hardly genteel.)

It seems not to have occurred to Biddle or anyone else at the time that these rich materials could have been handled differently. Ex-President Jefferson saw to it that what he called "the fruits of the expedition"—the manuscript journals of Lewis and Clark, together with much unused material—were safely deposited in the American Philosophical Society, but they reposed undisturbed there until Elliott Coues more or less stumbled on them when preparing his new edition of the *History* in 1893. Coues studied them with care and used them to amplify his already elaborate annotation. His extracts led to the Society's projecting a complete publication of the records as a centennial tribute to the Corps of Discovery. Reuben Gold Thwaites' *Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition,* issued for the Society by Dodd, Mead in seven volumes and an atlas, 1904-05, is one of the monuments of American editorial scholarship, presenting every scrap of manuscript material Thwaites could lay his hands on and rendering the amassed texts with scrupulous fidelity to their authors' untutored prose.

One might suppose that Thwaites had attained the scholar's goal of definitiveness—and it is true that his work has not had to be done over again. But a journal kept by Captain Lewis from Pittsburgh down the Ohio in 1803 and Sergeant Ordway's journal across the continent and back were yet to be discovered and edited for the Wisconsin Historical Society by Milo M. Quaife in 1916. And in 1962 Donald Jackson edited a 700-page collection of *Letters of the Lewis and Clark Expedition . . . 1783-1854,* which brought together many items known before but hard to get at, supplemented by much fresh material bearing on every aspect of the expedition, its background, and its sequels.

What more conceivably could be wanting, or wanted, to satisfy our curiosity about the first American transcontinental expedition? The answer is: Any single scrap of genuine contemporaneous documentation that might come to light. In the winter of 1952-53 a substantial mass of such material had emerged from an attic in St. Paul, Minnesota, attracted public notice through news stories and scholars' gossip, and then been withdrawn because its ownership had to be settled by the courts.

For the moment we may disregard the slow and arcane operations of the law in order to examine what the lawyers called the *res,* which constitutes the text of the present volume. There are 67 separate pieces as now finally arranged by Professor Osgood. They are of all sizes, are virtually all in the hand of William Clark, and form a single sequence of rough notes, with some gaps, from December 13, 1803, to April 3, 1805—that is to say, from the time the party arrived at its base camp ("Camp Dubois") on the eastern bank of the Mississippi across from St. Louis, through the period of staging there, then up the Missouri in the following spring, summer, and fall, and, finally, through its wintering near the Mandan villages in North Dakota until just before its departure for the Rockies and the Pacific on April 7, 1805.

These, then, with accompanying charts, tables, sketch maps, and drawings, are the contents of this sumptuous volume. Mr. Osgood has followed Thwaites in presenting literal texts, and the generous donor of the manuscripts to Yale has gone further by providing the means to reproduce every one of the documents in collotype facsimile. The benefit of facsimiles to a reader is that he may act as his own paleographer, but this may not be an unmixed blessing to the editor. Clark has been aptly called "a creative speller" ("cupeblow" for "cupola" is a representative example), he was innocent of the rules of

punctuation, and he took down his notes under the worst imaginable conditions, so that transcribing them calls in turn for the powers of a mind-reader and a cryptographer. Mr. Osgood has done admirably, leaving little that is undeciphered or unintelligible in his printed text, but in being so conscientiously literal he has probably made Clark an even worse speller than he was. Thus, since Clark's n's and r's are more or less interchangeable in appearance, it would be only fair to render what looks like "juny mast" as "jury mast" without an editorial interpolation. As for the curious word in the entry for October 16, 1804, which Mr. Osgood renders "Levenispice" and thinks may be a Clarkism for "living space," it is a fair guess that it should be read as "L[ake] wenupic." The exact spelling is uncertain, but in the same or a slightly variant spelling this lake may be found in northern Minnesota on Clark's manuscript map prepared about 1809, now in the Coe Collection at Yale.

Before turning to the substance, something must be said of the legal contest over the papers after their discovery. A federal district court in Minnesota, sustained by a court of appeals in St. Louis, found that the papers should pass without hindrance to the heirs of General John H. Hammond (among whose effects they were found in Hammond's daughter's attic), and that the claim of the United States, on the ground that the notes were written by Clark in the line of his duty under orders from President Jefferson, was without merit. The earlier notes at Camp Dubois, the judges reasoned, could not be official because the expedition had not yet left United States territory, and the notes taken on the upriver voyage and at Fort Mandan could not be official because they had been superseded by Clark's usually fuller journals in notebook form that had been used by Biddle, deposited at Jefferson's behest in the American Philosophical Society, and edited by Thwaites. Of what possible use to the government, the trial judge asked, could these scribbled and fragmentary drafts ever have been? But scholars have a different standard of relevance, and the publication of the field notes enables us at last to see what new light they throw on Lewis and Clark's adventure and accomplishment.

The "Dubois Journal" (to adopt Osgood's term for the first twelve documents), December 1803–May 1804, is entirely new. No other version of these notes is known. They include sketch maps, topographical, archeological, and astronomical observations, details on recruiting, disciplining, and provisioning the force, a roster with comments on individuals ("Howard—never drinks water"), and a

delightful account of how Christmas was celebrated by the recruits with frolics and fights. There are also two superb plans of the 20-oared keelboat which was to take most of the men and supplies up the Missouri. There is less on the commanders' activities in St. Louis than one wishes for. But to compensate, there are revealing estimates of distances and rates of travel to the Pacific and back. They show that Clark then supposed the party could winter close to the Rockies, spend a fortnight on the Pacific shore, and get back to St. Louis by the end of 1805, nine months before it actually did. Mr. Osgood points out that Clark's estimate of the distance to the Pacific, 3050 miles, was nearly a thousand miles short. His error was mainly in reckoning the distance between the Mandan country and the Continental Divide.

In the "River Journal," as Osgood designates Documents 13-67 (May 1804–April 1805), one must look sharp for "new" materials. The phrasing is frequently different from that in the bound journals printed by Thwaites and is sometimes more colorful. When he came to copy out his rough notes, Clark seems to have rather systematically suppressed personal references and expressions of feeling—for example his adventures in the mud on June 24, the feast he ordered for the party on his own birthday, occasional passages on the beauty of the plains country, his refusals of the women offered him by the Teton Sioux. He also said less in the notebooks about the exploits of his black servant York, who boasted to the Arikara (who called him "*the big Medison*") *that he had run wild and eaten children before* being caught by his master. A few details on the death of the able and faithful Sergeant Floyd are unique in the field notes, including the touching one that the men had prepared a warm bath on shore to ease Floyd's pain but he had died before they could get him to it. Inexplicably, Clark's notes on the speeches of chiefs at Indian councils are fuller in the field notes than in the bound journals. It would have been sad not to have had the Oto chief Big Horse's remark that he could not quiet his young men unless the captains gave him "a Spoon ful of your milk" (i.e. whiskey) to keep them from the warpath.

These are merely samples. The editor has pointed out others. All told, the amount of fresh data on the expedition during the first leg of its immense traverse is modest. But every scrap is precious—to use a word that Jefferson applied to the records created by the Corps of Discovery. The picture of the co-captains proceeding up the Missouri in their keelboat "under a jentle Breaze" (as Clark

liked to say), and on to the farthest West, is deeply graven on the American mind. Our thirst for every new detail being unquenchable, we can only be grateful for a volume that adds substantially to what we had known before.

L. H. BUTTERFIELD

SIGNIFYING EVERYTHING

SHADOW AND ACT, *by* RALPH ELLISON, *Random House.*

RALPH ELLISON loves language with an intellectuality which sets extraordinarily high goals for his fiction. Other poets have mused on words with a playfulness as serious as Ellison's. Other novelists have created social worlds with more scenery and with actors we know more about. And occasionally writers have tried to convey some sense of what it is like to live amid swiftly changing conditions, but it is much more difficult to locate a life in the fluid Somewhere which is change than in the more stable though falsified Nowhere which placates readers everywhere. For a novelist concerned with change the problem is to create human identities implicated as fully in the chaos of emerging conditions as they are defined by more familiar patterns of order carried out of the past. Ellison's distinction is that he names the problem and faces it without evading the difficulties. He accepts as the writer's task nothing less than the creation of forms which can render the process of change intelligible and significant. *Invisible Man* is such a form; divided vision the crucial perspective it nourishes—divided in the sense of made aware that only ambiguous vision is clear enough to rely on. The essays of *Shadow and Act* remind us that the word magic which animates *Invisible Man* proceeds from a systematic conjurer who puts words under the pressure of experience and raises the pressure until the words become unstable, until they actually move, their transits shaping meanings for change itself. Ellison's battle against confusion is a battle for clear naming, for names which suit reality precisely because they are ambiguous. Ellison at his best puts so much reverse English on words like "yes," "light," "up," "fate" that their transits of meaning in *Invisible Man* spin out actual shapes of change. Bliss Proteus Rinehart, that "American virtuoso of identity who thrives on chaos and swift change," is so confident a con man because he is closer to reality than everyman; his many shapes must be recognized before he can be signified. The clues which Ellison's essays offer about the shapes of his own struggles as a writer in America deserve close attention.

The significance of the essays gathered in *Shadow and Act* is autobiographical, or so Ellison asserts. Yet they say little about his life in any conventional biographical sense. On the face of it they are occasional pieces (the earliest published in 1942 and the most recent last year) which divide reasonably under three headings: literature (mostly American); jazz and blues; and social commentary (mostly on "the Negro American subculture"). The essays are autobiographical in a special sense: they both demonstrate and assert that man's conversion of experience into symbolic action *is* life and that the artist's role in creating a language for this conversion is fundamental, especially in a society undergoing rapid change.

Ellison continually emphasizes the freedom of perception rather than the limits of circumstance. In describing his family he introduces more ancestors than relatives, a playful distinction which serves his philosophical thesis. Ancestors, particularly spiritual ancestors, can be chosen, whereas relatives are simply given. Ancestors project ideal possibilities; relatives are Fate. In this sense ancestors can be conjured from anywhere and everywhere whereas relatives present limits which must be acknowledged. (Henry Adams' *Education* proves the rule.) When Ellison names ancestors and relatives he is making several points, and all at once, as usual. Melville and T. S. Eliot are his ancestors as are Pound, Joyce, and Hemingway, Homer, Leonardo, and Henry James (William James belongs there, somewhere), as well as André Malraux and Kenneth Burke. Richard Wright is part ancestor but mostly relative—a distinction that Ellison insists that critics should make. Wright is an ancestor because he reverses Negro withdrawal underground and presents an unavoidable face; Wright is a relative because Bigger Thomas is not big enough, because Wright's characters are prisoners and in the end his writing has added to social confusion by ignoring changes.

Curiously, Wright is the only "relative" that stays in mind. Ellison was three when his father died; the paternal legacy is a poet's name, Ralph Waldo, transcending all disguise. Ellison's mother is present but in the shadows, a nurturing figure recalled as idealistic—a socialist before Irving Howe had ever heard of Marx. In general, the landscape of memory is unusually free from relatives.

Ellison remembers his childhood in Oklahoma in the 'twenties as free and dreamy. His heroes were everyboy's heroes, his models the usual outrageous variety of movie stars and stuntmen, gamblers and scientists, soldiers, knights, and jazzmen, their essential powers and skills assembled in imaginary identities—merging for Ellison in the

figure of a "Renaissance Man." He reminds us, gently, that children's imaginations are unaware of incongruities, irreverent even toward caste. When social analysts deny this possibility in their deterministic theories, they add to social confusion. As a case in point, commenting on the Negro student sit-ins, Ellison asks, "How do you account for the strength of those kids?" Certainly there was no answer at the time in the extensive sociopsychological writings on "Negro personality."

Speculations about the roots of this special integrity might well begin by considering the role of jazzmen as models for finding sustenance in chaos. Jazz was clearly crucial in the development of Ellison's own sense of free life. Jazz virtuosos showed young Ellison how the discipline of music opened a world for expressive play. Part of the beauty grew from tension between the limits of traditional musical forms and techniques and the limitless goal of humanizing sound as the voice does. And this artistic tension had a social counterpart in the complex ironies of the jazzmen's relations to Negro and white respectabilities and evasions. Ellison's extended musical apprenticeship to writing gives weight to his flat judgment that "Negro musicians have never, as a group, felt alienated from any music sounded within their hearing."

In fact, nowhere do Ellison's reflections suggest alienation. He stresses the special advantages of growing up as a frontiersman in the social chaos of Oklahoma City amid a strange mixture of attitudes, naïve and sophisticated, benign and malignant, affording a "wide and unstructured latitude" to imagination. "Isn't one of the implicit functions of the American frontier," asks Ellison, "to encourage the individual to a kind of dreamy wakefulness, a state in which he makes—in all ignorance of the accepted limitations of the possible—rash efforts, quixotic gestures, hopeful testings of the complexity of the known and the given?" Yes, agreed, and the real frontier is the edge of perspective, we add, only to find that Ellison has been making that point all along. "The American novel," he declares at the close of an interview, is "a conquest of the frontier; as it describes experience it creates it." The Negro frontiersman of Oklahoma jazz, by reverse English, has turned Turner's frontier into an American ambiguity—no dilemma, just ambiguity.

Like Walt Whitman and William James, Ralph Ellison is in love with possibilities. The central excitement of his essays is their enactment of a progressive discovery that words can set men free.

Ellison's accounts of this discovery pivot around the idea of discipline, a discipline of double vision which reveals reality and connects man to it at the same time detaching him from it and enabling him to act freely, that is, to create. Because this disciplined doubleness works so magnificently in *Invisible Man* the elaboration of Ellison's views in *Shadow and Act* deserves analysis, even at the risk of being too schematic.

Discipline, for Ellison, is a form of action within certain perspectives. Discipline is, first of all, theatrical action. Ellison quotes Yeats: "If we cannot imagine ourselves as different from what we are and assume the second self, we cannot impose a discipline upon ourselves, though we may accept one from others. Active virtue, as distinct from the passive acceptance of a current code, is the wearing of a mask. It is the condition of an arduous full life." Or again, Ellison: "Let us make up our faces and our minds." Masks must be chosen; and they must work. Secondly, discipline as action is social in the sense of trained self-control; the roles played with notable control by many American Negroes represent a discipline undergone by all human beings in varying degrees as they join society. Thirdly, discipline is artistic action, a willed playfulness which explores chaos, creating relationships among shifting identities and ordering the relations of various identities-in-process with one another and with various sets of social circumstances.

The disciplines of theatrical, social, and artistic action operate, ideally, within perspectives conscious of ironies but never on that account incapacitating the actor, since Ellison's disciplined doubleness affirms life. Personal growth *is* discipline developing. Society, in this perspective, is duplicitous but undisciplined, hence confused —inevitably, to some degree, since conceptions lag behind the flow of events. Art, in battling individual and social confusions, seeks to reform conceptions by creating forms fit to show the way home. And home, finally, is America for Ellison. As it is for Everyman because Ellison's America is pluralist and protean, a delicately poised unity of divergencies—a paradigm of world development.

This seems to me to be Ellison's position in bald summary. Within this framework the "problem of the Negro writer in America" becomes simply one instance of the problem faced by every writer when he has to make sense out of his own experiences in various subcultures. The question remains as to whether Negro American subcultures provide settings conducive to the development of well-articulated identities. By minimizing obstacles and

limits Ellison's essays leave the impression that free will is axiomatic, that "discipline" is not only a personal opportunity but a sufficient condition for civility in general. We might all be free if we would. From this position the most important question to be asked about any individual's situation is "How does he cope with it?" The importance ascribed to identity problems tends to equalize all circumstances. What really counts is the quality of perspective. "Men determine their own social weather," says Ellison, "and human fate is a creation of human confusion."

Confusion is dangerous, certainly, and anyone knowing even roughly where and when he has been and is, is someone who must cry out against confusion. Clarity is, at the least, a salvation for intellectuals: experience becomes more acceptable when patterned. And clarity probably serves all men well, although the real thing is so rare that its social consequences are conjectural. But when a man has developed Ellison's rare kind of insight, he rouses hopes that he will outline a moral anatomy of social confusion, estimating which illusions held where are how dangerous, locating our various plights precisely. This is what I miss in *Shadow and Act*.

Nor does Ellison tell us about his own caves of chaos and the particular dragons he slew in finding the treasures of possibility. Well, why should he? To borrow one of his epigraphs: "That which we do is what we are. That which we remember is, more often than not, that which we would like to have been; or that which we hope to be. Thus our memory and our identity are ever at odds; our history ever a tall tale told by inattentive idealists."

LAWRENCE WASHINGTON CHISOLM

SOME PROBLEMS OF CONTEMPORARY CHRISTIAN THOUGHT

KERYGMA AND HISTORY: A SYMPOSIUM ON THE THEOLOGY OF RUDOLF BULTMANN, *translated and edited by* CARL F. BRAATEN *and* ROY A. HARRISVILLE, *Abingdon Press.*

THE HISTORICAL JESUS AND THE KERYGMATIC CHRIST: ESSAYS ON THE NEW QUEST OF THE HISTORICAL JESUS, *translated and edited by* CARL F. BRAATEN *and* ROY A. HARRISVILLE, *Abingdon Press.*

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THEOLOGY, *by* ETIENNE GILSON, *translated by* CÉCILE GILSON, *Random House.*

PHILOSOPHICAL FRAGMENTS OR A FRAGMENT OF PHILOSOPHY, *by* SØREN A. KIERKEGAARD, *originally translated, with introduction, by* DAVID F. SWENSON, *revised by* HOWARD V. HONG, *notes and commentary by* NIELS THULSTRUP, *Princeton University Press.*

THESE four volumes delineate a considerable area of contemporary reflection about Christianity. The first two volumes include nine essays each and concern a range of issues, small and large, engendered

by the assiduous historical research of German scholars, plus some relevant asides, speculative and otherwise, that have developed therefrom. Professor Gilson's book is the memoir of a French Catholic, who, with an education not calculated to produce allegiance to Thomas Aquinas, nonetheless went on his way of discovery and made a claim for a distinctive Thomistic and Christian philosophy. Almost by the way, his pages also include diatribes against popular misconceptions of St. Thomas and of the uniformity of medieval thought, along with pages expressing his displeasure with French intellectual life of the past few decades. The work by Kierkegaard, published in Danish in 1844 and in English translation in 1936, is here being re-issued, with corrections and a host of scholarly aids—a foreword, two introductions, a long commentary, in short 217 pages of scholarship for 139 pages of Kierkegaard's text. His pages, veritably fragments or pieces, very much in an analytic and critical temper rather than speculative, mark very precise differences between two kinds of teaching, that of Socrates and that of Christianity.

A supposition of most book reviews seems to be that the reviewer understands clearly what the book is about. It should not be supposed that the reviewer saves the reader from ever reading the book by distilling the gist. But in the case of the two volumes edited by Professors Braaten and Harrisville it is a little difficult to say exactly what they are about. "Many things" is correct but not very illuminating. In what follows, I propose to describe in a somewhat ideal fashion something of the situation within which these articles take on their vitality, their sharp polemical tones, and their terribly abstract yet strident urgency.

For long centuries, Christians have taken Jesus with extreme seriousness. They have remembered His birth, His death, events of His life, His sayings, and, of course, His resurrection. All of us know how even the grid of Christian worship seems to rest upon these events. In the nineteenth century, all kinds of historical studies were quickened by new techniques, new styles, different questions, and the sheer bulk of detailed learning. Much of this was expended upon Jesus of Nazareth and the relevant literature, practice, and lore of Christian history. Through the years there have been an enormous refinement of research and a continuing growth of literature. But there has been a great disquiet too. For instead of all of this study giving a clearer and more precise account of the historical Jesus and vindication of those crucial events in which Christians seem to have such a large stake, there has been seemingly less and

less to affirm with confidence and precisely because of the exacting historical techniques.

Albert Schweitzer's survey in *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, published over fifty years ago, already sounded the skeptical note, and the volumes here under consideration make the point over and over that there is very little that is agreed upon, indubitable, verified, incontrovertible. One author, Professor Heinrich Ott, even insists that this historical research shows us clearly that there are no historical facts, only some historical pictures. In any case, the research has evidently not isolated any brute facts that are the sure foundations for the Christian faith. This is the reason for saying that the historical research does not seem to offer the kind of certification that Christians and others expected.

But another constellation of reflection has also accumulated on another kind of topic. If one speaks of the "Kerygmatic Christ," one is talking about what theologians call "Christology," the Christ figure of worship and tradition. When the hope of identifying this Christ, who is talked about as the Savior, Son of God, Son of Man, the Logos, by comparing and confirming that depiction with the historically discerned Jesus breaks down, then scholars with a certain theological flair have raised another and more subtle issue. This one is whether the historical materials, the New Testament included, at least do not testify to a common and central ideality, a Christ of the Kerygma, of the gospel. This might be likened to giving up looking for more about George Washington and saying that the "Washington-figure" of the literature at least can be agreed upon. Except—and this field of historical research is full of exceptions—"There is not one theological Christ but many" and "as soon as we make a really critical study of the tradition, we begin to see that there is no such figure as the Church's Christ." So, the hope that evidence would converge upon a common picture, if not a full blown "Kerygmatic Christ," also has become a little dim.

Something like this situation is described by these volumes of essays. Of course, there are questions, rebukes, and impressive reconstructions being offered. Rudolf Bultmann, a Nestorian figure in modern German historical and theological studies, is the particular recent figure who has precipitated much of the discussion since Schweitzer's day. *Kerygma and History* is largely concerned with big and little issues stirred up by his notion that we must demythologize the Bible and the consequent loosening of the links

between historical facts and the gospel message, between Jesus and the Christ, that many of his colleagues say that they surmise in his considerable writings. It goes without saying that concepts of "myth," "history," "fact," "gospel" and others are also at stake. Whether these are adequately treated, other readers will, of course, have to judge.

The second volume, like the first, is again a selection of essays, most of them by eminent Europeans, who seem anxious to press matters beyond the somewhat disparate and disjunctive state suggested by Bultmann's writings. Therefore, there is a new quest for the historical Jesus under way. But the volume also makes clear that there are critics of this move—some who insist that a radically new conception of history is in order that would undercut the bifurcation we have noted. So, the second collection goes back to Martin Kähler, a pre-Schweitzer writer on these problems, who proposed a way to study such a complexity as Jesus in a manner almost as distinctive as the subject of study (Kähler is discussed at length in essays by Braaten, Bartsch, and Ott). And Professor Ott, full of speculative zeal, is so bold as to invent a new set of concepts by which he criticizes "positivism," "historical facts," the distinction between facts and interpretation, etc. In fact, a new concept of "history" appears, stimulated apparently by Heidegger's philosophy and some needs not immediately apparent, by which he hopes to embrace the dichotomy between fact and interpretation, historical research and theological claim.

The purport of this second volume, then, is to show via these somewhat tentative and exploratory essays that new ways are opening up by which another quest for the historical Jesus can be undertaken. Most of the "new ways" seem odd to Professors Van Harvey and Schubert Ogden, whose long collaborative essay is a trenchant and lucid denial that this quest is really very new. It seems to the reviewer that this quest is also a venture that can only take place if an elaborate and quite murky metaphysics is perpetrated first. But, a number of other matters are very clear. Both of these volumes show how ambiguous the concept of "fact" is. From this ambiguity, one author concludes that there are no facts. Others assert that "fact" is a function of a metaphysics and that the only way to get a better concept of "fact" is to get a better metaphysics. However, one wonders if the ambiguity in "fact" is not of another sort. Maybe there is no single concept at work in all the contexts where we talk

about "facts" and, accordingly, there may be no one meaning encompassing them all. Therefore, it may well be that the pursuit for the final and incontrovertible facts, upon which everything else would finally rest, involved also a conceptual mistake and accounts in part for the dismay and the confusion disclosed in these pages.

Etienne Gilson's volume describes another kind of reflection among Christians in our century. Between the great wars, a kind of revival of Thomas Aquinas' thought took place, whereby "Thomism" began to look adaptable to recent science, sustained by a respectable logic, amenable to contemporary social needs and problems. In short, it loomed up as a respectable alternative philosophical scheme, viable and tough, with strong survival powers as the "philosophia perennis." Besides, being claimed to be intrinsically rational, it was at least compatible with Christianity. Whatever the internal difficulties and obscurities, Thomism resumed its place in Europe and America as something discussable, pertinent, and no longer simply a curious anachronism fortuitously linked to the fate of Catholic Christianity.

Certainly Etienne Gilson is in large part responsible for these shifts in attitude. Through fifty years of scholarship, including major works on St. Bonaventure, St. Bernard, Scotus, St. Thomas, St. Augustine, plus a dozen or more extended analyses and histories of themes and doctrines, he has made the study of medieval philosophy and culture important and relevant to all kinds of current issues. Not least, perhaps, is the notion that there is something distinctive called "a Christian Philosophy." The burden of this somewhat candid, and even somewhat intemperate account, *The Philosopher and Theology,* is "the long adventure of a young Frenchman brought up in the Catholic faith who was indebted to the Church for his entire education and to the University of Paris for his philosophical training, who found himself confronted by Clio with the task of discovering the precise nature of theology, and who, after devoting many years of his life to the discussion of this problem, found the answer too late to put it to use." That answer is a kind of "Christian metaphysics" which Professor Gilson assures us is true, and, furthermore, "continuous study of it confirms my belief in its perenniality."

Whatever the fate of that metaphysics, the book is engrossing on other counts: it tells us a great deal about the climate of opinion created by Lévy-Bruhl, Durkheim, Péguy, Brunschvicq, and others; the internecine struggles in Catholic circles over the proper way to

interpret St. Thomas; the modernist issues again; the role of Bergson in both technical and popular French thought; and, not least, the difficulties in Europe of implementing *Aeterni Patris,* Pope Leo XIII's encyclical concerning the restoration to Catholic schools "of Christian Philosophy According to the Mind of the Angelic Doctor Saint Thomas Aquinas." Amid the grandeur that these names and issues elicit, it is a little surprising to find such a carping and hurt tone about the new catechisms, about the objectivity of teaching at the Sorbonne done by Jews, Catholics and others, about the mistreatment of Maritain, and even about the ignobility one has to suffer being a Thomist in the modern world. But maybe these things also show us that Gilson is also a man with all the pathos that can be hurt and can hurt in turn. Those of us who remember his savage attacks upon other scholars, especially in his study of Dante, can at least surmise from this volume something of the context from which they sprang.

The work of Søren Kierkegaard here needs no review; for the *Philosophical Fragments* has already become a book to be reckoned with. But this new edition of such proportions seems to me to be worthy of some comment, first, because we now have a 357-page volume instead of the slim 104-page edition of 1936; and, second, because there are several changes proposed in Professor Hong's corrections of the Swenson translation that are substantial.

About the commentary I have two misgivings. I see no reason to suppose that most students must read this commentary in order to understand the text itself. The kind of information contained therein—historical details, books Kierkegaard read and did not read, etc.—might be useful to certain kinds of scholars but if so, they ought to look it up in the proper monograph. There seems to be a slighting of the text here, almost as if it were an incomplete and a botched job unless the pedestrian learning of the scholar were added. One is reminded of Kierkegaard's sally about the critics: "To be sure, a critic resembles a poet to the hair: he lacks only the sufferings in his heart and the music on his lips" *(Either/Or).* So here we have all the critical apparatus tiresomely paraded in a volume that was already well written and in which an argument and some distinctions, not information, are the main thrust.

Mr. Niels Thulstrup, the commentator, is certainly one of the most learned of the Danish scholars of Kierkegaard, and, by and large, one cannot cavil at most of the details he offers. But to find

the expression "forsaken in death" commented upon by reference to the New Testament's (Matt. 27:46) expression: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" seems to suggest that Kierkegaard had that in mind while he said something else. Also Mr. Thulstrup tells us that the poetically used expression "as if it owed its existence to humanity at large" is really an attack upon D. F. Strauss and Ludvig Feuerbach. Then the note goes on about them as if Kierkegaard, because he owned their works and had read them, must surely have had them in mind. Thus the upshot is the somewhat incongruous situation that the author could scarcely fail if his mind was as full as this commentary suggests. Everything Kierkegaard wrote is treated as an incomplete symbol, needing not the literary context he supplies himself, but another context, one reconstructed by the scholars and full of all sorts of odds and ends. Where everything counts, one begins to wonder if anything does.

But now to a few more substantive matters. Professor Hong, a very responsible translator and student of Kierkegaard's work, has seen fit to "correct" Professor Swenson's translation on a few points. An illustration will suffice to show the kind of translation he thinks is better. Professor Swenson's pages read (p. 60 of the 1936 edition):

How does that which comes into being change? Or, what is the nature of the change involved in becoming . . . ?

Professor Hong's correction reads:

In what sense is there change in that which comes into existence? Or, what is the nature of the coming-into-existence kind of change . . . ?

I submit that the second is not clearer, more meaningful, or in any way an improvement. The difficulty seems to be that Professor Hong wants words to be very definite and he therefore imputes to a word itself the definiteness it gets only with the lengthy context in which it is used. Of course "becoming," like "change," is vague as it stands, but the reluctance to let the word in the English acquire its own freight as it goes along—almost as if he were fearful again that the text will not do that—seems to me to mar his translation. I do not believe there is any one meaning just because the author used the same word; for again the very texture of well-written prose is not like mathematics where there are constants or logic where there are a few invariant expressions to get things going. And in his explanation of this kind of retranslating, Professor Hong attaches great sig-

nificance to the difference between "coming into existence" and "coming into being," as if always the latter included the former, and the former was therefore more precise. I submit again that in certain usages this is true, but, on the contrary, sometimes these expressions are used synonymously. And this is no breakdown in language or an oversight of some philosophical truth.

Another point is more difficult to get at. Professor Hong translates "guden" in Danish always as "the God," just as it obviously suggests. Professor Swenson used "God," disregarding the definite article. This is a place where English style and the use of the definite article, at least with regularity, fail precisely to do what Thulstrup and Hong say that it must—namely, convey something associated with the term "God" in the Greek philosophers, especially Socrates and Plato. For "the God," unless used for greater specification, is simply awkward in English, and it has quite lost any peculiar technical meaning it might have had in Danish or for that matter in Greek. Therefore, my judgment is that a translation is better for keeping with felicities of speech, providing of course that they will not deceive or betray what is being said. As far as I can see, "God" used in place of "the God" does not deceive one at all; for as soon as one begins to place the word in the somewhat playfully conceived hypothetical sketch Kierkegaard invents, one knows the peculiarities of the word. These are not imparted by the direct article either; and I am a little doubtful whether they ever were in Kierkegaard's time and in the Danish language. But that is another and longer story.

Numerous small mistakes have been corrected besides these, and for these we can be grateful. This book remains one of the most important in the Kierkegaard literature; for it shows clearly Kierkegaard's talent for breaking up the syntheses of meanings that had been done by the philosophers of his day. With patience, humor, and logical skill, he separates out two distinct constellations of concepts, where single words had deceived people into thinking that master concepts were at work. They include "faith," "teaching," "teacher," "learner," "truth," "God" and a host of others.

Of the volumes here reviewed only Kierkegaard's is likely to be long remembered. But books do many things—even books on religious topics. The Braaten-Harrisville selections bring the reader into the middle of the flow of scholarly give and take, the outcome of which is never predictable; the Gilson volume shows how a major scholar used his historical studies to forge a case for a metaphysical

position, and the position, after the book is forgotten, remains something to be taken up or refused; but those *Fragments* suggest a way to re-think the issues if one's mind is clouded and ambiguities are everywhere. Perhaps the many clouds and thickening ambiguity in religious circles will keep Kierkegaard's book the most pertinent for the longest period of time.

PAUL L. HOLMER

EQUALITY: CONCEPT AND PRACTICE

EQUALITY IN POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY, *by* SANFORD A. LAKOFF, *Harvard University Press.*
EQUALITY IN AMERICA: RELIGION, RACE, AND THE URBAN MAJORITY, *by* ALAN P. GRIMES, *Oxford University Press.*

FEW ideas in the modern world have been more potent, or more confusing, than the idea of equality. When it comes to an attack on the vested interests of others, equality is a word to conjure with. Most of the governments now represented in the United Nations are the initiators or successors of revolutionary movements which first began as equalitarian protests against the rights formerly claimed by capitalists, imperialists, and other privileged persons. When it comes, on the other hand, to like protests against the special privileges that they themselves now enjoy, these self-same governments are very apt to prove quite hard of hearing. Even in the United States, some two hundred years after the Declaration of Independence, the proposition that "all men are created equal" is still so far from being self-evident that the claim of equal rights for the Negro is a threat to the public peace. "All animals are equal, but some are more equal than others." This lucid formula of George Orwell's, though intended originally as a commentary on Communism, is eminently suitable for wider application.

Sanford A. Lakoff's *Equality in Political Philosophy* is a brave and generally successful attempt to unravel the various strands of thought that have contributed over the centuries to our present state of confusion. Although the idea of equality was not unknown to ancient and medieval philosophers, it remained subordinate to the idea of hierarchy, and thus largely ineffective, as long as the established institutions of church and state continued to hold sway. Lakoff shows that its emergence as a major political force was a consequence of the Protestant Reformation, and that all of its subsequent ambiguities can be traced back to that time.

With regard to the idea of equality, three sharply contrasting schools of thought were quick to emerge within the reformist camp.

The first was established by Luther himself, whose doctrine of the priesthood of all believers tended to undermine the authority of all hierarchies, both secular and ecclesiastical, without encouraging anything in the way of drastic social action. This, in Lakoff's view, was the source of the liberal, or meliorist, equalitarianism of Locke and his successors. Calvin, with his doctrine of total depravity, was the founder of a second tradition, more darkly pessimistic, which reduced all men to the equal rank of sinners totally dependent on the Grace of God. Modern conservatives, ranging all the way from Hobbes to Freud, have continued to play secular variations on this depressing spiritual theme. And finally there was the diametrically opposite view represented by some of the more radical Protestant sectarians, most notably Müntzer, who believed that the time had come for a saintly minority to lead the world in a ruthless and final assault on the forces of evil, and to establish a millennial kingdom where all would enjoy the equality of perfect virtue. The heir to this minor but persistent strand of thought is revolutionary socialism. In a challenging and all too brief final chapter, the author suggests that the notorious weakness of political theory today may be due, at least in some measure, to the confusions that have resulted from the coexistence and intermingling of equalitarian theories which, in their underlying premises, are mutually inconsistent. Although the theme is too vast to be treated fully in a work of the present compass, it is persuasive enough to repay the attention of anyone who is trying to find his way through the manifold confusions of contemporary politics.

The fact that Americans have failed to reach agreement on any single, self-consistent theory of equality is well documented in Alan P. Grimes's *Equality in America*. Instead of trying to cover the whole field, this short but rewarding book takes as its point of departure three noteworthy and highly controversial decisions in which the Supreme Court has seen fit, in recent years, to outlaw certain well-established forms of religious, racial and electoral discrimination, and summarizes the historical developments which led in each instance to the practices now in question. From the study of these three separate cases, a common pattern emerges. The story is one of a recurrent and unresolved conflict between what Lakoff would describe as the meliorist and the pessimistic strands of equalitarian thought. When it is a question of defending themselves against claimants to special privileges, the majority of Americans have been second to none in their devotion to liberal principles.

But when the position of an established majority is threatened by the equalitarian claims of newly emerging minorities, belief in equal rights for all is promptly qualified. Firmly convinced of their own innate superiority, Protestant, white and rural Americans have regularly refused to give in without a struggle to the equalitarian pretensions of their Catholic, colored or urban fellow citizens. Although progress toward equal rights has in fact been made, it has regularly been initiated, and largely confined to the cities. This leads Grimes to the conclusion that the Supreme Court's current attempt to guarantee equal rights for urban voters may prove to be the most important of all the steps recently taken to establish democracy in America.

FREDERICK W. WATKINS

LETTERS AND COMMENT

THE SHODDY REVOLUTION IN BRITISH EDUCATION

IF the Western democracies resist Khrushchev's famous threat to bury them, it will largely be through the sort of education their peoples have. Many critics think that what happened to American education in the first half of this century was a disaster from which America is only now starting to recover. What Britain enjoyed in the same period was really two kinds of education: a solid basic one for the bulk of its population, and a sophisticated one for its elite—formerly a social elite, lately more an intellectual one. Both of these kinds it is now intent on dissipating. At present, there is hope for American education: in Britain, I see little.

I was born and went to school in England, after the war to a British university, and then came to America. Here I found, as most Englishmen in America have, an educational system aligned to mediocrity, and I admired the many Americans I knew who had somehow surmounted it. At the back of my mind, I suppose, I was proud of the standards of both kinds of British education, and thought that in them lay some of the hope for the Western future. It is now the more sobering after a decade to find that such hope as exists is in America, and that one of my own roles here is to be a sort of political refugee from the future of British education.

Britain's first superhighway runs from the Midlands to London. It is called the M1, and the British are proud of it, so that Roy Nash, a London journalist seeking an exultant metaphor for the plans being made for British education, writes of them as "great new highways—the M-Ones of schools and colleges." For an American, the M1 provides almost the only scene in Britain which seems *exactly* like home. It is a meticulous copy of an American throughway, down to the smallest details of its refreshment areas, and even to the style of lettering on signs.

But the M1, like other American imports, functions less than perfectly in its British setting. It is too straight, which makes British drivers careless and overconfident. It does not connect conveniently with Britain's older route between Scotland and London, the Great North Road. In winter, the M1, while encouraging high speed, becomes dotted with sudden fog patches and develops a treacherous surface, and there have been many accidents.

The journalist's comparison was meant to be inspiring, but he wrote better than he knew. There is an educational revolution in England: like the M1, it is modeled on America, but in its British setting, far from being the great step forward that the British hail, there are reasons for viewing it with suspicion and dismay.

First, the background to the change: as most people know, the traditional system of education in England has catered above all to an aristocracy. For much of this century, middle- and lower-class children (I still can't write about Britain without using the terms) have been selected for high schools through an exam taken at age ten or eleven. More than half of British children, failing that exam, have with few exceptions been restricted to what Americans would call a "grade school" education, centering on basic subjects, and normally leading the child at age fifteen into manual work or the poorest office jobs. Even those who did get to high schools usually left at sixteen, with another exam, a "school leaving certificate," leading them to middle-level jobs in offices and industry. A few would stay another two years at high school to prepare for further exams (advanced "leaving certificates") which could lead to university acceptance and scholarship aid. Under this system, with its dependence on exams, analysis of the education of a hundred typical British children of the past half-century might produce results like this: 55 or 60 ended their education at "grade schools"; 40 to 45 went to high school; 33 of these gained high school "leaving cer-

tificates." Of these, perhaps eight might stay on to try for university places, and four or five of them might have actually gone to a university, of whom three ultimately gained degrees.

That sort of system is manifestly unsuitable for this and future decades. It has tied education too closely to the exclusiveness of an archaic social system. It has been inflexible: it has depended too much on exam results rigidly used, and it has almost certainly deprived many gifted but late-developing children of the education they deserved. For years now it has been evident that British education must become broader and less rigid. There have been gestures toward change; after the war, for instance, the leaving-age at "grade schools" was raised to fifteen (it is soon to be raised again); large numbers of veterans entered universities, some without the advanced "school leaving certificate" normally demanded.

But it is only in the past five years that this evolution has become a revolution, and at present it is a whirlwind. On the face of it, what is happening now in Britain is an overdue, urgent application of democratic ideals to education. There is a huge expansion of facilities and institutions under way, an overhauling of organization, and an atmosphere of zestful change. The revolution is in fact another aspect of the American Age in Britain, which has brought a whole parade of new institutions since the war: Coca-Cola, supermarkets, bowling alleys, central heating, cheap Presley-type clothing for teen-agers. But what is being introduced is a vulgarized, oversimplified, and outdated conception of American education, which the British are welcoming with just about the same careless curiosity that marks their reception of American superficialities.

Let me stress this clearly. The revolution *is* needed; it is in the right broadening direction, but the *manner* of its inception I find irresponsible and blundering. Looking more closely, one finds, not a responsible experiment in democratizing education, but a thoughtless, frantic swing to a pseudo-"America," taking place in an atmosphere of facile optimism. I should like to explain and illustrate this, and if I make parenthetical comments in doing so, it is not to be destructive, but simply to give voice to a constructive skepticism which in the zeal of change seems to have no voice in Britain.

The British educational revolution is centrally represented by two reports—inquiries and recommendations by government-appointed committees. The first, the Robbins Report, in general puts the case

for expansion of higher (beyond school) education. The other is the Newsom Report, concerned with education for British schoolchildren of average ability or less.

The Robbins Report is persuasive and articulate. It makes several concessions to the need for quality ("tucked away in its third appendix"—the phrase is a London newspaper's, not mine—there is even the admission that the superiority of Oxford and Cambridge is, above all, that they offer the most *personal* contact with their students). But observations like this appear ultimately as lip-service to quality education for individuals, because if they are true then the entire thesis of the report is false. That thesis says that great and rapid expansion of British education—new institutions, bigger universities, changing the names of teacher-training and technical colleges by calling them universities, and so on—does *not* mean lowering standards of quality.

I don't believe this and therefore think the report a disaster. All evaluation of it has necessarily to depend on its basic principle, and that is why any defender of the report is forced, above all, to insist that drastic expansion does not affect quality. The sort of argument this produces is a good deal below the standard of the Robbins Report itself, and sometimes it comes from surprisingly eminent sources. (The examples that follow are drawn from one reliable newspaper, *The Observer,* which is typical of the "intellectual" Sunday press in Britain.) Here is Sir Eric Ashby, Master of Clare College, Cambridge, arguing that expansion actually *improves* quality. "The tremendous rise in student numbers at universities over the last 17 years has been accompanied by an *increase* in the proportion of good honours degrees and a *decrease* in failure rates." This is so admirable an example of the irrelevant sophistry that surrounds educational expansion in Britain now that it is worth dramatizing: the illogic of it runs thus:

Critic charges: "When education becomes mass production rather than individual experience, standards of quality degenerate. Even the modest increase in numbers of the past few years has meant that the 'good' degrees you give are for performances lower than they were some years past, and you let more people by who should by former standards fail."

Sir Eric: "My standards are *not* going down—witness the greater number of good degrees I give, and how few people I fail."

In his commentary on the Robbins recommendations, Sir Eric

applauds the idea of giving degrees not merely for university work, but (in future) for work at teacher-training colleges, technical colleges, and so on. He agrees that this might debase the real meaning of the degree, but "If you look across the Atlantic, you see the answer." He goes on to argue that Sharon Baptist Liberal Arts College and Harvard University both give the A.B. degree, and that everyone knows the difference. In Britain, that sort of difference has been represented by different awards: British Sharons give diplomas; they cannot give degrees. This difference reflects, in fact names, a difference in intellectual performance; people recognize it, but Sir Eric implies that if British Sharons could only give B.A. degrees as Oxford does, it would (1) make the Sharon graduate feel better, (2) make people less embarrassed by the difference and less aware of it. Getting rid of the diploma which recognizes the difference, concludes Sir Eric, and replacing it by a degree, which blurs it over, solves the problem. How far can semantic chicanery go?

There are many other arguments devoted to the idea that expansion in higher education does not threaten standards, and their quality suggests the pathetic anxiety in Britain to believe it. Here are three:

Opposition to expansion will look "ludicrous" to our grandchildren (personal and pointless, and again Sir Eric's. One might, equally pointlessly, claim expansion will look so to them).

An article entitled "Wisconsin Shows the Way," which claims that "bigger does not mean worse" and uses the University of Wisconsin, with 35,000 students, to support that claim, lists, perfectly sensibly, some advantages of great size and then reduces itself to the claims that: the University of Wisconsin is beautiful, and one of its department chairmen says it has "a soul."

The size of the Robbins Report (335 pages, 767 pages of appendices, and three more volumes to follow) shows the trouble the Robbins Committee has taken to "do its job *well.*" (My italics; a gem—the very central symbol, of expansionist thought, this—voluminousness proves quality! Sir Eric again.)

Before leaving the Robbins Report and the sort of ideas it has provoked in England, I should like to refer to an interview given by Dr. Nicholas Malleson, Director of London University's Research Unit for Student Problems. It gives a powerful indication of the directions thought about higher education in Britain is taking.

Apparently 4,500 students a year in Britain leave universities with-

out a degree, usually for failing exams. This is called wastage, and it is enough students, says the interview wistfully, "to populate an entire university." (As things are going, this may be a serious proposal.) Dr. Malleson has several suggestions about this wastage:

Item: The failures must be in part due to "outright injustice."

Item: It might be a good idea if all students could rely on being awarded a "fourth" (a poor performance degree, but a degree) automatically whatever their performances in degree exams.

Item: The "objective" American exams, with multiple choice questions, have a number of advantages, Dr. Malleson says. They can be "marked" and analyzed by computers.

It is easy to attack or simply dismiss these examples as excesses grown from the something-for-nothing promise of the Robbins Report—that bigger means as-good-or-better. The respect which one can feel for the pace and nature of the revolution, at least as far as universities are concerned, depends on how far that principle is accepted.

Like the great majority of faculty members I have talked to who have taught in universities and colleges of greatly varied size in this country, I believe that something unfortunate *will* happen to the quality of the British university product if within two decades 560,000 university students should be created instead of the present 216,000, as the Robbins Report recommends.

The democratizing of higher education does not mean tailoring universities to the "average" student, but providing opportunity for all to *compete* for the best education. The dishonest charade that all, or even many, are potentially the brightest, potentially capable of the most advanced education, leads to some glaring anomalies that are almost mathematically demonstrable. In Britain the figures above are used to assure us, as an unchallengeable fact of life, that the number of university students needs to be increased by over 150 percent.

It was my own observation, based on my own university's actions in 1947-50, that it was getting more students than it could capably handle, but not enough of degree standard who could be allowed to complete their courses (in my group, exactly half were). In other words (again in my own area), of two students who got to university and began honors degrees (a specialized degree in one field), only one actually succeeded in getting one. But we are now told that

within thirteen years the situation has so changed that for that one student of degree standard in 1950 there are now five. What is the explanation of this handsome increase of four hundred percent in Britain's intellectual resources? Wastage, of which there certainly has been some, does not explain that sort of expansion. Some lightning stroke of evolution in brain power in the space of a decade and a third seems unlikely. So does an improvement of that scope in the efficient selection of the best students. The probability is, if there really are these numbers of students qualified on paper to enter the universities, that something unfortunate has happened to standards of education and testing in British schools, and if these students are allowed to proceed to the new universities provided for them, the same thing will happen (if it hasn't already) to university standards.

If Britain believes that there has been great social waste of "maximum potential" students in the past—and it may well be so—the place to start correcting this waste is not at the end of the educational process, the universities, but at the start, the schools. More schools for the youngest, with better teaching of subject matter and demanding—but imaginatively used—examinations are the foundation. *If* they produce more students qualified for high schools, the same pattern of improvement in the high schools would (it may be) produce increased numbers of students *really* qualified for university work. *If* that happened, there would be real reason for rejoicing and real need of university expansion in England, but until those standards are tested more efficiently, we shall never know how many students of real university caliber are being denied their chances. What is needed in Britain is that the resources and enthusiasm of its present educational revolution be concentrated on the quality of schooling. It will not happen.

The quality of schooling—and one turns to the Newsom Report. The tragedy of the Robbins Report is that it is based throughout on a single wrong principle; if you can accept it, you can admire the report. But the Newsom tragedy is wider and deeper; wider because it affects half Britain's children, the "average and less"; deeper because, with a magnificent chance and an obviously sound premise (that children deserve more schools, better facilities, and a better education), it fails to implement it. The report proposes more schools and better facilities, but it does not offer a better education.

The sort of better education that average British children—those

who do not go to high school—deserve is not hard to envisage. They deserve better teaching of fundamental subjects, that solid basic education which practical democracy demands. They need more time, money, and patience given to teaching them to write and speak good English, to think logically for themselves, to know some literature, history, general knowledge, mathematics, and science. The Newsom Report speaks of this kind of education much as the Robbins Report spoke of quality in higher education: it simply assumes it, for its real interests lie elsewhere—those of the Robbins Report in the marvels of pseudo-American expansion, those of the Newsom Report in an outworn version of the American-style "life-adjustment" which had its heyday in this country from the 'thirties to the 'fifties. Indeed, the recommendations of the Newsom Report scarcely leave time for basic education, for they often read like an American teacher-training blueprint of the 'twenties in their advocacy of that perverted Deweyism from which American schooling itself is only just recovering.

Let me illustrate this aspect of the Newsom Report, which sets the whole tone of future schooling for average children in Britain. The first words of Chapter I set the keynote in a series of rhetorical alternatives standing for past and future: "Tongue-tied inadequacy or . . ." Or what—written and spoken articulateness? Not at all. "Tongue-tied inadequacy or *social competence?*" asks the report. There is now to be "sheer fun in trying things out, whether it be a new recipe or first time on the trampoline or painting a mural." It complains how few schools have "facilities for serious work in gardening or rural studies," and adds that "The range of material is vast: flowers, fruit, vegetables and herbs; lawns, trees and shrubs; rockeries, pools and streams; greenhouse cultivation; agriculture and forest plots; rabbits, poultry, bees and possibly goats and calves, and pigs."

Seen against this background, the report's position on examinations is predictable.

One of the features of British education in the past has been nationally recognized examinations which made it possible to compare the performance of one school with another. But this comparison need trouble the academically inefficient school no longer, for the Newsom Report would "deplore . . . any practise of publishing lists of external examination results, thereby indirectly promoting local competitive rivalries which would tend to reduce the free-

dom of action of individual schools. And we should strongly champion the right of any school to abstain altogether from public examinations if the head and staff were convinced that the best interest of the pupils required this." The report adds that "for a substantial number of pupils public examinations would be entirely inappropriate." British children will not be known in the future to pass or fail an examination; they will be students for whom exams are either appropriate or inappropriate.

Exams, in fact, are largely out—in favor of quite different interests. The school program in the final year, says the Newsom Report, ought to be "deliberately outgoing—an initiation into the adult world of work and of leisure." "The overriding aim of English teaching must be the personal development and social competence of the pupil." A great deal of stress is to be placed on religious instruction and on "positive guidance to adolescent boys and girls on sexual behaviour." The report quotes with approval the program at one school, whose teacher treated these subjects "very fully," according to his headmaster:

"1. Teenage courtship. 2. Pre-marital sexual experience. 3. Unmarried mothers, based on an excellent series in a Sunday newspaper. 4. Newspapers and Sex. 5. Divorce. . . . 6. Vice and the current scandal [Profumo, etc.]. 7. Abortion and the problem of Thalidomide babies. 8. Venereal Disease, illustrated by a recent I.T.V. [British commercial television] programme, and watched by some of the form." The report does concede there is a "problem" in this kind of schoolwork, and quotes a 15-year-old boy who appeared to be resistant: "The question of sex is always cropping up in front of teenagers, and it is wrong. Was sex thrown at our fathers when they were our age? No. Then why throw it at us? You get fed up of the word, and I think the more you discuss it over a certain level the more harm it does. When somebody tells you that you get a tremendous thrill out of intercourse you are likely to try it at the first chance you get."

A program at a Midlands girls' school for pupils of "very limited abilities," quoted with implicit approval in the Newsom Report, had the following aims: "(i) To give the girls opportunities to be socially acceptable, and to behave socially in a way which, in any community, usually falls to the most able; (ii) To link their work with their future hope—marriage. The home, the family, the baby, the growing children, are subjects of study. Mothercraft is an es-

sential subject if it is linked practically with real babies, nursery visits (one morning a week throughout the year) and other visits. Personal and household budgeting takes the place of arithmetic. This is linked practically with as much actual spending, buying and budgeting within the school as can be done. Needlework, for example, becomes much more realistic when this is done on a project basis."

Aside from the shaky premise of the Robbins Report and the "life adjustment" bias of the Newsom, the most discouraging feature is the revolution's surrounding atmosphere of Panglossian optimism. The press cannot bring to education the informed skepticism it brings to politics, and tends to accept the reports as unchallengeable evidence of progress, and their implicit rosy assumptions become explicit and quasi-official in the newspapers. In the "serious" papers this usually involves a warm interest in education, with uncritical acceptance of doubtful assumptions and the sweeping away of opposing difficulties. An editorial in the influential *Observer*, for instance, considers the effect that establishing many new, large universities would have on quality. It has been thought, says the editorial, that if greatly increased numbers of university students are created, the standards go down, but it concludes that "there is now a great deal of evidence the other way." But the *Observer* doesn't offer any. It merely cites the examples of Harvard and Berkeley. Harvard, it tells us, "licks its lips at the widening pool of ability," and adds that Berkeley, "offering a range of education unknown here, can now rival the best teaching in this country at the highest academic level."

All of which may be true, but it hardly serves as an argument for expansion, for Harvard and Berkeley are precisely those institutions, among others, which have not gone in for wild numerical expansion, but have been operating around set capacities for years. There is, of course, expansionism in the University of California in general, but it is so far quite in doubt what standards the new campuses will achieve, and the best education in the University is by common consent at Berkeley, the oldest campus and one which has not expanded dramatically.

In the popular British press we find something simpler—an exuberant epidemic of national self-congratulation. The London *Daily Mail* runs an article entitled "The Beginning of the End of

the Great Anxiety for Parents," and an anthology could be made of almost identical articles from two months' issues of the popular press in England: all deal primarily in numbers of students coming up, numbers of teachers needed, numbers of buildings wanted; many, like this one, are concerned with the anxieties of parents who have in the past suffered from social exposure to the fact that their children have been considered in a category below the brightest. Such articles share the lack of any expressed concern for retaining standards of quality in education, and none appears even to suspect it is sane to mention the question. Such articles have their own set style, relying mostly on superlatives and general statements of pride and reassurance. It is this same "here end parents' worries" article that makes the M1 comparison—as praise. The Robbins Report, it goes on, will "signal the opportunity for the biggest leap forward in education and training we have ever envisaged." The Report's expansion program is to "bring our higher education system, once and for all, into gear with the modern world and the needs of the future." Such expansion is the "Get-Up-and-Go action that will carry us across the divide from the hopeful 60's into the planned, progressive, and certain 70's." Behind this sort of treatment lies an implication that all educational change of an "American" kind must be good, especially if expansion is involved, and that any attitude which gives pause to that assumption is necessarily reactionary, subversive, or not worth mention.

But emotional and meretricious language often reflects shifty and basically dishonest thought and special motivations.

It is not hard, for example, to forecast the response of the professional education departments in Britain in the atmosphere of change. For years, as in this country, they have thrust down would-be teachers that "life-adjustment" which has been argued over *ad nauseam*—and many would-be teachers in Britain have excellent degrees in the subject matter they will teach; certainly, judging by the reactions of friends who took degrees in England when I did, the "Diploma of Education" year provokes only two consistent reactions in those undergoing it—it gives an easy, supremely boring year and it provokes satire and hilarity. Clearly, the revolution in England is made to order for the education departments. They support their own expansion to give education-training to more teachers; they are equally disposed toward expanded numbers as such. Since they have no interest in the subject matter of a teacher, they are at one with

the general drift in hardly caring less about maintaining standards in his classroom teaching of it. Here is Mr. A. D. C. Peterson, Director of the Oxford Education Department, making a rhetorical appeal: "Is there no chance that one of the great public schools, which alone have buildings and teachers, could consider transforming itself in the next five years into a Liberal Arts College with a teachers' department?" He is aggrievedly asking why one of the best British schools (which admittedly do cater to a privileged social class but give what has been generally recognized as the best schooling in the world) should not turn its back on that sort of education to become a teacher factory—with an education department.

Mr. Peterson suggests a novel method of relieving the pressure of numbers in schools. Though the school-leaving age in Britain is to be raised to sixteen, which will be hailed as a great step toward a better-educated populace and call for more teachers to pass through the education departments, the crush in the schools can be relieved by raising the age at which children will *start* school. British children start now, by law, at five, but "If school were voluntary between five and six, and half-day between five and seven, we might reduce the size of classes without more teachers."

From this sort of manipulation it is not far to hokum. The Robbins Committee recommends that all colleges of advanced technology be made into universities, and Mr. Pakenham, the *Observer's* professional education correspondent, comments approvingly, "The Government are sure to jump at the proposal. . . . At no extra cost it will supply the country with 10 new universities, 100 new professors, and 10,000 new university students." If this principle is established, and a university need no longer imply an experience in which students of varied interests learn from one another—of which Newman wrote—then clearly there is no limit to the numbers of "universities," "professors," students, and institutions that can be created without effort at a stroke, and at no cost, by convenient changes in title.

This unrealistic atmosphere may itself suggest how broad are the areas affected by ill-considered change. I have dealt primarily with universities and schools for "average and below" children but there are experiments in high schools with "the free-and-easy pattern of the American high school. . . . Following the philosophy current in America, there would be no attempt to balance the intake by

selecting a fair proportion of talented children. They would simply admit all the children living in the neighbourhood." The effect here would simply be to bring the British high school, traditionally for above-average children, down to the "average and below" level.

But the final weakness of the expansionist revolution in England is this: It is based upon an outdated and oversimple conception of American democratic education, and not upon a careful study of its more desirable elements. The irony is so rich here that I should like to pause to isolate the statement: *The frantic educational revolution now taking place in Britain is based on exactly those features of American school and university systems which an increasingly influential vanguard in America itself is now busily trying to reject or improve*—usually along those lines of qualitative exclusiveness which Britain busily makes plans to abandon!

For America—present-day America—has its own revolution. It is a phenomenon in its own right, and quite different from its British counterpart. For one thing, it is a struggling undercurrent; there is no bandwagon of general consent. Its changes are in exactly the opposite direction from the British ones. It involves a concentration on good students—there are far more Honors groups in American colleges than ten years ago. "Special Progress" and "Advanced Placement" classes in schools have become an American status symbol, and I think the end, better education for brighter children, might for once justify the means, a variety of snobbery. There are plans, like that of Dr. Helena Miller, a Harvard-trained professor at Duquesne, to have schools cover ground now covered in the first two years of college. (The State University of New York currently is experimenting with a program to give credit to those acquiring knowledge in ways other than college courses. How? By testing that knowledge by examinations.) There has been, recently, violent reaction against "life-adjustment" stress in teacher-training, expressed by organizations like the Council for Basic Education and in books like Dr. Conant's or James Koerner's *The Miseducation of American Teachers.* Vice-Admiral Rickover has pleaded, in his writings and before a Congressional committee, for better teaching of subject matter in American schools and less "life-adjustment." In citing examples of achievement, he has held up the British educational past, which the British themselves are now busily rejecting or revising.

The President of the California State Board of Education, Thomas

Braden, has said flatly that his state's public school system is too easy. "When did we decide," he asks, "that idle pupils must not be made to feel inferior to industrious pupils? When did we decide that the spirit of 'I'm as good as you' should hold good in the classroom as well as in the voting booth? . . . We will bring up a generation in which everybody is as good as anybody and nobody achieves anything at all." (This kind of remark, or any voice like Braden's, would be quite impossible in the climate of British education at present.)

The whole sudden ironic tragicomedy in Western education shows in the end that Britain and America, who for years seemed determined to learn nothing from each other in education, can now do so only by looking across the Atlantic at each other's past. This happens at present to be (in my view) fortunate for America, disastrous for Britain; but beyond that it is surely a sign that such blundering and misunderstood contact is a luxury the West cannot afford.

DEREK COLVILLE

NEW RECORDS IN REVIEW

FISCHER-DIESKAU's performances of German songs—the expressive inflection of his extraordinary voice and the deployment of it in marvelously shaped phrases—continue to offer some of the most treasurable and affecting musical experiences one can have today. The latest to do so, on Deutsche Grammophon 18-879 and 138-879, are the performances—with the Berlin Philharmonic under Böhm—of four Mahler songs to texts of Rückert, culminating in the one of the great *"Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen."* On the reverse sides are Mahler's lugubrious *Kindertotenlieder.*

One hears the same voice used in the same way in Fischer-Dieskau's singing of the title role of Verdi's *Rigoletto,* on Deutsche Grammophon 18-931/3 and 138-931/3; and it should be as moving; but it turns out that in this music it is not moving, not convincing. The

performance, moreover, has extremely unpleasant singing by Renata Scotto and unimpressive conducting by Kubelik, but good singing by Bergonzi.

The *Rigoletto* on RCA Victor LM-7027 and LSC-7027 with Merrill and Anna Moffo, and authoritatively conducted by Solti, is better —even with the not very attractive tenor voice of Alfredo Kraus. But best is the earlier performance on Angel 3537 (mono), with Gobbi and Callas.

The lyric, comic and bravura writing that is delightful in Rossini's *Barber of Seville* is carried to incandescence in his *Cenerentola*, of which London A-4376 and OSA-1376 offer a new performance. Simionato's voice has lost some of its beauty and flexibility; but it is still a fine one which she deploys in melody and florid passages with impressive style; and Bruscantini is again an excellent Dandini. But the other principals are considerably less good; and I therefore recommend instead the earlier Glyndebourne Festival performance with Gabarain, Bruscantini, and Oncina, superbly conducted by Gui, and available on imported Odeon QALP-10066/8 (mono).

To its earlier distinguished performances on records Glyndebourne has added, on Angel 3644 (mono), an abridged version of Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* conducted by Pritchard. The beautiful and expressive writing is sung well by Magda Laszlo and Richard Lewis, among others; but little is left of Frances Bible's once fine mezzo-soprano voice but its tremolo.

Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas,* which demonstrates his remarkable gift for setting words, most excitingly in his florid writing, is performed effectively by excellent English soloists and the Oriana Concert Choir and Orchestra under Alfred Deller's direction, on Vanguard BG-664 and BGS-70664.

Of the excerpts from Handel's *Julius Caesar* on London 5876 and OSA-25876, the most beautiful are assigned to Joan Sutherland, who sings most of them in her annoyingly mannered style. But Marilyn Horne, Margrete Elkins, and Monica Sinclair sing other fine pieces well with the New Symphony under Bonynge.

The better condition of Callas's voice enables her to achieve on Angel 36221 (mono) impressive performances of arias from Verdi's *Aroldo, Don Carlo,* and *Otello*—as against those of arias by Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber on 36200, which are something to avoid.

Giulini's performance of Verdi's *Requiem* on Angel 3649 (mono)

offers the superb work of the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus; and he gets good singing from his soloists—Schwarzkopf, Christa Ludwig, Gedda, and Ghiaurov—of whom, however, only Ghiaurov has the warmth and power of voice this music calls for. Schwarzkopf has neither; and while her cool, silvery soprano makes a lovely effect at certain moments, it isn't able to ride the big orchestral tuttis when it is asked to. Giulini's pacing is good for the most part, with an occasional detail—a hesitation, a slowing down, an insufficiently animated tempo—that is questionable. Toscanini's is still the performance to acquire; but Giulini's is one I can recommend to someone who insists on present-day sound.

Questionable too, in a performance of Fauré's *Requiem* with a chorus of adult male and female singers, is the use of a boy soprano as the soloist in the *"Pie Jesu."* But except for this incongruity the performance by the Philippe Caillard Chorale and Monte Carlo Opera Orchestra under Frémaux, on Epic LC-3885 and BC-1285, is a beautiful one.

Less familiar, but characteristic in their writing for chorus and for solo voice, are Handel's Chandos Anthems—Nos. 4 and 6 on Cantate 645-201 (mono), Nos. 2 and 3 on 645-202—excellently sung by Helen Boatwright, soprano, Charles Bressler, tenor, Jerrold Held, bass, and the Collegium Musicum of Rutgers University, with an instrumental group that includes Matthew Raimondi, violin, and Arthur Krilov, oboe, under Alfred Mann's direction.

And from an earlier period there is Heinrich Schütz's *Christmas Oratorio,* on Angel 36211 (mono), with beautiful passages for chorus and for solo soprano that are admirably sung by the Windsbach Boys' Choir and Edith Mathis in the performance conducted by Hans Thamm.

Here I should mention two valuable recordings of old music reissued by Westminster: W-9619 (mono), with a third group of Dowland's lovely Ayres for 4 voices sung by the Golden Age Singers; and W-9620, with French and English songs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries sung by the tenor Hugues Cuenod.

As for instrumental music, one of Bach's greatest works, the Clavier Concerto No. 1 in D minor, is played effectively on a fine-sounding harpsichord by George Malcolm with the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra under Münchinger, on London CM-9392 (mono). (I know no better performance on the harpsichord; but I like Glenn

Gould's on the piano, on Columbia ML-5211, even better.) The reverse side has the uninteresting Concerto No. 2 in E.

Mozart's horn concertos are works of lesser stature, but have their lovely and even breath-taking moments. In the performances with the London Symphony under Maag, on London CM-9403 and CS-6403, Barry Tuckwell plays the solo parts with remarkably beautiful tone and phrasing; but Brain achieves additional refinements and subtleties of tone and inflection that make his earlier performances on Angel 35092 (mono) unique.

The infrequently played Quartets Op. 55 of Haydn, on Westminster XWN-19084 and WST-17084, though not incandescent examples of the Haydn operation in this genre, are enjoyable works, which are played well by the Allegri Quartet.

Mozart's delightful Symphonies K.297 *(Paris)* and 338 lose a great deal by Klemperer's over-deliberate tempos for the Allegros, in his performances with the Philharmonia on Angel 36216 (mono). And Klemperer's lethargic pacing is damaging also to the animation, grace, and energy of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique,* on 36196.

Von Karajan too takes the first movement of Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique* in tempos much slower than Tchaikovsky sets with the metronome and than are good for the music, in the performance with the Berlin Philharmonic on Deutsche Grammophon 18-921 and 138-821.

But Stravinsky astounds one with the continuing animation, power, and tension of his own performances of his works, which he conducts more effectively than anyone else. Columbia ML-6049 and MS-6649 offer the delightful and witty score for the Balanchine ballet *Jeu de Cartes* (1937) and the less good *Scènes de Ballet* for Billy Rose's show *The Seven Lively Arts* (1944), with an arrangement for small orchestra of Tchaikovsky's marvelous *Bluebird* pas de deux from *The Sleeping Beauty.* And ML-6048 and MS-6648 offer the engaging *Dumbarton Oaks Concerto* (1937), a playing with the style of Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, and *Circus Polka* (1942) for Balanchine's elephant ballet, together with a number of orchestrations of early piano pieces that are masterfully contrived trivia. The Cleveland Orchestra plays in *Jeu de Cartes;* the excellent CBC Symphony or a good recording orchestra in the other works.

B. H. Haggin

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LYNDON JOHNSON AND THE PARADOX OF THE PRESIDENCY

By C. PETER MAGRATH

DURING the Presidential campaign of 1964 Lyndon Johnson's opponents questioned the sincerity of his desire to be President of "all the people" (not just Democrats), but today none would deny the effectiveness of this appeal. Johnson's election victory was enormous: he captured 61 percent of the vote, the greatest percentage of the total presidential vote in history. The decisive outcome of his contest with Barry Goldwater tells us much about Lyndon Johnson's political acumen; it also reveals much about the American people and what they expect of the presidency.

They want their President to be a great nonpartisan leader, a fact that Johnson had marked well in the early 1950's. As Senate Democratic Leader he was deeply impressed by the strength of Eisenhower's "above politics" appeal. Johnson concluded that the best politics was nonpartisan politics, and he bent every effort to making the Senate Democrats appear as a constructive opposition, cooperating with President Eisenhower whenever possible. Ever since then, as both President and candidate, Johnson has spoken the language of national unity with unvarying monotony. He has also sought to camouflage his Democratic ties, presenting himself as a President under whose broad nonpartisan umbrella all Americans can comfortably stand. His success in winning votes with these tactics (and the failure of Barry

Goldwater's openly divisive and partisan approach) is now undoubted.

But the Johnson brand of nonpartisanship has a significance that extends far beyond the winning of elections. His performance since becoming President—particularly his virtuoso combination of politics with nonpartisanship—suggests that he may have found the key to solving one of the fundamental paradoxes of the American presidential office. To understand how Johnson has shaped the modern presidency, we must first appreciate the full dimensions of the paradox that has bedeviled every President since George Washington: the President is chief of state, but he is a partisan political leader as well. On the one hand he represents the *entire* nation and embodies many of its highest ideals. On the other, he is a politician elected at the head of a partisan ticket and often identified with particular interest groups.

In parlimentary systems, like the British, there is no such confusion of roles. The monarch (or president in parliamentary republics) is chief of state—an uncontroversial figure around whom the nation can unite—and the prime minister serves as political leader. Everyone expects the prime minister to govern as an avowed party leader, and this division of labor simplifies life for the citizen. If a good British Tory roundly curses Harold Wilson, he can all the while proclaim his undying loyalty to Elizabeth Regina—the permanent human symbol of the British nation.

At times the ambivalent position of the American President works to his advantage. To take but one of the many examples from recent history, the Cuban missile crisis of 1962 occurred in the midst of a hot political campaign in which President Kennedy had stumped for a Democratic Congress. Once the serious nature of the Soviet-American confrontation became evident, Kennedy left the campaign trail and gave his undivided attention to the Cuban problem. Former President Eisenhower, who was campaigning for Republican candidates, found it necessary to draw a distinction between John F. Kennedy, the nation's President, and John F. Kennedy the Democratic Party leader. First, he asked all Americans "to stand behind our constitutional

Commander in Chief" with all "the vigor of our minds and hearts." But in the next breath Eisenhower said, "Of course, we support the President in foreign affairs, but we must make sure that we defeat his recent efforts to get in Washington a virtually one-party Congress."

Since Kennedy was a single person, not a separate "constitutional Commander in Chief" and a separate "party leader," the effort to rally around him and in the same instant to repudiate him politically broke down. The public mind is not that subtle. It sees but one President, and the missile crisis increased Kennedy's public prestige and probably contributed to his party's success in the 1962 congressional elections. Republicans claimed they had been "Cubanized"; they might more accurately have said they were "Presidentized."

If the President's position as chief of state strengthens him in times of national crisis, making him a difficult target for his opponents, it also weakens his effectiveness as a political leader. And this is a serious matter, for the presidency is our most vital political institution. We look to the President for domestic leadership and we entrust him with awesome international responsibilities in an age of missiles and thermonuclear bombs. But to lead effectively he must be an adept practitioner of the political arts, a politician of the highest skill.

Yet, the very fact that the President is our sole national leader paradoxically confines his political freedom. When large segments of the public perceive him as overly "political," either in the sense that he is too much a party man or too much a partisan of special interests, he forfeits his claim to being the sole representative of the entire American community. Politics, for many Americans, is synonymous with "dirt" and there is ample evidence that a powerful strain in our popular culture equates it with crooked manipulation of the worst sort. The presidency, however, is a venerated office. Any man who sits in the White House profits by being a successor to George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Abraham Lincoln. Because in the public view the office is to a degree sacred, its occupant demeans it when his behavior appears too partisan.

There is, in short, an acute tension between the desires of the

general public and the inescapably political role of the President. But the President cannot serve just as a venerable chief of state, for he holds an elective office won in the rough and tumble of party politics. If he hopes to govern men and to influence public measures—instead of being governed by others and helplessly buffeted by events—the President must be a practicing politician of the highest order. If he is to be the nation's political leader, he must constantly fight for his policy objectives. He must do so in the face of conflicting pressures from Congress, from state governors, from bureaucrats within his own executive branch, and from hundreds of interest groups, not to mention foreign nations. There is, too, the resistance of the opposition party, and, very often, the apathy of the public as influential factors with which a President must reckon.

The consequence of this schizophrenic role that we demand of our Chief Executive is plain: only a superb behind-the-scenes politician whose *public* appearance is nonpartisan can be a really successful President. The experiences of every President since the Second World War are highly instructive on this point, and they show why Lyndon Johnson's accomplishments have been so remarkable. Harry S. Truman's ripping, "give-the-Republicans-hell" campaign in 1948 carried him to a narrow victory against an overconfident opponent; it also left him a politically marked man. Not only was his public image that of a Democratic partisan, but he also acquired the coloration of a "group partisan" who one-sidedly did the bidding of organized labor. In the eyes of many millions of Americans, President Truman was the White House Agent of William Green of the AFL and Philip Murray of the CIO in their bitter disputes with management. Nor was the image wholly inaccurate. Truman, after all, had vetoed the Taft-Hartley Act and he lustily campaigned against it. In 1952 he took the union side in his controversial (and almost unanimously condemned) seizure of the steel industry.

The President's difficulties were in large part due to the political mood of the country. There was a strong national desire for a period of postwar "normalcy," and it expressed itself in the

essential conservatism of Congress. But Truman compounded his domestic problems by behavior that much of the population thought too partisan. He needlessly lowered his public stature and weakened his presidential powers. The Fair Deal never became more than a high-sounding campaign slogan.

By contrast, Truman's greatest achievements were in foreign affairs, the one area in which he largely avoided partisan politics. There, by an explicit understanding with the Republican congressional leadership, he wisely practiced bipartisanship—that is, nonpartisanship. The results were impressive. They included the "Truman Doctrine," the Marshall Plan, the "Point Four" program, and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

How, one asks, was all this possible? The answer is not simple. Constitutionally, the President is the nation's undisputed leader in foreign affairs; his discretionary powers are greatest when he turns to international problems. Since Soviet imperialism in the late 'forties was so obviously menacing, it made Truman's international leadership easier. The Republican congressional leadership, moreover, recognized the foreign dangers as fully as Truman. Convinced—until November 1948—that the next President would be Republican, they felt the burden of responsibility that comes with power. As Richard Neustadt wrote in his brilliant study of *Presidential Leadership,* "The war was over, Roosevelt dead, Truman a caretaker, theirs the trust."

During his second term, however, Truman stumbled badly, even in foreign affairs. At first his decision to repel the Communist invasion of South Korea with American arms won wide approval. But he committed a serious mistake in failing to ask Congress for what it certainly would have granted, a bipartisan resolution supporting the intervention. Instead of a decision to go into Korea reached by a Democratic President and ratified in part by the congressional Republicans, the American involvement in Korea became a purely presidential decision. Once the Chinese crossed the Yalu and the war became a frustrating stalemate on the 38th parallel, the way was open for it to become a partisan issue. The Korean War became "Truman's War."

By 1951 the President's foreign policy, no less than his domes-

tic policy, had become envenomed in partisanship. The removal of the insubordinate General MacArthur, though essential if Truman was to remain Commander in Chief, brought an almost unprecedented storm of partisan fury upon the President's head. His national popularity stood at a record low: there is no reason to doubt the Gallup polls that reported less than 33 percent of the population approving of Truman's performance. In many ways Truman was a remarkably able President, but his presidency foundered on the rock of partisanship.

Significantly, the enormous appeal of Truman's successor, Dwight D. Eisenhower, was based on his sharply nonpartisan public image. A man held in the greatest personal respect by the vast majority of Americans, Eisenhower was both to himself and to most Americans a great national healer. His general objectives were surely laudable. He proposed to unify the nation after the abrasive discords of the New and Fair Deals and, while checking Communist aggression, to seek ways of promoting international peace.

Eisenhower's conception of the presidency was not an expansive one, but he was no Buchanan or Harding. In international affairs, certainly, there could be no doubt that Eisenhower sought to lead the nation. His record of accomplishments in foreign affairs was mixed. The presidential candidate had talked bravely of "rolling back the Iron Curtain"; the President refused to risk nuclear war in order to aid the Hungarian rebels in 1956. There were also some terrible blunders, most notably the U-2 affair and the humiliation of Eisenhower by Khrushchev at the Paris Conference in 1960. In general, however, it seems fair to say that the President successfully continued the Truman-Acheson policies of containing international Communism. He cautiously sought to negotiate with the Soviet Union, and, in a rather cumbersome fashion, adjusted American foreign policy to the new political realities in Asia and Africa.

In domestic affairs, however, the President's performance was poor. His leadership on some of the urgent political questions of the 'fifties—civil rights, public education, and McCarthyism—is best described as temporizing. In fact, one of Eisenhower's

most serious flaws was his uncertainty about his domestic policy objectives. For example, what appeared as weakness when he repudiated his generally liberal budget in 1957 was less weakness than a personal uncertainty over the budget's social welfare features and a growing dislike for heavy federal expenditures. In 1958 and 1959, when Eisenhower submitted more conservative budgets that harmonized with what had become his settled conviction on the need to reduce federal spending, he emerged as a strong leader on the subject of balanced budgets. As a politician a President is entitled, indeed, often required, to compromise his objectives. But if he is unsure of them in the first place, he cannot be an effective political leader.

Ironically, it was the image of a beloved Ike "above politics," his greatest political asset, which was also his greatest liability. It is true that Eisenhower's well-publicized distaste for politics was itself good politics, bringing him landslide election victories in 1952 and 1956 and keeping his popularity high. Still, there is no reason to doubt his ingrained distaste for what he—in company with many of his fellow citizens—contemptuously dismissed as "politics." "I have no great liking for that," he would say, and he meant it.

He was often insensitive to the nuances of political power and to the ways in which politicians think and act. He never, for example, really seemed to understand the threat which Joe McCarthy posed to the executive branch and, specifically, to his own political power. McCarthy's subsequent fall was a fortunate consequence of the Wisconsin demagogue's excesses; it owed little to Eisenhower's policy of nonintervention. Similarly, the astute Orval Faubus ran rings around the President during the Little Rock school crisis. Not until Faubus had the Arkansas National Guard out in the streets where, in effect, it was defying the federal government, did Eisenhower belatedly rise to the challenge.

In Eisenhower's defense it needs to be said that his broad goals, which were to foster a spirit of compromise and of national unity, necessarily took on a quality of over-generality and imprecision. Vagueness and imprecision, of course, are no

handicap to an experienced politician. But Eisenhower was not an experienced politician—and not a particularly successful President. The terse judgment of the late Sam Rayburn seems correct: "No, won't do. Good man. Wrong profession."

The presidency of John F. Kennedy was short but revealing. Unlike Eisenhower, Kennedy was at ease in the world of politics and, as he showed in the 1962 fight with Big Steel, fully understood the nature of political power. Intellectually, he was the best prepared man to sit in the White House since Woodrow Wilson. His personal popularity, at least until the civil rights demonstrations of 1963, was high. Yet, continuing a pattern evident since the Truman presidency, Kennedy's major successes were largely confined to international affairs. His Administration launched the widely praised Peace Corps. Kennedy erred grievously in the ill-conceived Bay of Pigs invasion, but recouped with a brilliant exercise in cold war politics during the Cuban missile crisis. In the summer of 1963 he eased Soviet-American tensions by negotiating a nuclear test-ban treaty and then winning its approval in the Senate.

In domestic affairs the Kennedy record was mediocre. He obtained the Trade Expansion Act of 1962, and he achieved some minor reforms in social and economic welfare legislation. There were many setbacks also: Congress rejected his "must" program for federal aid to education, medicare, and reform of the antiquated tax laws.

Kennedy, a polished intellectual, was often ineffective in articulating his programs in such a way as to win public support. His rhetoric, while captivating to college professors, lacked the flair for popular dramatization. He did not, for instance, have the touch of a Roosevelt who in 1940 sold a wary country his controversial Lend Lease program by arguing that it was no more than the act of one neighbor lending "a length of garden hose" to another whose home had caught fire. In addition, though Kennedy came to the White House from the Senate, he frequently misjudged congressional sentiment. He was almost too deferential to Congress. Kennedy, as John P. Roche has wryly noted, "always treated Congress with elaborate solicitude,

but it was that of a kindergarten teacher who suspects that one of the children has secreted a hand grenade on the premises."

In part, of course, Kennedy's problems were caused by the political environment that confronted him. He sought liberal legislation at a time when much of the nation was largely indifferent to his reformist urgings. Although the Democrats controlled Congress, many of them were conservatively inclined. When, as often happened, Southern Democrats allied themselves with the strong Republican opposition, the President was left with something less than a majority.

Negro demands for their full civil rights further complicated his task. Kennedy's political, not to mention his personal, commitments led him to espouse the Negro cause. Far more than the Eisenhower Administration, the Kennedy Administration enforced civil rights legislation. It intervened vigorously to suppress segregationist resistance to the decrees of federal courts in Alabama and Mississippi. In the summer of 1963 the rising tide of Negro protests spurred Kennedy into sending Congress the bill that eventually became the Civil Rights Act of 1964. But in taking these actions Kennedy, like Truman before him, began to be identified as a partisan President—a biased political ally of the civil rights groups. Increasingly, much of the public perceived him as a servant of Martin Luther King and Roy Wilkins, and in the months preceding his assassination surveys conducted by the American Institute of Public Opinion showed a sharp decline in Kennedy's national popularity. In such a political climate, even a Roosevelt would have had difficulties in getting his programs through Congress.

Lyndon B. Johnson came to the presidency with a background of over twenty years in Congress. His experience included six years as the Senate's Democratic Majority Leader, where he established a reputation as one of the ablest Senate politicians in modern history. By succeeding to the presidency at a moment of national shock over Kennedy's assassination, he obtained a strong momentum of popular support. His skilful leadership during the gray days of the winter of 1963-64 brought the nation to a high peak of unity, thus avoiding a period of acrimony and

confusion which very easily could have been the result of the sensational events that occurred in Dallas. At the same time, Johnson developed national confidence in himself, and he ably cultivated a broad and diverse collection of interest groups during the "honeymoon" phase of his term.

President Johnson's political orientation and his international and domestic objectives are similar to Kennedy's; his legislative effectiveness seems markedly greater. Johnson was a "congressman's congressman," and he is a master of behind-the-scenes persuasion. Within its first year the Johnson Administration scored an impressive number of legislative successes: it won enactment of the landmark Civil Rights Act of 1964; with the Anti-Poverty Program it began the first step of a coordinated national effort to curb the human and economic plight of what Michael Harrington has called "the other America"; and it gained significant legislation aimed at such important problems as public housing, social security income, urban mass transportation, and wilderness conservation.

In international affairs, where the American President must contend with political forces largely beyond his control, Johnson's record is more mixed. NATO's woes are still serious; the Congo and Castro's Cuba continue to trouble American policy makers. Soviet-American relations, however, appear to be stabilizing, and there is a possibility that the test-ban treaty may be followed by new agreements intended to defuse the explosive tension between the two super powers. South Vietnam remains, as it was under Eisenhower and Kennedy, a mess. Almost any move (whether a decision to expand the war, maintain the same level of United States involvement, or negotiate for neutralization) is likely to be wrong from some point of view.

Vietnam, though, has tested Johnson's political aplomb under fire. The attack during the summer of 1964 on American destroyers in the Gulf of Tonkin by Communist North Vietnamese PT boats presented him with his major international crisis. Johnson's reaction, which was to order a potent but limited single air strike against the PT bases, was a masterful exercise in the use of power with restraint. He also put to good use

a tactic developed by President Eisenhower during the Formosa and Lebanon crises of the 1950's, asking Congress for a resolution approving his action. The ensuing Southeast Asia Resolution that Congress speedily passed by an almost unanimous vote supported the President's determination "to take all necessary measures to repel any armed attack against the forces of the United States and to prevent further aggression."

With one stroke Johnson had demonstrated American firmness in Southeast Asia, partly blunted the criticisms of Administration vacillation made by the Goldwater Republicans, and obtained bipartisan support for a significant foreign affairs decision. Most important of all, the congressional resolution gave him a protective cover against domestic political criticism of any *future* military action he might take in that troubled part of the world. Johnson is not likely to repeat the political error of President Truman.

Although the judgment must be tentative, Lyndon Johnson gives indications of becoming one of the superb politician-Presidents of all time. His Southernness, combined with his Northern political support and his presidential commitment to civil rights, puts him in a unique position to interpret the North and South to each other. Like Kennedy, he too faces the distinct danger of being publicly labeled as the partisan of a special interest. So far, however, he has been able to avoid excessive identification with the civil rights groups. From a purely political point of view he has had one advantage not available to Kennedy: Johnson has had Negro riots—a sort of political equivalent to the lawless defiance of white Southern extremists—to denounce. The urban disorders of the summer of 1964 gave the President a natural opportunity to condemn Negro violence, thereby strengthening his public image of general independence from narrow group ties.

In personal terms Lyndon Johnson exudes a homey tone that for many Americans is appealing. His talk of a "Great Society" has elemental popular appeal, and his political touch seems deft. In two weeks during the spring of 1964, for example, Johnson subtly united persuasion, pressure, and public appeals

in such a way as to get the railroad industry and the operating brotherhoods to settle a five-year-old dispute that threatened a major breakdown in the nation's transportation system. Within minutes of the final agreement between the negotiators the President was on national television announcing the settlement and reading a letter from "a little girl named Cathy May." Cathy May had feared that if the railroads stopped running her grandmother would be unable to come and see her first Holy Communion. But now, the President told the nation, "Cathy's grandmother can go to see her and all of my fellow Americans can be proud that the railroad management and the railroad brotherhoods came, labored, worked and reasoned together and in the American way found an answer." The language was pure corn, but it brilliantly communicated the country's dependence on its transportation system in a way that John Kennedy's elegant messages could never do. It was also shrewd politics in the best nonpartisan style.

Lyndon Johnson's great opportunity is to become an Eisenhower with political skill, or, to put it another way, a Roosevelt whose public image is nonpartisan. His public personality is good, his presidential prestige is high, and his main national appeal—like Eisenhower's—is that of a nonpartisan unifier, a consensus President. Unlike Eisenhower, he is political to his fingertips. So much is this the case that the most serious danger Johnson faces is that his skill and zest for political manipulation could be turned against him. This in fact was one of Goldwater's strategies during the 1964 presidential campaign, the attempt to brand Johnson as a political trickster who was nothing but an amoral tactician of power. The accusation, made in the context of the unsavory Bobby Baker affair, undoubtedly tarnished Johnson's presidential lustre. But Goldwater's own political image was so negative that a majority of the American people, with varying degrees of enthusiasm, preferred Johnson. Today, with the advantage of an endorsement as President in his own right by over forty-two million citizens, he enjoys an even stronger base from which to apply his political magic in making himself appear as a nonpartisan President of "all the people."

Johnson's performance since the November election victory demonstrates that he intends to play to the hilt his favorite role as a consensus leader. He is a Democrat who, according to the American Institute of Public Opinion, received 20 percent of the normally Republican vote and 56 percent of the Independent vote. He is for economy, yet favors an expansion of social welfare. He supports full integration of the American Negro into the Great Society, yet he continues to collaborate politically with segregationist politicians in the South. He is a friend to organized labor—his 1965 State of the Union message, for instance, proposed changes in the controversial section of the Taft-Hartley Act which permits state right-to-work laws—yet he enjoys the confidence of business.

The experience of past Presidents suggests that eventually Johnson will have to make unpleasant choices that may cost him some of his broad-based support. He is a master of the political balancing act, but, for an activist President, there are limits to the politics of harmony—and Johnson, on the basis of his record, not to mention his restless temperament, is clearly an activist President. Moreover, no President elected on a party ticket and dependent on the support of interest groups can wholly escape a partisan identity.

But the public will to have a nonpartisan President is very strong. As Elmer E. Cornwell, Jr., has observed in his important recent study of presidential leadership of public opinion, the mass media operate continually to cast him in that role, and "the more the public comes to see the President as the personification of the *nation,* irrespective of party, the less willing it is to accept the partisan side of his office." Obviously, at least in this era of American history, the task of a President is to fuse shrewd presidential politics with a nonpartisan public image. By temperament, by experience, by the circumstances of his first coming to the presidential office, and by the nature of the election that confirmed him there, President Johnson seems to be unusually alert both to the need and to the possibility of reconciling the two contradictory roles incorporated in his office.

WILLA CATHER AND THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE

By JAMES SCHROETER

IF the name Willa Cather means anything at all to the young American, it is probably in connection with a college course in American literature, a name bordered on one side by Theodore Dreiser, Stephen Crane, and maybe Hamlin Garland, and on the other side by Sinclair Lewis, Fitzgerald, and Hemingway. He may recall her as the author of a story he once read in an anthology, either "Paul's Case" or "Neighbor Rosicky," and may perhaps remember that she is the author of *My Antonia* and *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, although he is not likely to have read either. An older American whose memory can go back to the 1920's and 1930's might remember her as the publicity-shy but generally acknowledged leading novelist of the time—a position in some ways parallel to that held by Salinger now, an impression formed from such ephemeral tokens of immortality as her picture on the cover of *Time* in 1931 or her "Profile" by Louise Bogan in *The New Yorker*. But the American who can remember the significant Willa Cather behind the 1920's celebrity or the embalmed textbook figure is rapidly disappearing. He is someone of her own generation, who came across her work during the era of the First World War with the excitement of genuine discovery.

It is difficult now to reconstruct the cultural and literary conditions that might have been responsible for that excitement, and impossible to outline them in a brief space, but there is one condition which, by itself, explains quite a bit: the indifference or hostility felt by the native-born Americans of that period toward the immigrant. This was so pronounced that only the sturdier, cruder media existing at the ragged fringes of culture —the vaudeville show, the salesman's joke—reflected it honestly. The middle-class magazines—the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, even the

muck-raking *McClure's* of which Willa Cather had been managing editor—printed stories that dealt with the kind of middle-class, native-born Americans who subscribed to the magazine, or with the wealthier and more glamorous group one step higher —the automobile-owning, country-club-going set that had servants, sent their sons to Princeton, and took junkets to Europe. If there is any reference to an immigrant, it is only through the character of a maid or janitor with a Swedish accent, who is added for comic relief. There seems to be little other awareness of the tides of people who were altering American patterns of courtship, transforming the industrial economy, changing the shapes of the cities. Our literature before the First World War was for native-born Americans, about native-born Americans, and by native-born Americans, and it is probably significant that the first major American writer who was the son of an immigrant, Theodore Dreiser, was a contemporary of Willa Cather, and in some way always escaping from his past.

Only when you project the early Cather novels of immigrant life—*O Pioneers!* (1913), *The Song of the Lark* (1915), *My Antonia* (1918)—against this kind of background is it possible to appreciate something of their freshness, and the immense courage that must have gone into the writing of them. Although "courage" is perhaps not the word to apply to someone as safe as Willa Cather, whose name had so much the right kind of old-stock American ring, and whose commerce with Bohemians and Swedes was a little like that of Jim Burden, the point-of-view character in *My Antonia*—large-minded and tinged with *noblesse oblige.* You read in Mildred Bennett's biography that Willa sent Annie Pavelka, her model for Antonia, money for seed wheat during the drought years. She led from a position of comparative artistic safety, too, bolstered by the authority that comes from being a teacher and editor, before attempting *O Pioneers!;* she mastered the mold before she broke it. But whatever you call the mixture of prudence and boldness that went into these books, what came out was big, independent, and original. As genteel and ladylike as these books may seem to read-

ers brought up on Hemingway and Faulkner, they gave American literature a new landscape, a new subject matter, and they made America's best critic, Randolph Bourne, exclaim in 1918 "the stiff moral molds are broken and she writes what we can wholly understand." It was as though in telling the story of the struggle and triumph of Alexandra Bergson, Thea Kronborg, and Antonia Shimerda, Willa Cather had cut through the claptrap to the salient fact of the American experience of her time —the coming of the immigrant, his struggle, assimilation, triumph—and placed the permanent, official seal of an accomplished art on that segment of American history.

There was one immigrant group, however, and an important one, that played little part in Willa Cather's fiction, the Russian and Polish Jews who were coming to America in such large numbers in the 1890's and the early years of the twentieth century. This fact may seem surprising for a number of reasons. Generally so because of the size and importance of the immigration, because Willa's life in those years as a writer and close observer in the large Eastern cities—New York, Boston, Pittsburgh—must have brought her into close contact with it, and because the drama that so captured her imagination, the struggle and triumph of the Swedes and Bohemians, was played out in a still more dramatic way by the Eastern European Jews, who often struggled against fiercer odds and won out to a more striking success. More specifically so because the Jews Willa Cather does represent in her fiction are not viewed from the same angle as her Bohemians, Scandinavians, Germans, and French. Despite the assimilative and Whitmanesque hug with which she embraced immigrant Mexicans and stolid Norwegians in her early books, she was capable at the same time of exhibiting—in the words of Bernard Baum—"an anti-Semitism of the poolroom variety that identifies the Jew with commercial exploitation, secularization, and destruction of traditional values."

You can find examples of Willa Cather's anti-Semitism easily enough even in her essays and pieces of criticism. She complains in "Potash and Perlmutter" (1914) that New York is being taken over by Jews. The city "roars and rumbles and hoots and

jangles because Potash and Perlmutter are on their way to something." One has to live in tasteless apartments because the buildings are built by Potash and Perlmutter to be lived in by Potash and Perlmutter, and one has to buy clothes designed by Potash and Perlmutter to be worn by the wives of Potash and Perlmutter. The essay is deft and the tone is light and good-natured enough, but behind it was a feeling Willa Cather held to so tenaciously it cropped up again, even though expressed in a different form, in an essay published more than twenty years later, an appreciative essay of Sarah Orne Jewett in *Not Under Forty* (1936). Mainly a defense of Miss Jewett, a writer Willa Cather had met a quarter-century earlier in the heart of Brahmin Boston when she was an impressionable beginner and Miss Jewett represented for her the purest of American cultural traditions, it launches an attack against the young "foreign" and "Jewish" critics, people "educated at New York University" and "inoculated with Freud," who are incapable of understanding the language and traditions of Miss Jewett. This essay was written in the 'thirties, at a time when a number of critics who happened to be urban and Jewish—Louis Kronenberger, Clifton Fadiman, William Soskin—had been publicly sticking barbs into Miss Cather's work, and it is not difficult to conclude that, in defending the Americanism of Miss Jewett, she was defending herself. Her technique is rather like the impersonal one in "Potash and Perlmutter," where she does not name herself as the victim of the tasteless apartment buildings and clothes, and one can clearly sense the same kind of fear in both essays that the Jews are taking over, the only difference being that it is the language rather than New York which is threatened in the second.

The crucial examples, though, are in the stories and novels, where feelings that could not easily be rationalized came out fairly clearly. Her first book of stories contains one, "The Marriage of Phaedra," which draws a romanticized picture of a great artist and a grotesque picture of a Jewish art dealer. The art dealer, Lichtenstein, is, in Miss Cather's words, a man of "repulsive appearance" and "innate vulgarity," who is trying to buy up the dead artist's masterpiece, and who says of it, in accents

which resemble nothing so much as those Victorian imitations of Jewish talk concocted by Thackeray and Dickens: "Dot is a chem, a chem! It is wordt to gome den tousant miles for such a bainting, eh? To make Eurobe abbreciate such a work of ardt it is necessary to take it away while she is napping." She gives us another picture of a hideous Jew in a later story, "Scandal." The villain of the story, Stein, an immigrant who has made an immense fortune and bought a mansion on Fifth Avenue that used to belong to "people of a very different sort," is described as having "long white teeth; flat cheeks, yellow as a Mongolian's; tiny, black eyes, with puffy lids and no lashes; dingy, dead-looking hair." He hires a young woman to impersonate the heroine of the story, Kitty Ayrshire, an opera singer (Willa was always strangely attracted to opera singers), and lets himself be seen publicly with the double. What Miss Cather wants the reader to regard as the tragedy of the story comes from the way the victimized Kitty has her name sullied by having it linked with Stein. Another example can be found in one of her last stories, "The Old Beauty," posthumously published in 1948. One of the villains—there are several—is dark, foreign-looking, and a banker. He is not named as a Jew, but at various points in the story he is described as "repulsive," "vulgar," "pushy," "an immigrant who has made a lot of money," a man "who does not belong." Like Stein of "Scandal," he is without gallantry, and attempts to assault the heroine of the story, Lady Longstreet, intended by Miss Cather as a symbol of the graciousness and beauty of a way of life that is disappearing.

There are several striking similarities in these portraits: all show the Jew as repulsive from a physical point of view, vulgar from a social and esthetic point of view, and acquisitive from a moral. A foreigner or outsider, he is seen in the role of invader and aggressor, and he tries to use things, art objects or women (Miss Cather often identified the two), for unworthy ends.

The fullest exhibition of anti-Semitism, though, is in the novel *The Professor's House* (1925), Willa Cather's only work which contains a major, full-scale portrait of a Jew. This book is not so well known as some of her others. It has not appeared

in paper, and has escaped the college vogue that has kept other books of the same era—*The Great Gatsby, The Sun Also Rises*—in the public eye. But it is an interesting, vigorous, thought-provoking book, perhaps Willa Cather's most interesting, and one of the significant American novels of the twentieth century. The Jew in the book, Louie Marcellus, does not appear to be a stereotype. Instead of being a banker or department store magnate, he is an electrical engineer. Unlike the crudely-sketched Lichtenstein, he does not speak in any identifiably Jewish way. Nor is he physically repulsive: "There was nothing Semitic about his countenance except his nose—that took the lead. It was not at all an unpleasing feature, but it grew out of his face with masterful strength, well-rooted, like a vigorous oaktree growing out of a hill-side." He is rather handsome and appeals to women. He is not even especially acquisitive or vulgar, at least not on the surface. On the contrary, he is described as "generous to a fault," and is constantly giving away expensive presents. But strangely the hero of the novel, Professor St. Peter, does not like Marcellus, and yet he can hardly put his finger on the reason. The reasons lie deeply buried in the inner patterns of the book, and they are probably the best key to untangling not only the meaning of a book which from the time of its first appearance critics have felt to be baffling and mysterious, but to Miss Cather's persistent anti-Semitism.

Willa Cather deliberately, and perhaps also unconsciously, buried these meanings deeply. This is what she meant in 1925 when she said in an interview that *The Professor's House* was the only book she had ever written in which she had tried to be "ironic." The hidden irony of the title—the "house" is, among other things, the professor's grave—has been beautifully explained by the late E. K. Brown; but no one has ever explained the irony of the epigraph, which unlocks the doors to the lower story. It functions a little like the epigraphs T. S. Eliot was coming out with at about that time, in *The Waste Land,* for instance, leading you into what is coming but refusing to give up its meaning all at once, rather like an ingenious but nasty joke which the author is playing on the readers as well as on the dramatis per-

sonae. Miss Cather's epigraph is a quotation from the Jew, Marcellus: "A turquoise set in silver wasn't it? . . . Yes, a turquoise set in dull silver."

On the more accessible level, the "turquoise set in dull silver" is a piece of jewelry, and the more accessible irony is that Marcellus, who refers to it, has no understanding whatever of its history, value, or beauty, nor do any of the people he is talking to, least of all his wife. The scene is Christmas day at a dinner party at the Professor's new house. Marcellus arrives with his wife, Rosamond, the Professor's daughter, a pretty but vain woman, who comes decked out in a gold necklace Marcellus has given her. He describes this necklace as "very old": "Rosamond doesn't like anything showy, you know, and she doesn't care about intrinsic values." Even the reader who sees that Rosamond likes only showy things and only "intrinsic" values is likely to miss that Marcellus' evaluation of the gold necklace, which is exactly opposite from the true one, is applicable only to another piece of jewelry, the "turquoise set in dull silver" which Rosamond no longer wears. Whereas the gold necklace, a present from a Jew to his wife at Christmas, is the kind of showy trinket that anyone could pick up in an antique shop if he had enough money, the "turquoise set in dull silver" which Marcellus "tolerantly" recalls (Willa Cather disliked the tolerant and affected an intolerant style) had been a gift from Tom Outland: it has never been bought or sold, it is unique, it is made by hand, it is the product of an ancient and vanished Indian civilization, and its value is of the intrinsic sort that comes from the beauty of its design and workmanship, and of the extrinsic sort conferred by its origin and the beauty of the motives behind Outland's finding it and then giving it as a gift. The basic irony, then, as those familiar with the values running all through Willa Cather's fiction will recognize, is that the half-forgotten Indian bracelet represents true beauty, while the overvalued gold necklace represents the false.

The deeper ironic levels can be seen clearly only in the light of the over-all structure of the novel. This structure is of a radical, experimental sort, in its own way a little like what some of

Willa Cather's younger contemporaries—James Joyce, Virginia Woolf—had been up to. It consists of three parts, apparently quite unrelated, which compose into a surprising significance once you see the angle and distance from which you are supposed to view them. Two of these parts, Book I and Book III, deal with a single set of people, the Professor's family and colleagues, and with their depressing relationships—their petty jealousies, bickering, back-biting, greed. They are set in the present (after 1922, the year in which Willa claimed the world broke in two), in a small, dull Midwestern college town, and their general flavor, pace, and texture suggest what is small, joyless, and commonplace. Book II is in the sharpest contrast. Almost devoid of human figures and relationships, it is dominated by one character, Outland, and one relationship, Outland's friendship with Rodney Blake, a relationship opposite from those in the other books, and based like all Miss Cather's ideal relationships on disinterested friendship rather than the ties of sex, marriage, and family. Instead of telling of selfish ambition, it deals with the heroic quest of recovering a vanished civilization. Rather than being set in the joyless present, it is in the romantic past. Rather than being in the kind of dull Midwestern town excoriated so often in the fiction of the 'twenties, it is set on a mesa in the Southwest, a part of the country Miss Cather used in *The Song of the Lark* and *Death Comes for the Archbishop* as her symbol of ideal natural beauty.

The point is that Book II is the "turquoise" and Books I and III are the "dull silver." The whole novel, in other words, is constructed like the Indian bracelet. It is not hard to see that Willa Cather wants to draw an ironic contrast not only between two pieces of jewelry but between two civilizations, between two epochs, and between the two men, Marcellus and Outland, who symbolize these differences.

One facet of this last contrast has to do with what might be called the "traditions" of Outland and Marcellus. Like Miss Cather herself, Outland is the child of parents who moved West when he was eight. His parents "both died when they were crossing southern Kansas in a prairie schooner," and later the or-

phaned Tom works as a call boy on the Santa Fe and as a cow-hand on a ranch. All of these details—the prairie schooner, the railway, the ranch—indicate that Tom is supposed to represent the genuine American pioneer tradition. By contrast, Marcellus, whose background is unknown or unmentioned, represents no tradition at all. He is a Jew, but seems to have dropped all of the identifying marks of one. He seems also to be of indefinite nationality; at one point he mentions that his brother is in the silk trade in China. His "tradition" is suggested by the fact that he builds a house on the "shores of Lake Michigan" designed by a "young Norwegian trained in Paris" that has "wonderful wrought iron door fittings from Chicago": "We found just the right sort of hinge and latch—and had all the others copied from it. None of your Colonial glass knobs for us."

Another facet of the contrast has to do with creativity. Willa makes Tom's creativity double, as if to drive home the point twice as hard. On the one hand, Outland is an archeologist, who discovers, explores, and preserves the artifacts of an ancient Indian civilization, driven by the desire to find the source of America's beginnings. On the other, he is a theoretical physicist, pushing the frontier of man's knowledge further through his research in the laboratory. Neither of these activities brings Tom profit, nor does he want them to. He is offered a large sum of money for the old Indian pots he digs up by people who want to carry them out of the country, but he presents them without cost to the Smithsonian. His scientific discovery has important commercial applications, a point he well understands, but he realizes nothing from it. Marcellus, by contrast, the electrical engineer, has no creative genius whatever, but knows how to make money. His talent is in getting and spending, and his money comes wholly from his application of the discovery Tom has made. The contrast, then, is that the gentile is the innovator and creator, while the Jew is the exploiter who parasitically battens off what he creates.

Willa also contrasts the men as symbols of time past and time present. Her technique and situation are a little reminiscent of

Joyce's in his story "The Dead," in which there is also a contrast —between Michael Furey, who stands for creativity and true Gaelicism, and the anglicized Gabriel who betrays these things. Just as Gabriel's wife had been wooed before her marriage by the now dead and therefore romanticized figure of Michael, so Rosamond had been wooed by Outland. But the interesting parallel is in the way that the two dead men, legendary figures from a larger past giving the measure of the unheroic present, even though glimpsed briefly, overshadow their unworthy successors.

In making the free-wheeling Marcellus an electrical engineer, Miss Cather departed sharply from her model, a Canadian Jew who was a concert violinist. But she risked the temperamental improbability both to push her contrast between innovator and exploiter and to cap with a ruling symbol her picture of the ugly present. Like Robert Frost and Sherwood Anderson, she thought the threat to human values was posed by the machine, mass-production, and the substitution of the yardstick for the heart. As she saw it, the engineer was the new man. He and his machinery were pulling us relentlessly away from the past and into the future. And so she merged Jew and engineer in one.

Although worked out in terms of a vastly more subtle and comprehensive art, *The Professor's House* says pretty much the same thing about Jews as the shorter pieces—the Jew is a money-maker rather than a creator, a traditionless aggressor who invades from the outside; he threatens and destroys the past; and he symbolizes what is wrong with the present. But there is a still more sweeping and deplorable implication. The majority of the novel is seen through the mind of the Professor. Like Miss Cather and Outland, he came West with his parents when he was a child, and he, too, symbolizes the American tradition. Tom is the son the Professor would have liked to have; Marcellus is the son he actually gets. If the Professor can be taken as a symbol of America, then Willa's "message" is simply that America is falling into the hands of the Jews. This is what she means by having the Professor's daughter and Outland's discovery fall into

the hands of Marcellus. They, the Jews, are the unworthy inheritors of that tradition and wealth which they had no share in making but which, through some unaccountable flaw in the scheme of things, they have taken over, very much as the Snopeses in Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha novels take over the glories and traditions of the old South.

A fascinating chapter in the history of the creative process could be written if it were possible for someone to get his hands on the materials showing the influences on Willa Cather in the formative months when *The Professor's House* took shape in her mind. Unfortunately what was probably the best of this material was destroyed after Jan Hambourg, the model for Marcellus, sent Willa Cather the bundle of letters, representing over thirty years of her correspondence with his wife, which Miss Cather bit by bit consigned to the incinerator. Still, it is possible to speculate about these influences, and to pull from the facts that have been made public a revealing picture.

The months in question are roughly those between May and October 1923, when Willa Cather must have been formulating the basic characters, situations, and themes for her novel. The last serial installment of her earlier novel, *A Lost Lady,* came out in June, and appeared virtually unchanged in book form in September; so that by May she must certainly have already turned her thoughts toward her next book. And by October she was back in New York, at her flat on Bank Street in the Village, engaged in the actual writing. During this period there were, I believe, two factors that influenced her choice of theme and character.

The first was that she began to reap the tangible rewards of the success she had always dreamed of. Alfred A. Knopf, her friend as well as publisher, had pushed the sales of *One of Ours* (1922) hard, and the book was making money, as were her earlier Houghton Mifflin books. For the first time, she had all the money she wanted, and at the same time she was starting to get the recognition. In May she was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for

One of Ours, and the reviews of *A Lost Lady* in September and October were ecstatic. Even the people back home in Nebraska, whose admiration Willa Cather may have secretly longed for most, paid her their first official homage. They raised money for Leon Bakst to paint her portrait, to be hung in the big public library in Omaha. The effect of the wealth and glory was altogether opposite from what Willa had expected. The wealth brought luxuries that seemed unimportant once they were realities, and the fame was like a cancer that ate into her privacy, obtruding into that world of memory and tranquility which was the source of her art. The whole experience of getting the wealth and fame and then having them turn sour provided her with the major theme of *The Professor's House*, accounting for much of the contrast between Outland (effort) and Marcellus (reward), and for the "tragedy" of the Professor, whose life is split into two opposing parts, the glorious first phase in which he struggled and created, and the unworthy phase in which he wins prize money, success, and the luxury of an expensive, modern house. And it accounts, too, for an implied criticism of America, whose history parallels that of the Professor, consisting of a noble past and an ignoble present cheapened by material things.

The second factor, Willa's visit that summer with Jan and Isabelle Hambourg, had a more specific influence. Isabelle, the former Isabelle McClung, had been Willa's closest friend for fifteen or twenty years, and when she married Jan Hambourg, the Canadian Jewish violinist, in 1916, the friendship continued, apparently pretty much on the same basis. Willa would have been too proud to reveal fully what changes may have come about in her own feelings. The women continued to exchange letters regularly, and in 1920 the three of them—Jan, Isabelle, and Willa Cather—toured the battlefields of France together. After the Hambourgs acquired their home in France, in Ville-d'Avray, they outfitted a special room for Miss Cather to work in, very possibly at the urging of Jan rather than Isabelle, and invited Willa for a visit. It is impossible to say exactly what hap-

pened during that visit, but Edith Lewis, who later came to more or less supplant the position Isabelle had held, has this revealing comment to make in her book on Miss Cather:

> The Hambourgs had hoped that she would make Ville-d'Avray her permanent home. But although the little study was charming, and all the surroundings were attractive, and the Hambourgs themselves devoted and solicitous, she found herself unable to work at Ville-d'Avray. She felt indeed that she would never be able to work there.

One chapter in *The Professor's House* suggests strongly what must have happened, and how this influenced the formation of the novel. This chapter, the eighth one, relates how the Professor goes to Chicago to give a lecture, engaging a room for himself and his wife in a "quiet hotel near the university," only to find that his solicitous son-in-law has cancelled the hotel room, arranged and paid for a commodious suite in the Blackstone overlooking the Lake, obtained tickets to his favorite opera, and even arranged a surprise birthday dinner at a public room in the hotel, to which he has invited all the Professor's University of Chicago colleagues. The Professor's reactions to the suite, the dinner and all the rest seem similar to Miss Cather's reactions to Ville-d'Avray: he finds everything commodious, well-arranged, luxurious, and attractive, but he is unaccountably depressed, irritated with Marcellus, and sorry he let himself in for it by accepting the hospitality. The Professor is too civilized to vent his feelings about Marcellus in anything but ironic statement or self-deprecation, a situation that seems to be a miniature version both of Willa Cather's in Ville-d'Avray, and of the larger pattern running through the book, which centers on St. Peter's reluctance to move out of his old house and his unaccountable discomfort in the new one, with its convenient study arranged by his wife and Marcellus. Clearly the visit that summer to Ville-d'Avray must have provided Willa not only with her model for Marcellus but her symbolism of houses, rooms, and studies, and the emotional furniture she put into them.

With little doubt Willa Cather's feelings toward Jan were mixed up with a good deal of hate. Plain as this is in other ways,

it shows up most directly in the strange dedication, which must be one of the nastiest dedications any first-rate writer has ever appended to a first-rate book. Consistent with the ironic title and epigraph, it reads: "For Jan, because he likes narrative." Part of the nastiness comes from the fact that the book is so deliberately anti-narrative, but one suspects there may be a private joke, which no one but Jan and Willa Cather, or perhaps Willa Cather only, was in on. The hatred, I believe, can be traced to two separate roots. The deepest was a psychological root, which so far has resisted the efforts people have made to drag it into the light—although someday, if the picture of Willa Cather as a frank, hearty Westerner with a taste for French cooking is ever going to be replaced by a picture of the more complex reality, it will have to be. The second was a cultural root, which is somewhat easier to examine, and greatly more relevant to the general question of Willa's anti-Semitism.

The portrait of Marcellus must have come from both roots. Otherwise one can hardly account for the vigor of Miss Cather's hatred or the consistency with which she has worked it into the symbolic scheme. But no other portrait of a Jew Willa Cather ever did has anything like the same development or is fueled by anything resembling the same degree of creative energy. In fact, there is no other example in her novels of a major anti-Semitic strain. When one takes the balanced view, one sees that anti-Semitism, for the most part, is really a rather unimportant aspect of Willa Cather's fiction, just as it was unimportant in her personal life. The reason, I believe, is that on only one occasion did the cultural and psychological factors come together, in the portrait of Marcellus. Her other portraits of Jews, which have mainly a cultural basis, are the product of the general way of looking at things of the America of her day.

The proof of this is that the major fiction writers who were most nearly contemporaneous with Willa, the major writers born in the 1870's, Theodore Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson, are about equally anti-Semitic. One has only to recall Anderson's *Tar* or *Dark Laughter,* or the crude way both writers will

refer to a character as "the Jew," without even attaching a name, content to let the stereotype stand as the total basis for the character. It is true that both writers, Dreiser especially, attach labels such as "the Swede," or "the German," or "the Irishman" in a similarly crude, unflattering, and stereotypic way, a practice Willa Cather never engaged in, but there is a similar stereotyping of the Jew in all three. Irving Howe tries to play down Anderson's anti-Semitism in his book on Anderson, claiming that "if one cared to draw up a balance sheet, it would be possible to find favorable passages about the Jews to match the disturbing passages" (a similar claim could be made for Willa Cather), but he is more nearly honest when he admits how Anderson was influenced by the "folk stereotype which regards Jews as the archetypal 'other,' alien, unknowable, and perhaps suspect." Bringing out the scandalous public controversy in which Dreiser was engaged in the '30's, F. O. Matthiessen—in his book on Dreiser—quotes the comments Dreiser made when he was trying to justify himself against charges that he was anti-Semitic—comments in which Dreiser, trying to give his sincere reaction to Jews, nonetheless comes up with the same kind of stereotype: "If you listen to Jews discuss Jews," wrote Dreiser, "you will find that they are money-minded, very pagan, very sharp in practise."

Similar attitudes can be found in the writers who came before and after. Edith Wharton, for example, born in the 1860's, creates in her portrait of Simon Rosedale most of the features Willa was to use in her portrait of Stein—the vulgarity, the money, the social pushiness—while T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, both born in the 1880's, concentrate nearly the ugliest stereotypes in their poems—a point that has been well enough publicized, at least in the case of Pound, to require no rehearsing here. Even Sinclair Lewis, also born in the '80's, gives a reverse testimony to the cultural situation by his noisy insistence, for example, that Mrs. Banning and Mrs. Anneke invite Jews to their parties, or by his desire to write a play "exposing" anti-Semitism. Histories of American literature seem never to notice that the '20's generally were dominated by this sort of thing, but there are con-

spicuous forms of it in Mencken, Nathan, Boyd, Hergesheimer, Cabell, and Tarkington, and even in the early work of the younger men born in the 1890's and early 1900's, who shaped the direction of the "new" American novel—F. Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe, Hemingway, and Faulkner.

In some ways Fitzgerald uses even cruder stereotypes—for example, in his portrait of Meyer Wolfsheim in *The Great Gatsby* (1925)—than you find in Cather's work of the same vintage: for example, Wolfsheim's flat-nosed ugliness and his imitation accent (he says "gonnegtion" for "connection"), an indication that Fitzgerald like the early Willa Cather had paid more attention to the way Jews talk in British novels than in New York restaurants. But on the whole, Wolfsheim bears a curious resemblance to his 1925 literary twin, Marcellus: both characters are unpleasantly florid and sentimental; they are associated with "dirty" money in the same way; they are clever exploiters; and contact with them lowers and declasses whoever is impure enough to suffer it. Thomas Wolfe's anti-Semitism, even though it comes out sounding more pungent, is still closer to Cather's. Wolfe's physical description of Abe Jones comes from the same mold that produced Willa Cather's description of Stein, and Wolfe's picture of the rich, powerful Jews at Esther Jack's party is based on the idea of the Jew—as a rich, secretive, financially and sexually aggressive stranger—that you usually find in Willa Cather.

It is true that the younger men, especially Hemingway and Faulkner, tend to temper their anti-Semitism markedly with a two-edged irony. Hemingway, for instance, iconoclastically reverses the stereotype in his tennis-playing, expatriated, Princeton-graduated Robert Cohn in *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), and Faulkner has fun satirizing the stereotype in *The Sound and the Fury* (1929) when he makes Jason Compson rant about those "damn eastern jews," those Wall Street "fellows that sit up there in New York and trim the suckers." Yet as anti-stereotypic as Cohn may be, he still stands in the novel as the symbol of the "outsider"; and drunk as Mike Campbell may be when he calls Cohn a "kike," Hemingway leaves the reader in no doubt that

the drunken Campbell is preferable to the suffering Cohn. Faulkner may satirize Jason and his anti-Semitism, but he simultaneously satirizes the cowardly Jewish drummer, a kind of earlier Sherwood Anderson type, at whom Jason's comments are directed:

> "I've known some jews that were fine citizens. You might be one yourself," I [Jason] says.
> "No," he says, "I'm an American."
> "No offense," I says. "I give every man his due, regardless of religion or anything else. I have nothing against jews as an individual," I says. "It's just the race. You'll admit that they produce nothing. They follow the pioneers into a new country and sell them clothes."
> "You're thinking of Armenians," he says, "aren't you. A pioneer wouldn't have any use for new clothes."
> "No offense," I says. "I don't hold a man's religion against him."
> "Sure," he says, "I'm an American. My folks have some French blood. why I have a nose like this. I'm an American, all right."

This kind of thing became unfashionable in the literature of the '30's, just as pictures of watermelon-eating Negroes became unfashionable in the '40's, but American literature before the First World War on into the '20's has a detectable anti-Semitic strain. Furthermore, rather than being confined to any class of writers, it is characteristic of what might be called the "main tradition," the "classic" writers who practiced their craft with greatest skill, dignity, and humanity. For the most part, Willa Cather's anti-Semitism is a part of this tradition and grows from the same cultural roots.

The only significant attempt at a broad cultural explanation of Willa Cather's anti-Semitism is in a book by John Randall, *The Landscape and the Looking Glass,* a thematic study of her fiction which puts considerable emphasis, perhaps too much, on the anti-Semitism. According to Randall, it can be explained by the Populist Movement. Taking his ideas fairly directly from Richard Hofstadter, Randall explains that the Populists, who were xenophobically anti-Semitic, subscribed to an oversimplified notion of history. Written in the form of a melodrama, it cast the sturdy land-owning yeoman in the role of hero, and the

Eastern capitalist, Wall Street banker, and the Jew (who was associated with the House of Rothschild and something called "the international gold ring") in the role of villain. There is much that is persuasive and even brilliant in the connection Mr. Randall makes between the Populists and Willa Cather's anti-Semitism, but to imagine the politically antipathetic Willa Cather going to William Jennings Bryan for her ethical inspiration is somewhat comparable, for different reasons, to imagining H. L. Mencken doing so. What similarities exist between Populist anti-Semitism and the literary variety are probably due to the fact that both are expressions, one political and the other artistic, of the same cultural forces.

These underlying cultural forces are too vast and complicated to pin down with any precision, but they manifested themselves in the literature by that vast, unprecedented movement Westward, beginning in about 1910, of what John Macy two generations ago called the "spirit" of American literature. At the time that Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright were creating a new American architecture in the Middlewest, Dreiser, Anderson, Willa Cather, Sandburg, and Lewis were establishing a new literature. All these writers grew up in small Middlewestern villages, and their real contact with cities did not come until after their ideas and attitudes had been pretty firmly molded. Willa Cather's story is a fairly typical one: from the age of 8 to 18 in the village of Red Cloud, a tiny hamlet on the Nebraska plains; from 18 to 22 in the somewhat larger world of Lincoln and the university, punctuated by a trip or two to Chicago; and not until after that the urban worlds of Pittsburgh, New York, and the European capitals. The story makes a pattern which can be read in several ways—as the escape from the horrors of corn-belt provincialism, the tragic hegira from pastoral innocence, or the conquest of civilization and the Bright Medusa—but however it is read, it is the story of Dreiser, Anderson, Willa Cather, and the young writers who came after them, Fitzgerald and Hemingway; and the story that they told over and over again in their novels.

There is always some image in the work of these American writers—for Hemingway it is the big, two-hearted river; for Willa Cather the plow outlined against the sun; for Fitzgerald, Nick Carroway's memory of the wind blowing "the wet laundry stiff on the line" just before he decides to return to the Middlewest; for Anderson the streets of Winesburg where George Willard walks alone and dreams; for Wolfe the trains hooting in the night—that stands out as a sharp, intensely nostalgic symbol of the lost world of youth and purity. As though the mind of the writer had frozen on some personal, private, and incommunicable childhood scene, it remains forever fixed as the pole against which the pain of life, the tragedy of change, suffering, corruption, and death is measured. Fragile and ephemeral, it is projected into one term of a terrible and beautiful metaphor, symbolizing not only the beginning of the individual conscience, but Good in its melodramatic struggle with Evil, and the birth of American history.

One wonders whether that faint hostility to the Jew in the major literature of the '20's was due simply to the historical accident that excluded him from the Middlewestern village of the 1870's, '80's, and '90's that was its cradle. Was it due to something as simple as the fact that he had not fished in the big, two-hearted river, or walked the streets of Winesburg as George Willard had, or plowed the red grass on the Nebraska prairies? Willa Cather said that the history of a country is always in the hearts of the men and women who pioneer it. Her country, which was only as wide as her childhood memory, was pioneered by Swedes and Bohemians, and she could not make it any larger. Her fraternity of heroes was cosmopolitan and democratic, but it was also terribly exclusive, and you were admitted only if you had shared the early years together.

PUBLIC EVIL AND PRIVATE PROBLEMS: SEGREGATION AND PSYCHIATRY

BY ROBERT COLES

ON August 5, 1964 a United Press story quoted an FBI agent who was working in the area of Neshoba County, Mississippi, where the remains of three civil rights workers were found: "I wish I could have a psychiatrist examine whoever did this right now and see what they'd be thinking now that we've got the bodies."

I heard a similar remark several weeks earlier from an agent in McComb, Mississippi. A house occupied by several "integrationists" had just been badly damaged by dynamite, and while I was looking into some of the medical problems—two students were injured—the officer was trying to find out who was responsible for the explosion. Standing near the debris with soda pop in our hands we talked about the details of the incident. He assured me that it was a serious attempt at murder rather than a mere effort to warn and frighten, and then he turned his attention to explanations. Why would people want to do this? He said it, then I said it, both of us less curious than appalled. Yet, slowly the curiosity rose in him and well after we had finished our talk he came back to the question. Why would anyone have nothing better to do in the middle of the night than plant dynamite? He was now mentioning the time, and with it the clear suggestion that only an unhappy, a disturbed person would not be sleeping then, or would be doing that kind of deed. Perhaps, he suggested, I had some thoughts on the matter.

I did, right at that moment, but they were hardly suitable for the quick reply the situation demanded. We each returned to our work, though I found myself ruminating about how indeed I might have explained to him exactly what my thoughts were. As I tried to lay that challenge to rest I kept on coming

back to the chief capability we have in psychiatry, the case history. Perhaps if we had had the time I would have been able to show him what I felt to be the answer to his question by telling him about a particular person's life, including, of course, the life of his mind.

For several years before last summer I had been studying the evolution of the civil rights struggle in Mississippi by working in it. I had been trying to find out how white and Negro families caught in various critical moments of desegregation in the deep South managed such a fate. When I started my research I had several theoretical ideas in mind, and as I look back now, I suppose one of the reasons I undertook the study was to confirm those ideas with accumulated clinical information. In the case of the Negro children I assumed that they were under severe stresses such as facing mobs, violence, threats, and a variety of economic pressures upon their parents; and that this being the case, they would develop certain complaints. My task would be to document how they survived; but more exactly it would involve recording the ways the mind will respond to such difficult experiences—and among those ways I expected to find in a significant number of instances the development of symptoms. In the case of the strongly segregationist families I presumed that they, too, were under fairly direct provocation, and I wanted to see how they handled it. More important to me then—and it is this issue which I am writing about now—was the clear need to gather psychiatric information about these segregationists, particularly their leaders. There had been a good deal of speculation about the kind of person who is the bigot, the full-time hater, and I hoped to gather some detailed clinical information about just this kind of person. My firm assumption as I started was that there were certain kinds of people who became very active segregationists and that in some fashion careful study of the lives of enough of them would give us some clue about what this kind of person was like and, by implication, what we might expect to do as psychiatrists to prevent his proliferation in the future.

I've since finished all that work—it took three years. In the case of the Negro children I found myself continually surprised

at their strength before all those enraged people and their terrible actions. These children, many of them from poor and illiterate families, seemed a good deal sturdier than many of those I had treated from the most comfortable of middle-class homes in New England. What had seemed a dreadful ordeal to me was very much part of what they had long since been taught to expect and confront. Though I learned much about how they did indeed grow up with such anticipations, I also learned how, in the course of my life and training, I had grown up with my own set of anticipations: that severe stress is likely to be hurtful; that symptoms come from pressures such as these children met, rather than that lives genuinely build themselves around such trials, in many cases may be made stronger on their account, and in any event, must be seen in their particular context rather than judged by standards quite meaningless to them.

With the segregationists I came to know quite well I was equally confused after a while. Like the FBI agents I looked for important medical discoveries when I drew near mobs and heard people shouting as the people in them did. What kind of person would enlist himself in such activity, would traffic in the arson, the explosives, the very murder which those large and small bands advocated and carried out? That was the question I held strongly in my mind as I started working, and a variety of psychiatric diagnoses—paranoia, schizophrenia, severe neurosis, psychopathic personality, in brief, the lot—were waiting in the wings of my thoughts, to be applied to those I would meet and get to know.

Let me tell you about one of these segregationists, because he and many others like him I have interviewed at length have made it very hard to agree with either my earlier self or the FBI agents that my services are uniquely valuable or revealing in exploring the issue of why violence occurs in the South and coming to some understanding of it. This man did not murder the three civil rights workers, or plant dynamite in that home in the terror-stricken McComb area of Mississippi; but he has committed appallingly similar acts, in company with many others. He has been in mobs and will not deny having seen Negroes assaulted and killed as part of the crowds which

have come upon them in the past and done their work with no public attention afterwards. I am sure he would satisfy those agents and all of us as a prototype of the bigot who is a potential killer. I thought of him immediately that morning in McComb, and again when I read the report of the government agent's dismayed call for psychiatric help in Philadelphia.

I first met John, as I shall call him, while he was protesting the Archbishop's decision to admit some children who were Negro, but also Catholic, to the parochial schools of New Orleans. It was a warm, faintly humid early spring day, a Saturday too, and next year's school opening hardly seemed a timely worry. Up and down he walked, tall, husky from the rear, an incipient belly in front. He wore a brown suit, slightly frayed at the cuffs, and on its right shoulder rested his sign, wrought and lettered by himself: "Fight Integration. Communists Want Negroes With Whites." His shirt was starched and he wore a tie. He had brown eyes. He was bald but for the most meagre line of black hair on his neck—it must have happened early and fast. His face was fleshy and largely unlined, and I thought "forty or forty-five."

Several of those marching seemed unaware of the people they attracted. John, however, was the most engaging. Looking at people directly, he would talk with them if they showed the tiniest interest. He moved faster than the others, and seemed to be in charge, now signalling a new direction for walking, later approving or suggesting luncheon shifts.

We moved along the pavement side by side, he and I. Would I want a sign—he had several in reserve? I would rather talk with him; I was very much interested in his opinions. I felt it important that he, that they, not be misunderstood, and I would do my best to record fairly what he thought and wanted. I am a physician, I told him, a research physician specializing in problems of human adjustment under stress. A little amplification of this, and he laughed—it *was* a strain, the police and the scoffing people, and those reporters with the sly, obviously unfriendly questions. He would talk with reporters, though, any of them, so long as they were not niggers, not Com-

munists, because he wanted to be heard. It was important to be heard or nothing could be accomplished. He wanted to do something, not merely have his say, therefore he would surely talk with me if I were a teacher, if I wanted to report the truth to the educated. They needed his truth. I agreed. He was visibly impressed with certain credentials which, in my nervousness, I had offered: cards, pieces of paper which I now know were unnecessary for his cooperation. We began that day, later in the afternoon, signs put aside, over coffee. I arranged to meet him regularly, weekly, for several months, at his home, or over our coffee in a diner; and he told me about himself and his life, about what he believed and for how long. He liked to talk about himself, and he was grateful for a chance.

He is a passionate segregationist ("You can put down 'the strongest,' the strongest it's possible to be"). He has plans. He would like to exile most Negroes to Africa, perhaps sterilize a few quiet ones who would work at certain jobs fitting their animal nature, itself the work of God, he would emphasize. He would strip Jews of their fearful power, sending them off also, but to Russia, where they came from and yearn to return. There are other suspicious groups, Greeks, Lebanese—it's a port city, they can leave their boats. Unlike the niggers and Jews, whose clear danger to his city he had formulated for some time, he had not determined his exact position on those other people, or his solution for them.

He was born in central Louisiana, say for example the town of Acme in Concordia Parish. The state is split into its southern, Catholic and French area and a northern section, basically Protestant and Anglo-Saxon. A representative son, his father was the former and his mother Scotch-Irish, a wayward Baptist who embraced the Roman Church (the only term used for the Catholic Church in certain areas of the so-called Bible belt) a few weeks before her marriage. Born their second child on the month America entered the First World War, he was sickly and fatherless his first year of life. While his father fought in Europe the boy was taken with what we now call "allergies," a timid stomach which mostly rejected milk, a cranky skin which periodically exploded red, raw, itchy, and was often infected by his responsive

scratches. His sister was five years older, and she remembered all this. She and his mother, still alive, have told him about his fretful infancy, and he knew it well enough to be able to tell their memories. *His* first memory was a whipping from his father's strap. With his father home from war, a second son and last child was born when John was three. He had pinched the infant, done enough wrong to the child's skin to cause a cry and then his father's punishing attention. That was to happen many times, though he held a special place in his mind for this earliest occasion: "My brother and I started off on the wrong track, and we've never got along with one another."

His brother is tall and thin, ruddy faced and blue-eyed like his mother, wears a white shirt to a bank teller's job near their home town. He, dark and shorter like his father, has several "blue-shirt" skills which at various times he has used. "I can build a house myself" was his way of summarizing them: carpentry, electric work, plumbing, even brick-laying.

As children the development of the boys forked: one neat, precise, his mother's favorite as well as her physical reflection; the other, by his own description, naughty, often idle or busy being scrappy. John in short was an overlooked and troubled middle child. He resembled his father, yet hated him as far back as he can remember. Oddly though, his manner, his temperament, sound like the father's as he describes the man, shows pictures of him, now ten years dead, a large blustery fellow, open, opinionated, rumpled, a mechanic preoccupied with automobiles—under them daily, reading magazines about them by night. He had storms within him, and they fell upon his middle child, alone and arbitrarily, the boy felt.

Once John and I had talked long and hard, it seemed like a whole day, and I noticed it was nearly three hours, and the length of time measured a certain trust, a certain understanding which was developing between us. I found myself knowing him, recognizing some of the hardships he had endured, not just psychological ones, but the hunger and jobless panic which must have entered so many homes in a decade when I was scarcely born and he yet a child. I felt guilty in a moment, torn between him and the simple, but of course complicated facts and experi-

ences of his life, and him as he now is, a shabby fanatic. He was feeling his own movement toward me, and with considerable emotion in his voice, lifting his right hand in a gesture which might well have been his father's, he interrupted our talk of Huey Long's racial attitudes and how they compared with those of his family: "Daddy (Southern fathers can be "daddy" to their children forever without embarrassment) had a bad temper, and I took it by myself. We had never had much money and bills would set him going, but he wouldn't touch my mother, or my brother or sister either . . . Yes (I had asked), my sister and brother both favored ma . . . and he'd feel no good because he couldn't get a week's pay . . . Oh, he was for Huey boy all the way, except Huey was soft on niggers, but I think daddy was, too. He used to say they were children, and we should protect them. But if they're like kids, they're like bad ones, and, just like animals, they've got to be watched over . . . You wouldn't let a wild animal go free in your home or in school with your kids, would you? It's right crazy how we forget that sometimes. Look at Harlem, and what happens when they let them go. They rape and kill our women and dirty the whole city up. I've been there and seen it . . . No (prodded again), I don't blame Daddy, because, you see, in those days we had them firm under our grip, so it was different and you didn't have to worry about them. But look at now." We did talk about current events for a few minutes, but each of us tired suddenly, and hardened.

Of course, from those old times to the present had been an eventful period for him as well as for the Negro race. He almost died twice. At seven he had a serious bout of pneumonia which, without antibiotics, nearly killed him. He recalled gratefully a Negro maid who cared for him through this, one of those, few now, who knew and willingly lived in her "place." She died shortly after he recovered. Abruptly and looking still young ("I think she was around forty, but you can't tell with niggers") she collapsed before his very eyes while preparing supper for him. It was, by his description, probably a stroke that took her, and she proved irreplaceable. They had given her a pittance, but she had stayed with them for lack of better. About that time

several Negro families started moving North, while others trekked south to New Orleans. Though his father had not really been able to pay Willi-Jean her established wages for many months, it was only death which would end her loyalty and their comfort. "I got pneumonia again when I was twelve, and so did my brother. It nearly killed Ma taking care of us . . . She used to try to keep everything in its place, I think that's why it was so hard without Willi-Jean, and with us sick on top of it, she almost didn't get through it all, she got so nervous."

In telling him of my interest in his medical history, I asked him several times to describe in further detail his fits of illness, and the care given him during these times. It seemed clear that he had, in fact, suffered badly at his mother's hands, neglected by her for his sister or brother, blamed for getting sick. The Negro woman's sudden death was actually a severe, a deeply resented blow to him. His affections for her were hastily buried with her. He had to keep his guard, more directly confront his mother's personality, now no longer buffered. During one of our last recorded talks he said, "You know, Doc, I think I *did* have a bad time with sickness when I was a kid. When I was twelve I almost died of pneumonia, and then I broke my leg a few weeks after that and lost that year of school." He had tried to run away from home before he contracted pneumonia, and after his recovery, too, until his lame leg made such attempts impossible for a while.

If his mother was nervous, oppressively ritualistic, and far from his advocate, his father was a heavy drinker, temper ridden, and fearfully unpredictable. When drunk he was moody. He also became assaultive, and his middle son was his customary target. Declaring a truth too painful to see precisely, John once reflected, "I never figured why Daddy picked on me. We got along fine when he was sober, but when he got liquored up, I got it first and hardest. I looked like him and helped him most in fixing things around the house, but he never remembered things like that when he was drunk." Not that his parents weren't "the nicest parents anyone could ever want." Any vision into their problems, any criticism of them, had to be followed eventually by the atonement of heavy sentiment. He had long

ago learned how dangerous it was to speak his mind. Perhaps his life, as we now see it, has been a quest for that very possibility. "I used to be afraid to say anything for fear it'd get someone upset at home, so I just kept quiet and ran my trains." Trains were his chief hobby for a little longer than is usual, well into the early teens. He warmed while telling me about his empire of them, and he became wistful afterwards. I wanted to hear of his childhood interests, and in speaking of them, he said a bit ambiguously, "I knew trains better than anyone in town."

By the last two years of high school he had found an easier time. His mother became menopausal, yielded in her war against dust and for order, and became cheerless and distant. His father now drank less, but had to struggle hard with another form of depression, an economic one which he shared with his country. A rich nation had somehow gone wrong in its ability to produce and distribute its wealth. Amid all this, John curiously prospered. His sister married poorly, a marginal farmer soon dispossessed of his land. Slothful and malignant, he quickly fathered two children by her, while beating her regularly, and left shortly thereafter. She never remarried and has had to work hard to keep her two children fed and clothed. His brother had trouble with learning. He left high school after one year, and for a time, nearly penniless, he drew food and small coin from government relief programs. Recently he has managed a job in a bank, but his wife is a heavy drinker, maybe worse, and they have five children. John says they "live like pigs," and apparently this state of decay set in very rapidly after their marriage. His brother's cleanest, most organized moments are at work.

John, however, graduated from high school, the first to do so in his family, and went beyond that by securing a rare job in the local hardware store. He had come to know its owner and his daughter, too. Always interested in fixing things—bicycles, injured cars, faltering plumbing, stray wires—he began in the hardware store as a willing and unpaid helper. The mysterious new radio was his love, and he tinkered endlessly with the various models. The store had many other gadgets, and it also had his girl-friend, the owner's daughter. He determined to marry

her at about fifteen and did so at twenty. At the time of his marriage he was a relatively prosperous man, now come upon a white collar, regularly paid in dollars increasingly powerful out of their scarcity for many. ("My folks said I married real well, especially for those days.")

To hear him talk, the twelve months on either side of his wedding day were his best time. He remembers the pleasure and hope, but his nostalgia is brief, and is always tinctured with the bitterness which soon followed. His father-in-law's business, the star of John's rise, fell reluctantly, joining the domain of the few creditors who seemed to be gathering the entire countryside into their control. These provincial financiers, with their small banks all over the state, were controlled by Big Power and Big Money, both in New Orleans. Governor Huey had said so, and they killed him. John, with wife and a boy of three months, had no choice but to try Huey's gambit, follow the Power, follow the Money: "We just up and moved. An uncle of my wife's thought he could get me work repairing radios . . . they were like TV now. No matter how poor you were, you needed some relaxation."

He knew the radio, realized its uses and comforts. He obtained and held on to his job. He started by going into homes to repair wires or replace tubes. Soon he was selling them, all shapes and sizes on all kinds of payment plans. He was an exceptional salesman, seeing the radio as a box of easily summoned distraction for weary, uncertain people. He aimed at first not to sell but to explain, tracing with the future customer the webs and tangles of copper, informing his listener of their connections and rationale, pressing hard only at the end their whetted appetite, their need. ("Mostly they were people without cash.")

However, by the time a second world war was underway most Americans had radios, and his work slackened, a credit to him and those like him, and one measure of the nation. In early 1942 he was the father of a four-year-old son, a two-year-old daughter. He owned a comfortable house in a distinctly middle-class area of white frame houses, each bulky, yet each a bit different. Most, though, had green shutters, high ceilings, thick walls, large, long windows, but no garage, all expressions of a

warm, wet climate. More likely than not every residence had a single car so that the streets, palmy, well paved, were lined on both sides just as, from a plane's view, the roofs asserted rows of radio antennae.

He still lives there, though many of his former neighbors have moved. For some the neighborhood was out of keeping with what they had newly become. They left for one-storied new houses in sprawling developments outside the city. They were replaced by others for whom the same neighborhood's value was defined by what they had just left. There are, however, a few who still prize these old houses, see their faintly shabby gentility and cherish their age and the memories they inspire. For John it is this way: "Those ranch houses are too expensive . . . Funny thing with a lot of the nigger-lovers, they move out into the suburbs and then tell us how we should open our streets to them . . . I won't leave and I'd shoot to kill if they ever tried to buy a house nearby . . ." (He cannot afford to leave. "They" are 2.4 miles away at their nearest.)

The war came, happily. The economy was stagnant, floundering with too many unemployed. Poor people had bought their radios, and he was feeling the pinch. ("Even the niggers had them. Some of them even had two.") Actually, he had sold many to Negroes in the years of such work. He had collected money from them and taken his showers after he came from their houses. Balancing such services for Negroes was his participation in lynchings. He'd been in two. His words: "We'd go home to see our folks, and you know in the country things are more direct, and there's no busybody reporters around. Once I heard one being organized, so I dropped by to see it." The other time was a rather spontaneous and informal affair. He noted that they "did it real quick like, the way you should. When you draw them out it makes it hard because you might get bad publicity . . . there are still lynchings around in farm country, I don't care what they tell you in the papers. We know how to take care of them when they get wise . . . We don't use rope, it's true, and get the crowds up we used to . . . we may not always kill them, but we scare the Jesus out of them . . . you know the buckshot shootings you read about every now

and then, it's the same thing. They know what'll happen if they get smart." Did he object at all to this? "Hell, no."

The Negroes were working for the Communists, any he would want to kill; I must know that. Had there been Communists in his town when he was a boy, during the 'twenties and 'thirties when lynchings were more public and common, some of them seen by him as a youth? Of course. The Communists took over in 1917, he knew the autumn month, but some of them had been working in this country even before that. He wasn't sure how far back, but he thought maybe twenty or thirty years, and they wanted to take this country, its free economy, for their prize. John was capable of broad, apocalyptic strokes: "This is a war between God and His Commandments and the Devil, and we may lose." I broached the subject of loss. How could God lose? "To punish us." Why would he want to do that? "We disobeyed him." Just an example or two—I was interested in them. "Nigger loving."

In any case, he was accumulating unpaid bills, and was glad to go to war in 1942. He yearned for the East—he wanted to go fight the Japs. He wasn't so sure about why we were fighting the Germans, who were combating the Reds, and might be our allies if we would but have them. Hitler's enemies were his, the Jews, moneyed, slyly alien, and the main support of the Negroes, inferior lackeys who did their bidding for small reward. This was all Communism, personified in those hundreds of thousands of hook-nosed or black-skinned natives who were in New York, in Hollywood. They were the capitalists, too; they controlled publishing houses, banks, and the stock exchanges, their voices commanded a crippled, traitorous President's ear, bought the votes of errant, susceptible Congressmen. "I was never against the Germans. I was proven right. Look at us now. They're our best protection against the Commies." Still, he added, the Germans would be of small help if the UN and Integration took over America.

He never fought, though he helped others fight. He worked at an army camp in New Jersey, a very small distance from Manhattan's subversion, perversion—and fascination. He went there all the time, to look, to see his enemy. He would always tell his

friends how well he knew his New York enemies, and to my observation his friends always seemed interested and stimulated by the details he supplied.

From all those furloughs to Union Square, Harlem, and Greenwich Village he managed to return home alive, heavier by fifteen pounds, and his balding completed. He worried about work after his discharge with good reason. He came home to older children, a wife with moderate rheumatoid arthritis ("Her joints are stiff all the time"). He was now irascible and sullen. His wife usually wanted to stay away from him—out of pain, out of lack of response. She was withdrawing into her world of routine care of the home and the symptoms of a chronic, slowly crippling disease. To help her she had a young Negro, a high school girl, less experienced, but less expensive. (The price of Negroes was rising, along with all other postwar costs.) A mulatto, as thin and lissome—I gathered from pictures I saw of her with his children—as her mistress was fattening and severe, she stayed with them for three years, five part-time days a week, until her marriage bore unexpectedly heavy demands of her own in twin sons.

During those few years John developed his own hardening, a fixing and tightening of his mind's thinking. He tried television repair work, but couldn't connect with it as with radio. He drew unemployment relief for a while, spare in the face of consuming inflation. Finally, nearly drowning in doctor's bills, in debt even for essentials like food and the most urgently needed clothing, his home heavily mortgaged, he found rescue in his state government, a clerk's job in a motor vehicle registration office. Now, barely secure, in his mid-thirties, he was free to settle into concentrated, serious suspicion and hate. It was, after all, the decade of the 'fifties, when many of his countrymen would seek far and wide for subversives, and when the Supreme Court would declare segregated schools unconstitutional.

I met him, of course, well along in such zeal and well into actions based upon it. From our first meeting it was clear that he relished talking, and was a good talker. He had found comfort for his views from his employer, a state government whose legislature, in its very chambers, had carried on a mock funeral

of a federal judge, a native son who had ordered four Negro girls into two elementary schools in New Orleans. The governor was a man whose chief quality seemed to be that of a banjo player and singer. His theme song was "You Are My Sunshine."

John dips constantly into the literature of segregation for companionship. It includes a range from the remarks of a scattering of biologists about a purported inferiority of the Negro on the basis of a supposedly lighter, smoother brain (fewer lines on the all-important frontal lobes) to the saddest rot of the disturbed. He reads in such allied fields as the frantic anti-Communism which holds the President and Supreme Court contaminated victims, even agents. There are always such diversions as the menacing effect of fluoridation in the quickening erosion of America's freedom.

He has a commanding way with his friends, just as he is a rather distinctive kind of father. One of the first questions he had hurled at me, in our early tentative moments, was about his son. The young man was contemplating marriage and, a loyal Catholic, was about to attend a pre-marriage instruction course offered by their local church. The church was hell-bent on integration, however, and John feared the worst for and of his son. Did I believe "in integrated marriage courses"? I wanted to know more about this. Well, he would kill his son if a Negro came into such a class and he, John Junior, remained. His customary composure cracked (one of the few times I was ever to see this, even when I knew him much better) and he shouted loud enough that I doubted for a while that *he* would be one "reasonable enough" for me ever to know "reasonably well." Yes, he'd kill his own son, I was to know that. Would I? I thought not. Still, I told him I wanted to hear more about integrated marriage classes. Well, if I wanted to hear more, he would oblige.

The real truth was that he and his son hadn't managed together for a long time, and for that matter he and his wife weren't now "together" as they used to be. Just as once with his mother, menopause along with arthritis had come to his wife, heightening with its flashing signals her sense of decline, pulling

her from her husband into a separate bed. Once scornful of even an aspirin, she now juggled and swallowed seven separate encapsulated remedies. Their daughter, her father's great delight for years, had rewarded him with excellent school work and high achievement in pre-college tests. Yet her success, in the form of a full scholarship, had eventually transported her away from home. Now it was their son, an office worker by day and part-time college student by night, who was about to leave. His family was dissolving, his marriage disintegrated. He was lonely.

"My boy is a fool, and he always has been." He became angry at first, but later appeared to regret his own remark. His son, it seems, cared little about Negroes and their threatening postures. He and his son had fought about ways of dressing, table manners, and hobbies; had fought all along as the boy tried to be his own person and John resisted, tried to pinion the lad, fashion him in his father's image. Murderous thoughts by a father at the shameful possibility of his son's marriage class in a church being attended by a Negro were but a final, public expression of long, private turmoil.

It was against a background of such family problems that he ardently pursued a world as white and shadowless as possible. His work for most of the fifteen-odd years since the war had been uncertain or dull. He tired of temporary work selling in stores, then became bored with the security but confinement and meagre pay of his state position. About a year before I met him he had run for a significant political office, claiming he would ferret out Communists in his district, export Negroes North or across the Atlantic, deprive Jews of any local, if hidden sovereignty, and keep a careful, alert eye upon Washington and New York. He lost, but polled a good vote. In the course of the campaign he met a gas station owner sympathetic to his ideals and also successfully burdened by too many stations to control by himself. ("He liked to watch the help, just like me. You can't trust a nigger out of the reach of your eye.") John, who prided himself on his sharp vision, purchased one of these stations, mortgaging his house further, even against his wife's stiff oppo-

sition—her arthritis worsened, a connection caught by him unaided by any sophistication in psychosomatic medicine. Selling fuel has been a tough, slimly profitable venture; a fortunate arrangement, however, because he was able to inform a fellow gasoline vendor, fast and angrily, about a Negro employee working for him whose child was one of the handful to initiate school desegregation. After all, John had helped organize the mobs around the school. Vocal and persistent in his attentions to these nearly deserted and embattled buildings where a few Negro and white children stubbornly persisted in getting educated together, he could scarcely allow one of the Negro families a weekly wage. To help fire the Negro was actually as heartening an experience as he had enjoyed in a long time, and he referred back to this moment of accomplishment frequently. He liked disorder in the streets, but he was not one to pass up a private spite or intrigue either, whether familial or racial.

In time, after acquaintance, we begin to understand the design of a life, how old threads appear in seemingly new patterns. Remember him while very young, a dark and sulky boy whose black-haired, ill-humored father preferred his fair wife, daughter, and younger son. He knew, knew all too well, arbitrary discrimination coming without apparent cause other than that of appearances. He was born in a state split among many lines—I catalogued them earlier—northern, Anglo-Saxon, lighter skinned, Protestant farmers and southern, Catholic, Mediterranean types, many of the thousands who lived in a wicked, international port city. His parents brought these different traditions together in an uneasy marriage, and the boy grew up sensing, and a victim of, this delicate arrangement. How accidental is it to find him, years later, moodily resenting dark people?

Our psychiatric evaluations find him oriented and alert, in no trouble about who or where he is, his name, the date and place of our talks. His mind works in understandable fashion. He does not hallucinate, and, though we may consider his beliefs delusional, they are held in company with thousands, and do not seem insistently private or as incomprehensible as those

in schizophrenic delusional systems. His thinking is not psychotic, flowing in orderly and logical steps, given certain assumptions which again are shared by many others and thus are social rather than predominantly idiosyncratic.

He is intelligent, beyond question so, grasping issues, relating them to others, seizing upon problems, analyzing them, and implementing proposed solutions. He has read widely, if with self-imposed restrictions, deeply, but only where he is allowed by his own mind. Much of what he reads gives him real encouragement. Full of references to God and Country, emphasizing virulent racism, submitting violence as possibly necessary in some future Armageddon of white-black, Gentile-Jew, biblical patriotism-atheistic internationalism, this "literature" seeks an America which we hope will never exist, but it also gives its readers fellowship. One can call *all* these people crazy, but it is a shared insanity. John works, has a family and friends. He is fitful, alternately glum or buoyant. He is not a shy or withdrawn person, and he is in definite contact with many people, and responds to their feelings. Can we call him "sick"?

In one of those compact appraisals of an individual person we might say that John is not insane, not psychotic in any operational sense of the word; neither retarded nor delinquent. He has no police record, has committed no crimes as his society defines them, is even careful to obey laws on picketing or demonstrations where they exist or are enforced. (*His* kind of demonstrations are often encouraged by many officials of his state.) Absurdly xenophobic, an anti-Semitic, anti-Negro "paranoiac"? Yes, along with many, many thousands in his region. A frustrated, defeated man, a sometime political candidate, a feckless sidewalk crank who is unworthy of our attention, harmless if occasionally irritable? Right now, yes, but far from alone.

Born in a region long poor and defeated, to a family itself humble and moneyless, often at the mercy, therefore, of capricious economic, social, or political forces, the boy at home faced those first insecurities, those early rivalries, hates, and struggles which set the pattern for later ones. A split country or state was for him a split family. White man against black was for

him all those childhood hatreds, all those desperate, anxious attempts of children to find themselves, locate themselves and their identities amid the strivings of siblings, amid the conscious and unconscious smiles and grudges, animosities and predilections of their parents. He was an active child, a fighter who survived perilous disease and hard times. When grown he temporarily had some modest success at home and at work, only to return from a war into a sliding, middle-aged, hardly covert depression, a personal one, but certainly a familial and economic one also, all of these happening simultaneously, probably all of them connected with one another in his mind. Individual psychopathology, social conflict, and economic instability, each has its separate causes. On the other hand they can stimulate one another reciprocally and keenly.

Those agents and I looked first to "psychopathology" for the answer to the riddle of John and those like him and their frightful actions. Rather than seek after political, social, or economic ills, we chose "real" ills, medical or psychiatric ones. There is, of course, no point in getting competitive about the matter. John's life shows that it can be understood best by looking at it in several different ways, and *one* of them is certainly psychiatric. Yet I have seen mobs such as he joined collect in one city and fail to appear in another. While the incidence of individual psychopathology has, I am sure, remained constant and very similar in both of them, the police forces and politicians had very different ideas about what constituted law and order. Again, when I was in the Air Force in Mississippi, I saw avowed segregationists—some of them unstable in addition—slip into the most radical kinds of desegregated living because they worked on a federal base. American laws and jobs seemed curiously more influential than "deep-rooted" attitudes.

What struck me in McComb was that the FBI agent and I were standing in the very heart of the most oppressive area in the South. Mr. Silver's "closed society" (the state of Mississippi) is grounded in history, enforced by social, economic, and political power; and here was its most tightfisted, confined, and stifling corner. If the FBI agent was not, then certainly I and

others with me were frightened by the hateful, suspicious attitude we were meeting at the hands of many of the townspeople—the Negroes were scared and the whites in good number had a kind of murder in their eyes. He was asking me, in the face of all that, for an answer put in terms of some eccentric run amok.

In that town, in that state a dynamited house and even three murdered youths are not isolated happenings. There are Klans, Councils, and Societies there whose words or deeds encourage or stimulate the burning of churches, the dynamiting of houses, the beating, ambushing, and killing of men. Later I examined a minister brutally beaten in a doctor's office in Leake County, Mississippi. The doctor—no redneck, not "ignorant"—had pushed the minister and a young student with him toward a gang, I repeat, in his own office. Every bit of evidence suggests a plot arranged by that doctor—he knew in advance the two men were coming because they had called for appointments to come see him for medical help. Shall we suggest a psychiatric examination for him and for all the others in the state—businessmen, newspaper editors, lawyers—who condone, encourage, or only barely conceal their pleasure at such episodes?

You will at this point say no, and say that the problem is clearly social and political. Yet I wonder about the emphasis given by our society to a kind of thinking that presses all too heavily for private, aberrant motives rather than the influences of social policies and habits upon individuals. Many of us ignore crying, horrible, concrete realities of public life and policy which might lead us to understand how those deeds, and many like them, are done. We prefer instead to look only for the madman's impulse, the doctor's task.

Once and for all, in the face of what we have seen this century, we must all know that the animal in us can be brought forth and elaborately rationalized in a society until an act of murder becomes self-defense and dynamited houses evidence of moral courage. The bestiality I have seen in the South cannot be attributed only to its psychotic and ignorant people. Whatever warning that should be to the confused, tormented South surely applies to the rest of mankind.

ON TRANSLATING *BEOWULF*

BY BURTON RAFFEL

THE superb introduction to Professor Edwin Morgan's version of *Beowulf* is a perfect illustration, I think, of the differing approaches taken by scholars and poets. Morgan begins with a brilliant discussion of "The Translator's Task in *Beowulf*," dissecting prior verse translations and examining possible bases for that "notable presentation . . . of a great original" which, writing in 1952, he found did not yet exist. His conclusion, "that a translation of *Beowulf* for the present period may and perhaps should employ a stress metre and not a syllabic one," comes only after an acute examination of work by Christopher Fry, T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden, Richard Eberhart, and C. Day Lewis. I think Morgan arrives at a sensitively correct conclusion; I have taken a very similar position, in my own translation. But it never occurred to me (I had not then seen Morgan's book) to tackle the problem by an examination of anything except the verse produced by the *Beowulf* poet and that produced by me, as I struggled to find the tone I wanted in modern-day English. Indeed, I did not consciously think about metrics at all until, some hundreds of lines into the translation, I realized that I was finding myself obliged to use more consistent patterns of alliteration than, some years earlier, I had employed in the shorter Old English poems of *Poems from the Old English*. Nor, when I'd finished my version, did I feel it could be justified either in theory or in practice by anything but itself. That is, at no point was I able (or inclined) to remove myself from the immediacy of direct and largely exclusive contact with the poem. I don't mean that my involvement, as a poet, was greater or more intense than that of Professor Morgan, a scholar-critic, but that it was—I think inevitably—a much more subjective involvement, with all the advantages and disadvantages which accompany such lack of broader perspective. In general, objectivity, the appeal to ex-

ternal sources and canons, is a necessary aspect of the scholar-critic's approach: that which is external serves both to define and to test that which is primarily under consideration. But the poet, as T. S. Eliot nicely puts it, "is not so much a judge as an advocate." Worse still, "his knowledge even is likely to be partial: for his studies will have led him to concentrate on certain authors to the neglect of others." It remains true that anyone who attempts a translation of *Beowulf* has something of the scholar about him, but neither in making my translation nor in writing the introduction to it was I capable of the kind of analytical distance so vividly attained by Professor Morgan.

There are of course many other differences between the approaches likely to be taken by a scholar and the kind of approach I simply fell into. Both parties are able to read the original text, but while the scholar tends to keep the Old English forever in mind, the poet must—*must*—first dive into the Old English, immerse himself in it until it has become a part of his own thinking, until he seems to have it at his finger tips, and then he must emerge, leave the Old English behind and make his way, carrying his immersion with him, into modern English poetry. It may seem paradoxical, but in fact is not, that the poet needs to master the original in order to leave it, and that he needs to leave it in order to produce lines which reflect the original and yet are successful poetry in the modern tongue. To be trapped by the original is far worse than not to have understood it properly. It is a great deal worse to translate the first three lines of *Beowulf,* as Professor R. K. Gordon has done,

> Lo! we have heard the glory of the kings of the Spear-Danes in days gone by, how the chieftains wrought mighty deeds.

—far worse than, with Ezra Pound, to only technically mistreat the Old English text of "The Seafarer." It is worse, it seems to me, because by definition no poem in translation is the original from which it takes its life; there must be distortion, to a greater or lesser degree, simply by definition. The greatest sin a translator can commit, accordingly, is to fail to breathe life

into his re-creation. He can never breathe life into it if he is unable to force himself away from the original, and far enough away so that he can be close in spirit and yet be free to *create* in the new linguistic medium.

The poet not only brings differentness to *Beowulf,* but he also finds different things in it. I was able to translate this 3,182-line epic in what was, in effect, a single sitting lasting six months. It was possible (in addition to being almost necessary, as a practical matter: how else but by single-minded immersion can one sustain oneself through a difficult text of over three thousand lines?), simply enough, because I found *Beowulf* continuously exciting. The structure may sag in places; when I read the lines dealing with Grendel's mother I realize their comparative weakness, the rather pale repetition involved. But as I was translating them they glowed, line by line, and with a far subtler excitement than is usually credited to their author. Critics usually cite, and casual readers usually remember, the action in *Beowulf,* the great combats, the utterly magnificent sea scenes. When one takes the plunge, however, it is to find that the sustaining element in the poem is in fact the ripe, mature wisdom and insight of the poet, expressed in an unending flow of deft, compact, and extremely forceful language. For me it is Hrothgar, not Beowulf, who is the poem's most notable figure. One knows what Beowulf will do, and what he will say; his defeat of everyone, in youth, and his own defeat by the dragon, in old age, are alike predictable. It does not lessen the noble hero to be thus categorized: he becomes no less noble, his exploits and his end no less remarkable or interesting. But, like the slightly-less-than-purely-noble Adam of *Paradise Lost,* he does become a little less human, or at least a bit less warmly attractive to other helplessly fallible humans.

The scholar tends to view Hrothgar rather differently. Even to F. Klaeber, *Beowulf's* greatest editor, the "much discussed harangue of Hrothgar," lines 1700-1784, is a bit of a bore. It "shows the moralizing, didactic turn of the poem at its very height," and is "conspicuous for the blending of heroic and theological motives." While "there can be no doubt that this

address of the king's forms an organic element in the structural plan of the epic," Klaeber feels obliged to conclude that, "of course, its excessive length and strong homiletic flavor have laid the third division, and even other parts [of the harangue], open to the charge of having been interpolated . . . and it is, indeed, possible that the 'sermon' represents a later addition to the text." Additions to a text are very rarely made—even today, when forgers and adapters have previously unknown skills at their disposal—without there being some jarring of tone, some failure to adjust the over-layer to what was there to start with. It is as I have said a totally subjective poet's judgment, but I feel no such jarring, no such failure of adjustment in Hrothgar's "harangue." On the contrary, not only do I find it a beautiful passage, intensely moving and completely fascinating in its portrayal of the old king, but for me it is completely in harmony with the poem as a whole.

> Our eternal Lord
> Grants some men wisdom, some wealth, makes others
> Great. The world is God's, He allows
> A man to grow famous, and his family rich,
> Gives him land and towns to rule
> And delight in, lets his kingdom reach
> As far as the world runs—and who
> In human unwisdom, in the middle of such power,
> Remembers that it all will end, and too soon?
> (lines 1726-34)

Is this, again in Klaeber's words, an interpolation "by a man versed and interested in theology"? The theme is a totally common one, in *Beowulf* as in much of Old English poetry. Indeed, what Hrothgar "preaches" to the young Beowulf the old Beowulf comes to know in himself:

> Then they came to Beowulf, their king, and announced
> That his hall, his throne, the best of buildings,
> Had melted away in the dragon's burning
> Breath. Their words brought misery, Beowulf's
> Sorrow beat at his heart: he accused
> Himself of breaking God's law . . .
> (lines 2324-29)

Is there anything very complicated, theologically, in such passages—sufficiently complex, that is, to require that we postulate an ecclesiastical interpolator? I cannot see it. Beowulf's very last words, gasped out to Wiglaf, make it clear that God *(Dryhten)* is inclusive of fate *(Wyrd)*, which is exactly what one would expect and exactly the stance taken throughout the poem by the *Beowulf* poet:

> You're the last of all our far-flung family.
> Fate has swept our race away,
> Taken warriors in their strength and led them
> To the death that was waiting. And now I follow them.
> (lines 2813-16)

Beowulf is most human in adversity and death, and most appealing: this warmth prepares us beautifully for the long funeral preparations which conclude the poem. ("And now I follow them" is not nearly so starkly lovely as *ic him aefter sceal,* but neither is modern English the same as Old English.) What these last-quoted lines also help to demonstrate, I think, is the intense consistency of the poem, a consistency born of the highest art and founded not on plot or action but on a series of deeply held inner truths about the proper behavior of men and about their position in the universal scheme of things. The *Beowulf* poet is no Handy-Andy of a Jacobean dramatist, turning a character inside out from act to act in order to accommodate the demands of his story (see, most notably, the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher). Everything in *Beowulf* is inevitable. Everything in *Beowulf,* from the hero warrior to the vicious monsters, is natural, in the sense that it fits into its world and plays its role to the hilt.

From this realization one can proceed to another fundamental difference between the scholar and the poet. Even a scholar as devoted to *Beowulf* as Klaeber was, a man who made it truly his life's work, delivers this "final judgment" on the poem:

> Though lacking in lucidity, proportion, and finish of form as required by modern taste or by Homeric and Vergilian standards, the poem exhibits admirable technical skill in the adaptation of the available means

to the desired ends. It contains passages which in their way are nearly perfect, and strong, noble lines which thrill the reader and linger in the memory. The patient, loving student of the original no longer feels called upon to apologize for *Beowulf* as a piece of literature.

The poet cannot, and will not, condescend so, if he is to translate the poem. How can he, with his subjective approach, take such a tone of aloof superiority and still immerse himself as totally as he does, as he must? A poem which arouses in the "loving student of the original" such feelings as Klaeber here expresses is not a poem to be translated, but a poem to be picked apart by philologists, historians, archeologists, and other essentially nonliterary persons. J. R. R. Tolkien said it from a different context in his famous 1936 lecture, "Beowulf: The Monsters and the Critics": "It is of their nature that the jabberwocks of historical and antiquarian research burble in the tulgy wood of conjecture, flitting from one tum-tum tree to another. Noble animals, whose burbling is on occasion good to hear; but though their eyes of flame may sometimes prove searchlights, their range is short." I wish I had said that. (I also wish, but never mind, that I had written Tolkien's magnificent *Lord of the Rings* trilogy.) The poet's approach to *Beowulf*, unlike Klaeber's, is rather more like this affirmation, from Appendix (b) of the same Tolkien lecture: "More sense can be made of the poem, if we start rather with the hypothesis, not in itself unlikely, that the poet tried to do something definite and difficult, which had some reason and thought behind it."

I classify this hypothesized state as respect. To get into the heart and soul of what a man dead a thousand years or more was trying to say—*did* say, in his tongue, to his contemporary listeners—one must respect both his achievement and the mind which produced it. This has nothing to do with sustaining one through long and dreary labors: I'm not talking of that sort of thing at all. (There were, after all, people who made concordances long before there were computers to make concordances for people. Drudges have we always with us.) I mean that one must admire the poet's mind, his ability to think through and

then to express beautifully what he meant to express. At each and every point one must start with the assumption that the poet was too intelligent a man, let alone too good a poet, to write nonsense. If a line, if a passage defeats us, then the fault, we must postulate, is ours (or time's), not the poet's. This assumption will keep us from turning out quite so much nonsensical translation, in part because we will try harder, in part because we will be reluctant to admit defeat by a superior mind given all the tools for understanding which scholars, thank God have now put at our disposal. It will also keep us from the ho-hum sort of translation, asleep on its feet with boredom. I have cited R. K. Gordon's turgid version of the first lines of *Beowulf* Here is the somnolent version, again in prose, of a very competent young scholar, William Alfred, capable—as his striking translation of an Alcuin poem, in the introduction to his *Beowulf,* conclusively proves—of infinitely better things:

> Listen. We have learned the song of the glory of the great kings of th Danes, how those princes did what was daring.

After this flabby beginning the translation gets rapidly worse Here is the next prose sentence:

> More than once, Scyld of the Sheafs pulled seats in the mead-hall ou from beneath troops of his foes, tribe after tribe, struck fear into th Heruli themselves, after that time in the very beginning he was found i a bad plight.

Can one have *respect* for a poet, and be capable of fine poetr oneself, and still turn out such flat drivel? But this is, after all a prose rendering, even though prepared by an able poet: i this case the decision not to make a verse translation may wel be significant in itself.

I do not mean, I should perhaps say quite explicitly, that th poet operates entirely subjectively, any more than the schola is a great block of stolid impartiality and scientific method. Th act of affinity which, to my mind, is required of the poet-transla tor, hardly requires the suspension of all judgment. Indeed, would contend that this identification with and immersion i

the language and spirit and thought processes of the original's author actually sharpen one's judgment. Not, to be sure, the kind of judgment which is concerned with such scholarly affairs as sources, or grammatical diversions, or even the assigning of literary grades ("Important," "Minor," "Interesting," "Utterly Without Merit"). I mean, rather, the kind of judgment one would expect from sympathetic understanding: insight into what lies on the page, how it moves, how it is interconnected, what it means, even what it actually says—not at all an insignificant advantage, with a text as mangled and well-fought-over as *Beowulf*.

For example, to choose at random a supporting illustration, lines 3074-75 are regarded by scholars as a "locus desperatus." Klaeber's notes on these two lines run to almost a full page of fine print; E. V. K. Dobbie's invaluable "collective" edition of the poem summarizes scholarly debate on the lines in over two pages still more closely printed.

> naefne goldhwaete gearwor haefde
> Agendes est aer gesceawod.

The lines come near the start of section 42, next-to-last section of the poem, which begins at 3058. Lines 3058-75 form a verse paragraph, and are so printed in modern editions of the Old English text; it is a tightly-woven paragraph, though scholars and translators have tended to undo the webbing. It begins:

> Hiding that treasure deep in its tower,
> As the dragon had done, broke God's law . . .

After a few lines about the dragon's fate, the poet asks:

> Who knows when princes
> And their soldiers, the bravest and strongest of men,
> Are destined to die . . . ?

Beowulf did not know God's will, the poet points out. Neither did those greedy souls who came seeking the dragon's stolen treasure: their fate, "cursed with the flames of hell," is set forth —and then comes the "locus desperatus." I suspect that neither

a literal translation nor still another summary of scholarly opinion will make my point as well as a selection from various translations. Here is R. K. Gordon:

He would rather not have beheld the gold-treasure, the owner's might.

That is, the person who robs the dragon's hoard—who as we know is "cursed with the flames of hell," if greed motivates him —will regret such dearly-bought loot. Gordon's prose reads badly; worse, what might out of context seem to be a plausible rendering actually makes very little sense—and treats the *Beowulf* poet, to boot, as a clumsy tautologist. (Litotes, the Anglo-Saxons' typical irony, is all very well in its place; desperate scholars tend to see it under every linguistic crux.) The curse has been set forth, it is a dreadful thing, the poet takes it terribly seriously: why assume that he is likely to stop in his tracks and vaguely snicker? Why not assume that he has a serious message and is capable of developing it in an organically sensible way? David Wright, who inserts a footnote explaining that these are uncertainly understood lines, translates as follows:

Yet up till then Beowulf had never looked greedily upon their treasure of cursed gold.

But what has Beowulf to do with the curse? He is mentioned eight lines earlier, as an illustration of the mysteriousness of God's ways: "[He] could never know what God / Had decreed or that death would come to him, or why." The poet then proceeds, as I've said, to set forth the curse: the passage neatly parallels the reference to Beowulf, the latter beginning *Swa wæs* . . . and the explanation of the curse beginning *Swa hit*. . . Why the parallelism, if both Beowulf and the curse do not illustrate the same uncertainty of life on earth, life salvable only by faith and its works? And why the parallelism, if the subject has not changed from one *swa* to the next *swa*, if we are still discussing Beowulf when both grammar and sense indicate that we are discussing, instead, a sequence of things, Beowulf's death *and* cursed treasure *and* the generalization, lines 3074-75, which

effectively sums up these (and other) examples of God's laws and ways? Professor Alfred has yet another rendering:

> Not that he who was greedy for gold would have any more readily first consulted the owner's good will.

Litotes again, and I will not repeat myself: this is bad prose and bad translation. Professor Morgan's verse rendering goes like this:

> . . . Unless the gaze of his Master's grace
> Had had prior power on the gold-keen man.

This is bewildering; it is also, I think, the right sense of the lines. Professor Morgan is not perhaps a good poet, but his is on the whole a dignified version, written quite plainly out of deep and intelligent respect for the *Beowulf* poet. Here, despite a failure to create good poetry, Morgan seems to me to have had the poetic success of comprehension. Finally, my own translation: let me cite lines 3058-75, the entire verse paragraph, to show how lines 3074-75 (in italics) cannot be taken in isolation:

> Hiding that treasure deep in its tower,
> As the dragon had done, broke God's law
> And brought it no good. Guarding its stolen
> Wealth it killed Wiglaf's king,
> But was punished with death. Who knows when princes
> And their soldiers, the bravest and strongest of men,
> Are destined to die, their time ended,
> Their homes, their halls empty and still?
> So Beowulf sought out the dragon, dared it
> Into battle, but could never know what God
> Had decreed, or that death would come to him, or why.
> So the spell was solemnly laid, by men
> Long dead; it was meant to last till the day
> Of judgment. Whoever stole their jewels,
> Their gold, would be cursed with the flames of hell,
> Heaped high with sin and guilt, if greed
> Was what brought him: *God alone could break*
> *Their magic, open His grace to man.*

I will not argue the grammatical basis of this interpretation, since it is confessedly not grammar upon which it fundamentally

rests. To tackle grammar, indeed, to hunt for possible emendations rather than for good sense, and to work line by line, each isolated from the ones two above and two below it, the whole search separated from the poem as it is—what is this but the "short range" which Tolkien deplored? This then is the scholars' error, and leaves room for the kind of heightened good judgment I think poets can achieve.

Further: since the poet's kind of judgment is founded on literary taste there is no suspension, either, of that broader judgment which determines whether a work of art is good, bad, or indifferent. (One translates what one likes, and cannot translate what one does not like, cannot translate it well or even decently.) In my *Poems from the Old English,* for example, there is a version of "The Phoenix," a work of 677 lines. The translation I print there, however, is only of lines 1-423. For the sake of the beauty of these lines I in fact translated some twenty or thirty lines more, but with increasing dubiousness and difficulty. One cannot make a purse of a sow's ear; one cannot make poetry of sheer doggerel—which is, in my judgment, what "The Phoenix" rapidly descends to, after line 423. I could not translate the latter portion of the poem—more accurately, I could not translate it into the kind of poetry I felt I had been able to re-create on the basis of the earlier lines. In the bare literal sense I could (and for twenty or so lines did) translate; but once I had lost respect for what I was working with there was, for me, no point at all to going on.

Which leads to one last and least readily explained difference in the approaches of scholar and of poet. Helen Waddell observes, in her *Mediaeval Latin Lyrics,* that "a man cannot say 'I will translate,' any more than he can say 'I will compose poetry.' In this minor art also, the wind blows where it lists." The process of affection, in other words, is not regulated by gaps in knowledge, or by the need for such-and-such to be done. "The greatest things in mediaeval Latin, its 'living and victorious splendours,' are not here," reads a note to the fourth edition of Miss Waddell's book, "because I cannot translate them." The scholar noted and conceded the omissions of which critics had

complained; the poet could not remedy them. I mean to say neither that the scholar exudes discipline nor that the poet is devoid of it. Desire, however, is a different motivation in each: for me at least translation always needs to be discovery. Again, not a discovery like finding the missing Boswell papers, or solving a Rune, or a working out of new ways for interpreting or categorizing existing material: the deciphering of Linear B might be a closer analogy, in scholarly terms, to the kind of discovery I am trying to describe. It is for me the same kind of discovery I find in writing poetry on my own, creating rather than re-creating. Of course, many more people than one single poet are necessarily involved in any translation; a whole host of intervening hands comes between the original author and the poet-translator. Yet the most basic and I think important act remains the final stage of re-creation in the translator's tongue—and *that* is the discovery I mean, the sense of unearthing, as if from nowhere, a path that expresses what the old poet might very likely have said if he had been a new poet instead—had been me, when I am the translator. And that kind of discovery, it seems to me, is patently different from scholarly motivation, in part because the poet is working from the inside out (from *his* inside out) and the scholar tries to work from the outside in, but in part, also, because the poet attempts to withdraw into communion with his task, while the scholar seeks to shed as much light on his work as he can, from any reasonable source, the more the better. There is thus a quality of inherent darkness in the translator's job, of inherent light in the scholar's. It makes for a very different turn of mind.

Let me go back to the first three lines of *Beowulf*, to show something of what I mean. In Old English they read:

> Hwaet, we gardena in geardagum,
> theodcyninga thrym gefrunon,
> hu tha aethelingas ellen fremedon!

David Wright's prose rendering will do as a starter:

> Hear! We know of the bygone glory of the Danish kings, and the heroic exploits of those princes.

This has none of the fustian of the R. K. Gordon version, cited earlier, nor does it fall into the dull flatness of Professor Alfred's recent rendering. Wright is not and is not pretending to be a poet, but he feels the swing of these lines and has caught most of what plain prose has the power to catch. For a thoroughly contrasting example we could not do better than the stupifying jollity of William Ellery Leonard's verse:

> What ho! We've heard the glory of Spear-Danes, clansman Kings,
> Their deeds of olden story, how fought the aethelings!

I spent several entire days on only the first three lines of *Beowulf:* they were the key, the opening to the secret cave. Once I had them—that is, once I had managed to permit them to have me, to use me, to express themselves in and through me—I knew I would not be fazed by the 3,179 lines still to be done. But to kindle the lines I had simultaneously to kindle myself. I have preserved on foolscap sheets eleven complete attempts, plus additional part-attempts; how many other versions I formulated and did not set onto paper I can no longer say. By long and devious roads I finally arrived at this free translation:

> Hear me! We've heard of Danish heroes,
> Ancient kings and the glory they cut
> For themselves, swinging mighty swords!

This seemed to me faithful enough to the letter, while very faithful indeed to the spirit. It alliterated almost as Old English does: "h" for the first, second, and fourth stress words of line one; "k" for the second and fourth stress words, and "g" ("k" plus voicing) for the third stress word, of line two; and "s" at the first, second, and fourth stresses of line three. There was a certain swing to the passage, in part because of the enjambement; it set a tone of history and courage and excitement which would permit me to go on. I knew this was not the *Beowulf* poet at his supreme best, I was not concerned that my version would leave Milton, Donne, and Shakespeare sleeping peacefully in their graves. But I was sharply aware of how little room

the three-line verse paragraph left me, coming at the very beginning of the poem, and how it was my job to get the reader in and past this "topic sentence" which was in fact no topic sentence at all: this first verse paragraph no more keys the deepest tones of *Beowulf* than does Professor Leonard's hiccoughing wassail-song treatment.

I have been a long time coming to my final dichotomy; I have finally arrived. I was subsequently informed by a knowing and gracious scholar that these first three lines were, to paraphrase him, "sacred." One *could not* handle them freely. The scholarly ranks would rise as one, to extirpate the wrong done to their beloved poem. I had by then gone several hundreds of lines past this point, my confidence could permit of revision (it went on to permit of a great deal of revision, much of it scholar-instigated). I therefore tinkered my way to an alternative rendering:

> Hear me! Once there were Danish princes
> So proud of their courage, kings so strong,
> So glorious that their names still live, and are sung.

I was not happy. I went on tinkering, and arriving at this—almost the final resting place:

> Hear me! We've heard how the Danes were ruled
> By heroes, by glorious kings: we know
> How those noble princes fought for their fame!

I was almost happy. This is not inept, I still think; it satisfied the objecting scholar, and it did not obviously irk me. But in time it began to irk badly. The free version I cited, three versions back, had much more life, much more drive. Instead of the history-evoking "ancient kings" I had descended to the stale-sounding "glorious kings." Instead of the free precision of glory cut with swords, I had settled for the tame generality of nobles fighting for fame. These first three lines were, I knew, of great moment to scholars. Yet the necessity of self-expression (even in translation, yes) proved stronger: I had to restore the swinging swords, and (I trust) the swinging version. I had to, please understand, with the full knowledge that this was schol-

arly heresy, and therefore dangerous, and in spite of having reached a compromise rendering which would not disgrace what followed. I had to, really, because I had to: I am very conscious of how much rationalization went into this decision, and is going into this commentary on it. But I firmly believe I decided correctly.

The scholar must try to shun this sort of decision. If he knows that A is more accurate than B, it does not matter that he prefers B. If he is assured by all the scholarly evidence that King Oscar rather than King Oswald conducted that raid on the French coast, then he must discard his own feeling that King Oswald would be a more appropriate choice. He must certainly discard any consideration of affection for King Oswald, if he has progressed (or digressed) to that point.

The poet-translator, let me emphasize for the last time, deals basically in just the affective irrationalities which the scholar cannot permit himself. For the poet to heed the outer voice rather than the inner is to risk everything, and probably to lose everything. It is one thing, of course, to have straightforwardly misconstrued a passage. *Beowulf* makes that extremely easy, and scholarly demonstration of such matters must produce revised translation—but translation which is revised because the original poet has been misunderstood, not because anything or anyone external to the poem has spoken! Translation *is* art, as that rare scholar-poet Helen Waddell knew. It can be aided and corrected, and sometimes judged by scholarship, but it can never be accomplished by scholarship. The poets, I think, have always known that. The scholars, to their credit, are at last beginning to find it out.

SUSTAINMENT

By JAMES DICKEY

HERE, at the level of leaves supposedly for good
Stopped dead on the ground,
From the safety of picturesque height she was suddenly
Falling into the creek, the earth
That held her become a flight of dirt. She
And the horse screamed all together, and went down.

Not knowing her, but knowing who she was
Before the creek bank gave
Way and the hooves broke through into creek-shaped air,
I come walking past all the remaining leaves
At the edge, knowing the snow of dirt
Down the bank has long since stopped,

Seeing the gap in the ledge above the stream
Still hold the print
Of a horse's head-down side, aware that I can stoop
With my love, who is with me, and feel
The earth of that blurred impression
Where it is cold with time and many unmeaningful rains.

Love, this wood can support our passion, though leaves
Are not enough death
To balance what we must act out. Let me double down
My autumn raincoat near the summer pit
Where that unknowable woman was riding proudly
The high crest of June, her pink shirt open-throated,

Her four hooves knocking deeply on the earth, the water
Unconsciously holding
Its flow in the pressure of sunlight, a snail
Glinting like a molar at the brink,
And felt it all give way in one clear scream
Lifted out of the horse through her lip-sticked mouth,

And then, ripping the path clean out of the woods,
Landslid down fifty feet,
Snapping high-grade leather, past any help in the world
As the horse turned over her, in a long changed shape
Loomed once, crossed the sun and the upper trees
Like a myth with a hold on her feet, and fell on her

With all his intended mass. Know, love, that we
Shall rise from here
Where she did not, lying now where we have come
Beneath the scrambling animal weight
Of lust, but that we may sense also
What it involves to change in one half-breath

From a thing half-beast—that huge-striding joy
Between the thighs—
To the wholly human in time
To die, here at this height
Near the vague body-print of a being that struggled
Up, all animal, leaving the human clothes

In their sodden bundle, and wandered the lane of water
Upstream and home,
His bridle dragging, his saddle
Maniacally wrenched, stopping often to drink
Entirely, his eyes receiving bright pebbles,
His head in his own image where it flowed.

MYSELF

By LEONARD WOLF

WHAT songs to sing, what flowers to offer!
The lilac, struck at midnight by the wet
Branch of a catalpa slashed by wind.

Canzones, canzones, canzones—or a song
That any mother might mistake
For love among her children where she sang.

Song of the brook: the thirsty fish fly up
And flip their tails against the passing moon
Telling the midnight that their name is trout.

What else is there? Upon a slender stone
The moss is curling and a bug-eyed newt
Gleams in the darkness, pulsing. That's a song;

And also kisses, kisses, and a cry
Of midnight rage—a tooth, a hand, a claw,
And several lips and voices—but they sing.

What else? What else? There is a song the crow
Would have been proud to utter or invent
And other songs, funereal and low

Of linnets, narwhals, feathers, catamounts,
Of failing kisses and the petal fall
Of harshly stricken lilacs in the dark.

PEKING'S STRATEGY IN INDOCHINA

By KING CHEN

THROUGHOUT Southeast Asia there is a mixture of fear and expectancy at the prospect of resurgent Chinese hegemony over the area. With the success of her nuclear device added to Communist China's already formidable size, population, and militancy, the nations in Southeast Asia have become more apprehensive than ever of Chinese expansionism. They fear the fulfilment of Arnold Toynbee's recent prophecy that China will in time dominate Southeast Asia.

Since its nuclear test, Peking has repeatedly coupled its nuclear policy with new warnings to the United States against extending the war in Indochina. And United States air strikes in North Vietnam have done nothing to Peking but stiffen Mao Tse-tung's militant policy toward Southeast Asia. Communist China's aim in Asia remains unchanged.

That aim is, quite simply, to establish a Monroe Doctrine for Asia. This scheme implies three major principles: (1) exclusion of all Western influence from Asia, including the influence of both the United States and the Soviet Union; (2) settlement of Asian affairs by Asians, and (3) hegemony of Communist China over the area. Peking argues that neither the United States nor Russia has any business in Asia: since only China shares the common problems of backwardness with other Asian states, only she can really understand them. For several reasons Indochina is the most significant place to realize those objectives at the moment. Geographically, it provides an excellent strategic base for expanding the Communist movement to the rest of Southeast Asia. Economically, it has a large surplus of rice, which China needs. Ideologically, it offers an opportunity to prove to the Communist parties of the world that Peking's

strategy of crushing Western imperialism is superior to the Soviet strategy of peaceful coexistence. Thus, the drive for the control of the area is essential to Peking's achievement of its aim.

Peking's strategy in Indochina epitomizes her strategy for all of Asia. In inspiration it combines nationalism and Communism; in execution it combines caution and flexibility; as means it employs military action, diplomacy, party propaganda, international fronts, and religion. All these means may not be employed in every situation, but to rule out any of them is to misread Peking's operations in the area.

Ever since Lenin, nationalism in colonial countries has been used by Communism as its disguise and as its entering wedge. Under cover of a nationalist movement, the Communists assiduously work for their own strength; then, when their forces are strong enough and opportunities arise, the open drive for Communism begins. In China the Communists successfully exploited nationalism from 1936 (the year of the Sian Incident) to 1945. The Indochinese Communists made similar use of Indochina's independence movement from 1941 to 1950. For instance, when Ho Chi Minh badly needed China's support in 1944, he told General Chang Fa-k'wei in Liuchow that he was working only for Vietnam's independence. He admitted that he was a Communist, but assured the General that his present concern was only for Vietnam's freedom—Communism couldn't work in Vietnam for fifty years.

The same policy prevails today. The majority of Southeast Asian nations want the Communist expansion in the area to be contained, but, now that most of the Western imperialists have got out of Indochina, the United States is the only Western power able to check the expansion. Consequently both Peking and Hanoi label the United States the leader of a new but fundamentally unchanged Western imperialism. They argue that Americans are outsiders in Southeast Asia and nothing more than a replacement for the former French imperialists; American assistance to Laos and South Vietnam is irrefutable

evidence of an American imperialist scheme to recolonize the area. But, the propagandists continue, the independence of Indochina cost too much to be lost now; the country cannot remain forever half "independent" and half "neo-colonized." For the completion of independence, the United States must go. Therefore, all the propaganda from Peking, Hanoi, the National Liberation Front for South Vietnam (the Southern Liberation Front), and the Neo Lao Hat Xat demands that Americans get out of Indochina. Behind its façade of nationalism the Southern Liberation Front and the Neo Lao Hat Xat are acting in very much the same way as the Viet Minh did from 1941 to 1950, when it was playing the role of champion against Japanese and French colonialism. In Cambodia, Prince Norodom Sihanouk was compelled to cut off American aid by the implications of his country's border troubles with South Vietnam and Thailand and because of pressure from Peking and Hanoi. The pretext for the breach was of course to make Cambodia "more independent," but since the practical effect was for the vacuum left by the United States to be quickly filled by Communist China and Russia, Communism won that round in the fight to oust "American imperialism" from Cambodia.

The Russian position in Indochina derives partly from the great distance between the two countries, but more significantly from the relations between the Soviets and the Chinese at any given moment. Events in the past indicate that when China is on good terms with Russia, Soviet influence grows; otherwise, it declines. This pattern suggests that Moscow's influence on the Indochinese Communist revolution has been indirect and conditional. And Peking's attempts to exclude Soviet influence in the area were not made until the Sino-Soviet dispute was brought to the public.

In North Vietnam, Soviet influence increased gradually during the period 1956-60 after Hanoi had suffered from its failure in land reform, a copy of China's land reform program, and the "Nhan Van" affairs, a replica of Peking's "hundred-flowers" campaign. Then as Russia and Communist China deepened their dispute, North Vietnam leaned slightly toward Peking

after the Twenty-Second SUCP Congress in late 1961. That alignment was strengthened when the partial test-ban treaty was signed in August 1963. From then until the removal of Khrushchev, North Vietnam unequivocally sided with Communist China. Soviet influence as well as economic aid declined considerably.

In Laos the pattern is a little different from North Vietnam. There Soviet military aid was not granted before 1960, although Hanoi and Peking had already supplied the Pathet Lao with personnel and arms. In 1960-61, however, when the Laotian civil war was going off and on, Soviet arms for both the Laotian government and the Pathet Lao poured in on planes flown via China and North Vietnam. According to a State Department report of January 3, 1961, in the eighteen days preceding, Soviet transport aircraft had made at least 180 sorties into Laos to support the Pathet Lao forces. The Soviet Union became very influential. North Vietnam and Communist China stood second, and Prince Souvanna Phouma had to balance the previously strong American influence with the newly arrived Soviet power. Then, as a result of the Sino-Soviet dispute, China no longer provided transit stops for Soviet planes to Laos, and Moscow found it advantageous to agree on a neutral Laos at the Geneva Conference in 1962 in order to check Peking and Washington there. After a shaky neutral regime was formed in May 1962, American personnel began to withdraw and Soviet aid started to halt. Yet Peking and Hanoi continued to send in their arms and soldiers through the new Peking-built military roads from Mengla (Yunnan) to Phongsaly and Muong Sing (both in Laos), which link with Highway 7 leading to North Vietnam. So rapid was the increase in the number of North Vietnamese fighters in Laos that in May 1960, when Prince Souphanouvang escaped from jail near Vientiane, there were only a few hundred all together, but by October 1964 the figure reached 12,000. Russia no longer controls the rebels. It is Hanoi and Peking who "advise" where, when, and how to fight in Laos. This is borne out by Russia's inducing Poland to withdraw from participation in the work of the International Control Commission

in Laos. Consequently, as the Sino-Soviet dispute has developed, Peking has had a firmer grip on both Laos and North Vietnam.

In the attempt to exclude Soviet influence from Indochina, Peking makes use of two main arguments. One is to deny that the Soviet Union is an Asian power; the other is to accuse her of aiding "American imperialism" against the people of Indochina. Since, according to Peking, Russia is not an Asian nation by either race or history, her request to participate in the Second Bandung Conference (postponed until June 1965) should be rejected. At earlier Asian conferences, such as the World Ban-the-Bomb Conference at Hiroshima last August and the Asian-African-Latin American Scientists Conference at Peking in the same month, Peking has tried to prevent Soviet delegations from attending or fought to have them expelled after they arrived. Realizing Russia's superior capability for extending economic assistance to Afro-Asian nations, Peking has tried to dissuade them from accepting it; Moscow would "have no respect for their independence and sovereignty" and would make them subject to Soviet domination, according to Chinese propaganda in June-July 1964, at a time when Soviet aid to Cambodia was sharply increasing.

In its attempt to make Russia an aid to "American imperialism," Peking accused her of supporting the United Nations Security Council in its invitation to both North and South Vietnam to testify concerning the Gulf of Tonkin incident last August. It charged that Soviet support followed an "anti-Communist, anti-popular, and anti-revolutionary line." And the United Nations, as Chen Yi wrote to Xuan Thuy on August 12, 1964, had "no right whatsoever to handle Indochinese problems." After the second Tonkin Gulf incident of last September, Peking again scolded Moscow. It characterized the Tass report of American warships' attacks on five unidentified gunboats as a "godsend to the United States," because Tass had contended that North Vietnamese vessels had first fired on the Americans. After the downfall of Khrushchev, Peking continued to criticize the Soviet Union for cooperating with the United

States against the Asians. An enemy's friend is an enemy; Russia is no friend of Indochina, Peking argued.

If Peking's military-diplomatic strategy in Indochina could be expressed in a formula, it would be "yuan-chiao chin-kung" (negotiate with nations at a distance and attack those nearby), the policy of the ancient Ch'in State in the period 400-221 B.C. For years, Peking has wooed and negotiated with Cambodia, a nation beyond its immediate reach, and has actively supported the Communist attacks in Laos and South Vietnam, nations bordering on either Communist China or North Vietnam.

The military situation in South Vietnam and Laos is virtually a cold war between Communist China and the United States. Peking has assessed American military objectives and capabilities in Southeast Asia and decided that the main American objective is to prevent Communist China from dominating the area, the main capability the superior power in nuclear weapons and in air and naval forces. Yet the revolutionary potential of Indochina is seen as a counterweight to American military might. Thus "strategically," as Mao once put it, Peking should "despise the enemy" because the United States, over the long term and in a political sense is a "paper tiger"; but "tactically, take him seriously" because the United States, over a short term and in a military sense, is a "real tiger."

To take the enemy seriously, Peking has calculated its own military strength against America's, and recognized that, in spite of the success of her nuclear device, her real strength still lies in conventional weapons, manpower, and short-distance combat. As the Chinese Communist "Secret Military Papers" reveal, both Marshals Lin Piao and Yeh Chien-ying have repeatedly emphasized the importance of conventional ground-warfare weapons, of short-distance or "close" fighting, and of emphasis on self-preservation. If these principles are observed, then, said Yeh Chien-ying in January 1961, "We can defeat our enemy . . . although we have no special weapons."

In Indochina, the strategy of a sub-limited war fought by indigenous troops under the label of a "liberation war" will

double Peking's gains. For one thing, the geography of the area is favorable to jungle warfare and hit-and-run guerrilla activities. For another, the label "liberation war" will put the United States in a disadvantageous position. If the United States intervenes, she will be squarely branded imperialistic and be drawn in the mire of involvement with no victory in sight. If she gives up, the war will be won by the rebels without difficulty. However, there are two important points Peking should handle with care. First, the "liberation war" must be limited to one nation for the appeal to nationalism to be effective. Second, the war should not be pressed hard enough at any one time to provoke the United States to either a nuclear war or a larger war against Communist China. Only then can the Communists "smash the enemy bit by bit." Consequently, Peking has laid down its military strategy for Indochina: "Liberation war in one country."

It has become too well known to dwell on here that the Communist rebels in Indochina are using Mao Tse-tung's guerrilla warfare strategy and tactics. It is no secret that supplies from China and North Vietnam are reaching the Viet Cong and Pathet Lao forces in increasing quantity; it has been confirmed by American and Indochinese officials, the International Control Commission for Indochina, Communist prisoners of war and defectors, as well as other agents in the area. Nor is it any secret that Communist policy aims at dragging the United States deeper and deeper into the bloody involvement until the day when either the Americans wash their hands of Indochina or the Saigon and Vientiane regimes collapse from within. In Peking's plan, this "liberation war" is not going to turn into another Korean War because the victim of such a development would be neither the United States nor Russia but China. Even after Washington has carried out a more aggressive policy of air strikes at military targets in North Vietnam and the Pathet Lao area, Peking still has no plan to intervene as it did in Korea.

Caution has always served as an important element in Peking's policy planning. If the situation gets out of hand or the United States escalates the war against North Vietnam and Communist

China, Peking will undoubtedly enter the fighting. Measures were taken as early as last October to meet such an emergency. Besides delivering jet fighter planes and anti-aircraft guns to North Vietnam and the Pathet Lao forces, Peking has assembled massive military forces in southern Kwangtung and Kwangsi. A strong Kunming Army, an equivalent to the Japanese Kwantung Army in Manchuria during the Second Sino-Japanese War (1937-45), has been reportedly established in Kunming, Yunnan. Moreover, in mid-November 1964 Mao decreed the training of a "fighting" militia—a plan to train 20 million soldiers. Marshal Yeh Chien-ying, a favorite strategist of Mao Tse-tung and an old friend of Ho Chi Minh, and General Li T'ien-yu, General Staff member in charge of military aid to Indochina, may have been designated to plan for future combat.

Peking has successfully demonstrated its policy of negotiating with nations at a distance in Cambodia. After Cambodia obtained her independence in 1954, Peking set a "soft" policy for the kingdom. In 1956, a grant of $22,500,000 was made for her economic reconstruction, and a period of friendship followed. Although he angrily told his Sangkum Party congress in 1958 that the Cambodian Communists were "going to cut his throat," Prince Sihanouk seemed to enjoy his ties with Peking. But soon after, Peking's policy hardened. Chou En-lai's visit to Cambodia in May 1960 brought in both heat and pressure. A few months after Chou's visit, Sihanouk sent his two teen-age children to Peking for education and signed a "friendship and non-aggression pact" with Communist China. Peking was anxious to bring Cambodia into a closer relationship but supported her neutrality.

Generally speaking, Peking exerted its pressure through economic aid, cultural activities, and the impact of the military situation in South Vietnam and Laos. In 1960, Peking made another grant of $11,200,000 to Cambodia. From 1960 to 1963 several cultural groups from Peking visited Pnom Penh. And the intensified guerrilla warfare in South Vietnam and Laos exerted an indirect but more feared pressure. Prince Sihanouk

was so pessimistic about the military situation in these two nations that he even foresaw the coming Communist domination of his country. His appeals to the United Nations in 1960-62 and to the fourteen nations at the Geneva Conference on Laos in 1962 for an East-West guarantee of his country's borders and neutrality were actually appeals for Cambodia's security in the face of the Communist threat; they were not only directed against his immediate neighbors—Thailand and South Vietnam—as he openly campaigned, but, perhaps more seriously, against his distant friends—Communist China and North Vietnam—whom he secretly feared. When his appeals failed, he turned to Peking. He broke American military and economic ties in November 1963 in order to win Communist friendship.

Peking hospitably welcomed Cambodia. Before long, Chinese arms were sent in, the Canton-Pnom Penh airline was opened, and Chinese technicians and specialists were invited to Cambodia. When Sihanouk paid a state visit to Peking he received a most enthusiastic and impressive welcome, and on his return home in October 1964, he obtained Peking's "new and most important" economic and military aid. He praised Communist China as the "number one friend" of Cambodia, and declared the unbreakable solidarity between his country and China. As he said to Liu Shao-ch'i before he left for home, "United States imperialism can never separate Cambodia from China. We firmly oppose United States imperialism." At the celebration of the eleventh year of Cambodia's independence last November, Sihanouk made known his willingness to "adopt a Communist regime" if necessary. In a decade, Peking has succeeded in converting Cambodia from genuine neutrality to a Communist alliance.

The tactics of flexibility and protraction are well incorporated in Peking's military-diplomatic strategy for Indochina. If military advance meets strong opposition, the Communists will either stop or withdraw; if they cannot gain through military force, they will turn to diplomatic negotiations; if they cannot succeed at negotiations or if the military situation during ne-

gotiations turns favorable to them, they will drop diplomacy and again resort to military operations. The zigzag tactics of "talk-talk-fight-fight and fight-fight-talk-talk" have only one objective: their advance.

During the 1960-61 crisis in Laos, in eight months the Pathet Lao forces extended their control from approximately 4 percent to 20 percent of the Laotian territory. Only after President Kennedy's strong appeals to the nations concerned, especially the Soviet Union, did the Communists give way to peace talks at Geneva. But then they turned to the tactics of protracted negotiation. They let the talks drag on for a year and appeared to be most uncompromising. While the talks were still in process, they attacked and occupied Nam Tha in May 1962. Again, it was after the United States had shown her determination to stop the Communist advance by landing troops in Thailand that the Pathet Lao halted their attacks. Then they went along with Geneva agreements in July 1962. At this point, Peking displayed its tolerance of retreat. As Chen Yi said, "We are in no hurry. We can wait five or ten more years. But the Laotian revolution will eventually triumph."

Temporary accord is only a Communist tactic of protraction for further gain. Under cover of peaceful cooperation among the factions in Laos, Chinese arms and North Vietnamese soldiers flowed in. Meanwhile, Prince Souphanouvong paid long visits to Hanoi, Peking, and Moscow in the autumn of 1962, presumably for new strategy consultations. Realizing that the Pathet Lao forces were accepting Vietnamese and Chinese "advice," King Savang Vathana and Premier Souvanna Phouma went to see Ho Chi Minh in March 1963 to solicit his support of Laos' neutrality. In April, the Premier revisited Hanoi and extended his trip to Peking for the same purpose. He was asked by both Hanoi and Peking to withdraw his neutralist forces from the Plaine des Jarres in order to create a genuinely peaceful atmosphere among factions, and he did. But the Pathet Lao forces soon moved in. The neutralists were caught. Although General Kong Le bitterly accused the Pathet Lao of becoming

"foreign lackeys" intent on making "the kingdom of Laos a colony of international Communism," the Communist rebels won new ground.

In South Vietnam, Peking also demonstrated its flexible tactics in fighting and diplomacy. For years, Peking campaigned for a new Geneva Conference on South Vietnam. Meanwhile it increased its efforts to aid the Vietcong, and when the Buddhist crisis broke out in August 1963, Mao Tse-tung promised Peking's full support to the revolution in the South. After the Diem regime collapsed, both Peking and Hanoi urged the South Vietnamese to adopt the Chinese strategy of all-out revolution. Yet through it all Peking continued its propaganda for a new Geneva talk on South Vietnam. Only last August, when the Saigon government became more unstable than ever, Peking finally dropped its campaign for peace negotiations. The "five wars" within the war in Vietnam, as described by General Nguyen Khanh (i.e., generals against generals, civilian ministers against the military, the Buddhists against the Roman Catholics, intellectuals against the government, and numerous minor parties and ambitious politicians maneuvering in the interstices of these disputes), must have led Peking to conclude that the Saigon regime would collapse soon. A general military offensive, as announced by the Southern Liberation Front in mid-September 1964, would bring about an earlier victory than a Geneva conference could offer. So Peking at last dropped its call for peace talks and openly supported the Front's offensive policy.

The Lao Dong Party of North Vietnam serves virtually as the strategist of the Communist movement in Indochina. The document "Directives of the Lao Dong Party" of November 1, 1951, captured by the French, clearly indicates the party's policy. The Indochinese Communists, after they reorganized the Indochinese Communist Party into the Lao Dong Party in February 1951, decided first to separate the party organization in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. "Later on," the document says, "when conditions permit, the three revolutionary parties . . . will be reunited to form a single party" to rule the whole of Indochina, but until the reunion materializes the Lao Dong Party will aid

the separated parties and the national liberation movements in Laos and Cambodia. Since this document was well publicized, Peking must have known of it. To have a close relationship with the strategically important Lao Dong Party, Peking tightened its ideological lineup with the party through the Sino-Soviet dispute.

Two fundamental considerations have given Peking an excellent opportunity to associate more closely with Hanoi in ideology. One is the geographical contiguity of China and Vietnam, and the other is the similarity of social, racial, cultural, and revolutionary conditions in the two nations. The geographical position of North Vietnam makes China too near to be ignored, while Russia is too far away to serve as an effective balance. The similar social and revolutionary conditions suggest that Chinese revolutionary strategy is more suitable to North Vietnam than Soviet "defensive" strategy. Peking has also exerted considerable pressure on Hanoi for support, mainly through economic aid, personal diplomacy, and propaganda. Chinese aid has always exceeded that of the Soviet Union (by 1962, Chinese aid reached $662 million, Soviet $365 million). In the Sino-Soviet diplomatic competition Liu Shao-ch'i's visit to Hanoi in May 1963 tipped the balance to the Chinese side. And through its various propaganda media, Peking has virtually served as the spokesman for the Lao Dong Party, the Southern Liberation Front, and the Neo Lao Hat Xat. In return, Peking has gradually won Hanoi's support on the Albanian problem, the Sino-Indian border issue, and the Cuban crisis, although the Lao Dong Party has never ceased urging Communist unity. On peaceful coexistence, Liu Shao-ch'i specifically rebutted Khrushchev's thesis at Hanoi in May 1963. He also bitterly attacked "modern revisionism" at the Nguyen Ai Quoc Party School in Hanoi. When the partial test-ban treaty was signed in August 1963, Peking won Hanoi's full support for its disapproval. In November of the same year, the Lao Dong Party denounced Yugoslav revisionism with an argument identical with Peking's. One month after the Diem regime was overthrown, the Lao Dong Party urged the adoption of Chinese offensive strategy for

the revolution in South Vietnam. Moreover, it refused to at
tend the World Communist Conference in Moscow last Febru
ary. Some Eastern European diplomats in Hanoi reported ir
November 1963 that Peking's pressure on Hanoi was suffocat
ing. But Hanoi was almost helpless to resist because it dependec
largely upon Communist China for food supplies. Besides
Hanoi may have reached some understanding with Peking. A
Prince Phouma remarked in December 1963, Hanoi was sup
porting the Chinese Communist ideology and Peking had ac
knowledged that all of Indochina was to be considered Nortl
Vietnam's sphere of influence. If he was correct, then all Indo
chinese Communist parties have either directly or indirectl
sided with Peking rather than Moscow. According to reports
the shipment of Soviet weapons to Hanoi has been delayed b
Peking; the improvement of Moscow-Hanoi relations attemptec
by the Soviet leaders after Kosygin's visit to Hanoi still remain
to be seen. It becomes apparent, nevertheless, that the mor
serious the dispute becomes, the closer Peking-Hanoi relation
develop, although North Vietnam will never be another Al
bania.

For many years international fronts have been an instrumen
for mass mobilization employed by both Peking and Hanoi
Ever since Liu Shao-ch'i attempted to sell the Chinese revolu
tionary formula to colonial nations at Peking's Asian and Aus
tralasian Trade Union Conference in November 1949, numer
ous international-front organizations have been formed anc
become active in both Communist China and North Vietnam
The most active are the Chinese and Vietnamese Friendship As
sociations, Federations of Trade Unions, Peace Protection Com
mittees, and Asian-African Solidarity Committees. But sinc
1963 Peking has made tremendous efforts to increase such ac
tivities. It sets the stage for every activity, especially the anni
versary celebration of the founding of the Southern Liberatior
Front in December, in a splendid but militant fashion. It select
the highly popular subjects of anti-Americanism and support foi
Vietnam for campaigns. Since the incident of the Tonkin Gul
of last August, various front-organizations in both China anc

Vietnam have repeatedly launched an "anti-American week" or a "hate-America day." To keep the pot boiling, Peking and Hanoi are using front-organizations as a most effective means for propaganda and mass mobilization.

Peking has no love for religion; it has never completely stamped out religious worship, but it has tried to bring all religious activities under the party's control. Yet the use of Buddhism to support its foreign policy is a new tactic. After the Buddhist crisis in South Vietnam in August 1963, the Chinese Communists began to view with favor the formidable Buddhist forces in Southeast Asia, and the following October they convened an Asian Buddhist Conference in Peking. The meeting, which lasted for two weeks, was attended by more than one hundred leading Buddhist monks from eleven countries. The Asian Buddhists received a warm official welcome in the capital, and Thich Thien Hao of South Vietnam, who reported on the Buddhist situation in his country, became the center of attention. The conference resolved to support the Vietnamese Buddhists and to condemn the Diem regime and the United States. Eight months later (June 1964), the Chinese Communists' Buddhist Association invited Buddhist delegations from Southeast Asian countries to visit China. In early July, the visiting Buddhists from Vietnam, Cambodia, and six other nations issued a strong protest against the action of the World Buddhist Association in moving its headquarters from Rangoon to Bangkok, and denouncing as illegal the Association's decision to hold the Seventh World Buddhist Conference in India. A plan for a new world Buddhist organization sponsored by Peking is under way.

In South Vietnam, the continual chaos created by Buddhist demonstrations has given Communist elements a chance at infiltration. In the unrest of last September, the Buddhist leaders succeeded in coercing the interim government of Nguyen Xuan Oanh to release 509 Buddhists, including eleven known leaders of the Vietcong. In the demonstrations of last November, Premier Tran Van Huong officially stated that the Vietcong agents had infiltrated Saigon's anti-government movement and

attempted to turn the political protests into open revolt. One Buddhist, who was arrested among others in the 1963 demonstrations against the Diem regime, confessed last November that "Vietnamese Buddhism is falling into the hands of self-interested politicians and the Vietcong. . . . Last year, we were united and willing to give our lives. Now I am ashamed to be associated with what is going on." The extent to which Vietcong elements have infiltrated Vietnamese Buddhism, the relations between Peking or Hanoi and the Buddhist leaders of South Vietnam, how, if at all, the Peking or Hanoi leaders direct the Buddhist demonstrations are questions that will probably never be answered; but it is certain that broadcasts from Peking and Hanoi have repeatedly urged Buddhists and students to revolt. Personal power rivalries among some Buddhist leaders combined with an unsophisticated theory of democracy seem to be the main sources of their opposition to the government. Some of them do not fully understand the nature and danger of the Vietcong rebellion, and it may soon be too late for them to find out.

As the situation in Indochina deteriorates, the shadow of Communist China looms larger over Southeast Asia, and whether that shadow can be prevented from becoming actual domination becomes an urgent question. Some observers see a limitation of Peking's ambitions in the weakness of her domestic affairs. According to the "Secret Military Papers" and other information, the Chinese Communist Party has been seriously hampered in its operations by venal and ignorant cadres; military discipline reached a point of near collapse in 1961; the 3,000 aircraft in the air force are partially obsolete; the shortage of jet fuel has never been overcome; and the small naval power (about 4 destroyers, 4 destroyer escorts, 30 submarines, and a small number of patrol craft) is not entirely in operation. The industrial projects left behind when 1,390 Soviet technicians left the country are still incomplete; grain production in 1963 reached only about 179 million tons (below the 1957 level of 185 million tons); each year from 1961 to 1964 Peking had to

import about 5 million tons of Western grain; and the majority of the people still suffer from the shortage of food. Obviously Peking's show of power in external affairs does not rest on a basis of internal strength, and the success of its nuclear device has been bought at the expense of its people's welfare. Yet Peking places the build-up of nuclear weapons above everything else. As Chen Yi put it, "Even if we had no pants to wear, still we would prefer to build atomic bombs."

Internal problems may not, however, check Peking's expansion in Southeast Asia. On the contrary, they may motivate the regime to divert people's worries and discontents over domestic difficulties to their concern over external expansion. Yet these difficulties combined with Indochinese nationalism will give the United States an opportunity to deter Communism from further advancing.

Nationalism in South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia is still a formidable force. The people have a strong desire for national independence, economic welfare, and political progress. The majority of them have no love for Communism, Communist North Vietnam, or Communist China; as General Nguyen Khanh said last August, "We don't want to be a province of Communist China." Prince Phouma, in Paris last September, demanded publicly the ending of the North Vietnamese and Chinese Communist intervention in Laos. Last November Prince Sihanouk said that Cambodia "would rather disappear from the map of the world than to let herself be satellized by any power whatsoever." The Communists use nationalism to cover their revolution; the United States can just as well employ nationalism to upset them. This is where the United States can help and what she should work on. Not that Indochina welcomes American dominance. It is the Indochinese themselves, and neither Americans nor Chinese, who should be the masters of the destiny of Indochina.

In the long, hard struggle against Communism, the military elite must cooperate with the intellectual elite. Without the support of the intellectuals, the military will eventually invite opposition from the people. Without the protection of military

power, the intellectuals will become a flock of sheep before the Communist wolf. This is particularly true in Asia where the military men are often in power and where the intellectuals traditionally play a leading role in social and political movements. Indochinese Communism cannot be defeated by military forces alone. At this point, a strong military force to bring the people security and stability is essential; but immediately after the military action, a good and practicable social, economic, and political program should be put into effect in order to remove the economic and political basis for Communism. To this aim, the government must sincerely encourage and fully employ both military and intellectual elites. There is no time for personal or group power rivalry. Only a mobilization of all the people, based upon cooperation of the military and the intellectuals, can save the region from Communism.

Determination and patience are equally important. Mao's strategy proves successful only when his enemy is hesitant, impatient, and drifting. An American Indochina policy should be formulated within the framework of determination but not impulsiveness, of constancy but not stubbornness, of flexibility but not drifting, of helping but not dominating. When a sound American policy is developed and the Indochinese people are mobilized, Peking's advance will be stopped where it is and a settlement in Indochina will be possible. Communist victory in Southeast Asia is not inevitable.

THE BOY FROM CHILLICOTHE

By ROBERT L. FLYNN

RANDY SIMS walked along the quiet, darkening street nodding to the few people he saw. It was late spring, and along about dark, after the family had eaten and the teenagers had escaped in the family car, the older folks and the younger ones would sit on the front porch and drink iced tea or lemonade, or stand out in the yard in undershirts and cotton dresses talking quietly to the folks next door in muffled voices and ripples of laughter that dissipated pleasantly in the street It was the time of fireflies and glowing cigarettes, and the tinkle of ice in heavy glasses; the time of lurid, flickering shadows and clipped, incisive voices and brittle laughter that split the silence and ricocheted down the street, the time of three horsepower lawnmowers and glass pack mufflers that tear the air like an old wound.

Randy walked along the path that ran like a scar across the grass lawns. His step was slow and deliberate. He liked walking alone in the darkness. "Hello, Randy," folks would say. "How's the boy from Chillicothe?" They did not have to be in awe of anyone from Chillicothe.

The people of Wanderer Springs, being for the most part farmers and shirt-sleeved merchants, had little education themselves, but they had an enormous respect for it in others. For this reason, the teachers in the town enjoyed a special caste, and few could come boldly into their presence. But Randy was different. He was from Chillicothe, an almost identical small town down the road. They thought him like themselves: careless of the world, independent of progress, immune to dreams, interested in chicken diseases, the efficacy of fertilizer, and the virtues of contour rows.

Randy crossed the street and went around the big gray house

with the gable and stained glass window, to the little cottage in back. The cottage had formerly been a double garage, but when the husband had died, the widow had sold the two cars, converted the garage into a cottage, and retired to the house for the rest of her life. The cottage was usually rented to some spinster teacher who expected to be soon married. There was a large living room with good furniture, a small, crowded kitchen with little light, no ventilation, and an unreliable oven, a small cluttered bedroom, and a dark, dingy bathroom. The living room was nice for entertaining but the rest of the house was not suited to resigned living. Those who lived in the cottage either married quickly or moved on to a more comfortable place.

Randy had been coming here two or three times a week for several months, and still he felt vaguely annoyed. It was as though he wished he were somewhere else, but could not make up his mind to go. He knocked irritably at the door.

"Is that you, Randy? Come on in." The cheerful voice fell unpleasantly on his ears.

Randy went in, looked around, and sat down on the couch. In the next room he could hear Hazel finishing her preparations, powdering her face, spraying her hair, uncapping her lipstick in a welter of contrasting odors, all of them sweet, feminine, and sticky. He knew with some regret that his annoyance would soon be gone and he would begin to enjoy himself.

Hazel Hickman was the new typing teacher, and the only teacher Randy's age. Because young people either married or left Wanderer Springs as soon as possible, and because the teachers were forbidden to date the students, Hazel and Randy were often together. At first, because they were both new, they had stayed close together at the teachers' meetings. Later, the brutal loneliness, the sense of nothing to do, the ache of necessity, drove them together until they were meeting two or three times a week in Hazel's apartment. In the way of small towns, people began predicting their marriage until every meeting was an unofficial announcement.

"How's the boy from Chillicothe? Starved?" Hazel asked, fastening her belt as she came into the room. She was wearing a

black dress she could not wear at school. "Dinner's ready," she said, and glancing at him for the first time, she took his hand and led him into the small, hot kitchen.

Hazel was a big girl with thick short yellow hair. Her hands and feet were blunt, and her face broad but handsome. She had big placid eyes that were capable of blinking away any excitement. Randy was always disturbed by the eyes. He wanted to make them snap, or flash, or dilate, or anything except that slow wide-eyed blink. Despite her large frame, Hazel was shapely with a trim waist and firm hips. She moved with the slow and heavy grace of a young cow.

Hazel was from Dallas and hated the hard, meagre life of the small town. She did not like teaching school. She had prepared herself to teach, and had studied shorthand and typing as a safeguard against finishing college without getting married. She had hoped to teach or get an office job in some large town full of brilliant, eligible men, but her grades had been commonplace, her recommendations hesitant, and her shorthand inadequate. She had accepted the job in Wanderer Springs because she could do no better, and in Wanderer Springs there was no one but Randy.

At first, she had not been attracted to Randy. He was not as large a man as she had wanted; he was rather quiet and shy, and he was sensitive rather than rugged. But he was nice, intelligent, and he could get a job anywhere.

Hazel set the steaming dishes on the table, and uncovered them with pride. Hazel was not a good cook. She fixed light, exotic dishes which she prepared according to recipe with little imagination and frequent failure. Randy, used to the dreary, simple fare of the country, tasted the dishes with caution, ate little, and never felt satisfied. They ate quietly; Randy steeling his taste buds against shock, Hazel devoting herself entirely to eating.

"Go in the living room and look at a magazine, and I'll just stack the dishes," she said when they had finished.

"Shall I put on a record?"

"No. I thought tonight we'd just talk."

Randy was disappointed. He liked to dance with her. Hazel was a good dancer, and he felt with pleasure her strong body moving in time with his own. Usually they would dance for a while, then sit on the couch and kiss until it was time for Randy to go. It was a comfort to him, and he was careful not to endanger their relationship. Randy was sure the evening would be a long one. They had never talked much, and then only about school. Hazel was not a good conversationalist.

Randy sat down on the couch, leaned back his head and closed his eyes. He thought of the cool darkness outside, and the pleasant space, and the stabbing loneliness. He was glad he had come.

When he felt her near him, he opened his eyes and took her hand, still damp with hand lotion, pulling her down on the couch beside him. He tried to kiss her but she turned away. He leaned back comfortably on the couch.

Hazel sat stiffly on the couch, twisting the college ring she wore on her left hand. "Randy, there's something I have to tell you," she said. "After I tell you, you may feel differently about me, but I have to be honest," she said deliberately, inspecting her nails.

Randy became instantly alert. She was adding something new to their relationship. Things were changing and he didn't like it. He shifted his weight on the couch. "You don't have to tell me anything," he said.

"But I do. We can't go on like this without your knowing."

Randy did not like the injection of responsibility into their relationship. In spite of their friendship, he still considered his problems his own. He wanted the freedom to come and go without the necessity of being involved in her blemishes and emotional pores. "I have no right to know," he protested.

But evidently Hazel thought he did, for she brushed aside every objection, and insisted on telling her story.

In her last year of college, Hazel had become despondent. Soon she would be graduating and she had no prospect of getting married. Most girls her own age had already married. And if she graduated without getting married, where would she find

an eligible man? He did not know how serious these things are to a girl. She slept fitfully at night, had to take long walks and hot baths to relax, and did badly in her classes.

There was one boy in school who seemed to think a lot of her. He was a large, rugged boy, a good dresser, who had come to school to play football, but had been unable to play because of his grades. She had dated him several times and she was sure he liked her, but he usually went with easy girls.

One of her girl friends, a psychology major, told her he was looking for his mother in all the girls, and if he ever once found her, he would be satisfied. She had never done anything wrong in her life, but her friend kept insisting that this was her chance, and the friend planted an idea in her mind that had never been there before.

Randy was appalled. She was justifying herself in the baldest way, and confessing a sexual error that is admitted, if at all, only on the presumption of a permanent relationship.

"I don't think you had better tell me any more," he said, standing up preparing to take his leave as quietly and painlessly as possible. "I enjoyed the dinner very much," he said.

But Hazel did not notice. She leaned forward and crossed her arms under her breasts. Her voice became excited.

"One night he said, 'I think you're the one for me. If only I could be sure.' And I said, 'I am the one.' "

She looked up at him, wringing her hands in her lap. Her lips were twisted and her brow furrowed in self-pity. The eyes were dull and painless. "I didn't know anything about men then," she cried. "He just grabbed me and had relations with me in the car."

Randy could feel himself being sucked in, but he could not help it. He sank down slowly on the couch. "You mean he . . . ?"

"I didn't want to. I told him I didn't."

"Did you tell anybody? Report it?"

"A girl can't tell a thing like that," she said, shaking her head at him in astonishment.

"But if he really . . . ?"

"I knew you wouldn't understand," she said. The large eyelids slowly closed and tears dampened her darkened lashes, smudging her cheek.

"I do understand," he said crossly, crossing his legs and hardening his heart. He did not intend to become involved. "It's just that it's so . . . so terrible," he explained.

"I didn't enjoy it, if that's what you think," she said, looking at him frankly through clear eyes.

Randy sat up, and after straightening the creases in his trousers, he scratched his knee, stalling for time. "Let's not talk about it anymore," he said, slapping his knees and preparing to rise.

"But it isn't important," she said. "Don't you see? The important thing is that I didn't want to."

He offered her his handkerchief and she wiped her glistening lashes, being careful not to redden her eyes. "I can forget it ever happened," she said. "I only remembered so I could tell you."

"I'm going to forget that you told me," Randy said.

Hazel threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, pushing him back onto the couch. "I could forgive you anything," she whispered drowsily in his ear.

She had got off lighter than she had expected. She had not believed he would break it off, but she had thought he might become angry and make a scene, or demand the same privilege as her first lover. It occurred to her that perhaps he had something in his own past that needed forgiving.

"Is there anything you want to tell me?" she asked.

"No," he said, gently freeing himself.

"You don't think I can be as forgiving as you," she pouted.

"There's nothing to tell," he said.

"You were in the service. Surely you did some things. . . ."

"Nothing like that."

She eyed him suspiciously, unable to decide whether he had done something too terrible to confess or nothing at all. Reluctantly she decided on the latter.

"You've never been in love before, have you?" she asked. Her tone was faintly superior and Randy felt intimidated.

"Yes, there was one time."

"You can tell me about it. I won't mind," she said generously.

"There's nothing to tell and it was a long time ago."

Randy was sorry he had mentioned it. He did not want to tell. It was not much of a story, and something like it had happened to most people many times. But it had happened to Randy only once. It was his fondest memory when he wanted to think of time, and love, and what might have been.

Randy sat very still hoping she would change the subject, but she did not. She was curious and not a little amused. She turned toward him so that her heavy breast pressed against his shoulder, and laid her hand on his. "It's only fair," she said. "I told you my most important secret. You can tell me about your little romance."

Reluctantly, Randy told his story. After completion of boot training, he had gone home on leave during the Christmas season. It had been the worst experience of his life. The town was smaller and duller than he had remembered, his friends were either married or gone, his girl friend was busy with high school athletes, and his parents were continually embarrassed because they kept forgetting that he was back home again. He had reported to Camp Pendleton in relief and despair. It was New Year's Eve and to his surprise he had been given a 71-hour pass. He ran into a man named Cook from his boot platoon who had reported in at the same time, and together, they had gone to Los Angeles. He and Cook, lonely in the crowd, walked about the streets thinking of home and girls.

Then he saw her. She was walking toward him, seeming totally apart from the crowd. He could not remember what she looked like, except that she was beautiful with dark hair and eyes, and that her deeply tanned face was flushed with excitement. When she passed him, he fell in beside her. He did not remember what he had said, but he believed he had talked to her without brashness or silliness, and that she had listened, although she did not look at him. When they reached the corner, the stream of people was so heavy going the opposite way, that he had guided her through. Across the street, he had guided

her into a drugstore. They went into the basement, and since all the booths were full, they sat at a long counter. For the first time he realized that the girl had two companions, and that Cook was with one of them, and some marine neither of them knew was with the other. He was annoyed to see Cook and the other marine. This had been something unique. It was the meeting of two young people who, because they were young and healthy and innocent, wanted against all reason to be in the presence of each other at a time of joy. It was one of those meetings that happen without reason and haunt you forever after with ideas of fate and destiny. Cook and the other marine had made it commonplace and possible.

They had ordered coffee and doughnuts, and had talked. Her name was Joyce something and she was from Alhambra. He could never remember what her last name was, but to him, it had sounded foreign.

"I'm from Chillicothe," he said.

"Ohio?"

"No, Texas."

She looked at him closely. "I never heard of it," she said.

"It's a small town," he admitted. "My father was the first person ever born there."

"Does your father own a ranch?"

"No, he's a farmer. Wheat mostly."

"Can you ride a horse?"

"No," he admitted reluctantly. "But I can drive a tractor."

"It's Illinois, isn't it?"

"What?"

"You're from Chillicothe, Illinois."

"No, it's Texas. Can't you tell by the way I talk?"

"Maybe it's Missouri you're from," she said.

Laughing, he shook his head. "If you were from Illinois, I'd know what you were like," she said. "But I think anyone from Chillicothe, Texas can be anything they want to be."

They walked through the streets pristine and inviolable, throwing streamers and confetti and singing the Marine Corps Hymn and the Eyes of Texas. The crowds on the sidewalks had

overflowed into the street and all traffic had stopped. They did the foolish things that are excusable only in the very young who believe the world loves them because they are happy and capable of love. Cook and the other marine and the two girls followed them, but they did not notice.

"Are you going to Korea?" she asked.

"Soon."

"My brother is in the marines," she said, and he was glad. It made their relationship seem secure and predestined. Her brother might be his friend. Their hands tightened.

Horns and bells and cheering announced the New Year. They stopped and she turned to him. He kissed her, oblivious to the crowd, and then he perfunctorily kissed the other two girls, and he had been kissed by other women who crowded the street.

And when Cook said, "I like the way your girl kisses; mine kisses with her mouth open," he had been glad.

Slowly the crowds began thinning out and they had walked along hand in hand through the paper-littered streets.

"Where can I find you again?" he asked.

"Here," she said, and he had looked up at the large department store, memorizing the name.

They found their way into a bus station where they ordered hamburgers and coffee. Randy was annoyed by a shriveled, painted woman of forty, obviously drunk, who tried to square dance with him. Joyce had laughed.

The girls had come to see the Rose Parade so they agreed to go together. Randy and Joyce wanted to walk. The others thought it was too far, but followed them anyway.

When they came out of the bus station, the papers were blowing softly and silently down the deserted streets, and they believed it had never happened anywhere else at any other time. They walked through the blowing papers feeling lovely, and alone, and lost.

The night was cool and damp and they stopped frequently to sit huddled together on the curb to rest. Toward morning, they caught a bus to Pasadena, and Joyce slept on his arm. They found a place where they could see the parade, and the three

marines elbowed a place for the girls to stand, and then went for coffee and sandwiches.

The parade was long, and tiresome, and thrilling. They watched for hours standing close together and calling each other's attention to obvious details, until the parade became a blur of color and faces. At the end of the parade, suffocated by the crowd, they sat down on the curb and waited for the streets to clear.

Again they walked through the paper-littered streets, looking for a place that was dark and quiet, until they found a restaurant where they could sit at a table under a little thatched roof with only candles for light. They were too exhausted to eat much, but Joyce clung to his arm.

They walked outside and tried to say goodbye, timid with indiscretion. The shyness that should have characterized their meeting was reserved for their parting. Their meeting had been outside their experience, and now they did not know how to put it on a regular, secure footing. Randy took her in his arms and kissed her goodbye.

"Are you really from Chillicothe?" she asked with her head buried in his shoulder.

"Yes."

They put the dazed and exhausted girls into a cab. As he closed the door and stepped back, Joyce burst into tears. She shouted something to him through the back glass as the cab pulled away but he could not understand it . . .

When he returned to the base, he had been assigned to a replacement draft, and for three weeks he was unable to get away. On his first pass he returned to Los Angeles and looked for the department store. He went through it department by department, but she was not there and no one remembered her. Until he shipped out, he spent every weekend liberty walking the streets of Los Angeles, or standing under a street light watching the papers blowing lazily down the street, in the idiotic dream of finding her the way he found her the first time, coming to him from out of the crowd. He never saw her again.

"Is that all?" Hazel asked. Her attention had wandered and she had been startled by the sudden ending.

"I guess so," he said. "You know Cook was killed in Korea." He leaned his head against her shoulder and began to relax. "It was just a memory. Just something I thought of," he said.

"It's the kind of thing that happens every New Year's in a big city," she said, a little disappointed.

I wonder what would have come of it, he thought. What if her folks had been Italian, or Jewish, or Catholic? Would that have made a difference? What if her father had sold vegetables on the street, or run a tavern? What if she had wanted to live in California? I probably never would have married her, he thought. It would never be the same again. It was one of those one-time things that never happen twice. Things are always the same with Hazel, he thought. No big surprises. I wonder if I should marry Hazel, he thought.

He looked up at Hazel and saw that her face was soft and there were traces of a smile on her lips. But Hazel was not thinking of Randy. She was thinking of strong rough hands and powerful arms that tore and crushed and caressed at the same time.

The boy from Chillicothe was thinking of the streets of Los Angeles at three o'clock in the morning when their lips met.

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THE WEST IN CLASSIC AMERICAN LITERATURE

FRONTIER: AMERICAN LITERATURE AND THE AMERICAN WEST, *by* EDWIN FUSSELL, *Princeton University Press.*

THIS is an extremely original and stimulating book on a topic that may not seem especially promising at first glance. One looks at the title not without a feeling that both the American West and classic American literature have already been exploited by social historians and literary critics quite as thoroughly as the nation has despoiled the continent. And certainly there is nothing extraordinary in the hypothesis that so important a factor in American history must have left its mark on the literary mind; indeed, it is obvious that the West became a potent symbol for a number of major American writers. But we soon discover that Mr. Fussell defines the West and the Frontier in a much more figurative way than most historians, while he insists on a much more literal reference than the sophisticated student of images would normally give to such terms. As a result, he is able to deal with the relation between literature and the West more comprehensively and more profoundly than anyone before him. In effect, as the title is perhaps meant to indicate, he himself takes his stand on a frontier—the common ground between art and actuality, imagination and historical circumstance—and his sense of each factor is strongly influenced by his sense of the other.

He deftly disposes of the Western buffs and their literary followers, for whom the main exhibits would presumably be sociological lore and local-color fiction: "The simple truth is that the American West was neither more nor less interesting than any other place, except in mythology or in the swollen egos of Westerners, until by interpretation the great American writers—all of whom happened to be Eastern—made it seem so." On the other hand, Mr. Fussell is not concerned with a purely literary tradition, the perennial mythic West, except insofar as the myth-making mind entered into a particular moment of history: "The West exerted serious imaginative impact in the United States only so long as it remained a living idea, which was only so long as it survived in real potentiality; the winning of the actual West brought the Westward Movement of

American writing to a natural and inevitable end a few years after the closing of the frontier [i.e., by the time of the Civil War]." Thus the visionary frontier described in this book was at once superior to the historical actualities of the West and restricted in its meaning to what could theoretically be derived from the actual American experience of moving westward; it was a cultural emblem, a highly abstract image that reflected very concrete conditions and conferred significance upon them.

It was also a very complex image. Mr. Fussell argues that the spatial and temporal facts of the Western frontier made for that dense ambiguity of meaning which is characteristic of American literature of the 1820's through the 1850's. The frontier was a dividing line, but it was nowhere in particular; it was a reference-point, but it moved; it was a meeting-ground, but also a boundary or limit. Moreover, it stood between the past (Eastern) and the future (Western); yet in another aspect the West was ancient, prehistoric, while the East made historical progress by encroaching on the Western past. All sorts of social, psychological, and philosophic dualities were drawn into this framework of ambivalence: civilization and nature, order and chaos, the public and the private self, spirit and matter. The terms could be variously associated; many terms could change their direction, from one side of the frontier to the other; and the frontier itself was alternatively a symbol of ultimate monism (the transcendence of opposites) or of ultimate disparity (the ironic consciousness). While such a system is clearly related to Romantic thought in general, Mr. Fussell maintains that the existing fact of the Western frontier gave it both a special relevance and a perfect vehicle for expression in America. These were not merely speculative gambits; they grew out of and returned to matters as immediate and as wracking to the conscience as the question of what exactly we were doing when we eliminated the Indian and developed a democratic society. America came into existence as a problem for Americans, and the ambiguous destiny that was more or less blindly acted out in the Westward Movement was discovered and defined by imaginative enactment in the literature of the West.

In this sense of "Western literature" there were six major "Western" writers: Cooper, Hawthorne, Poe, Thoreau, Melville, and Whitman. Mr. Fussell's point of view is perfectly adapted to Cooper, and he works out a very satisfying rationale for the vagaries of that supremely honest man and intermittent artist. Leatherstocking was

the vehicle of Cooper's long encounter with both the contradiction and the interrelation between civilized and natural existence—an increasingly ideal figure, standing for a possible transcendence of the contradiction, and an increasingly tragic figure, who dies of the conflict out of which he was born. But the real test of Mr. Fussell's view begins when he moves on to Hawthorne. Even the fully attuned reader may be somewhat startled to be told that "Hawthorne was at heart a Western writer." This turns out to mean that Hawthorne identified the New England past, the earlier era when New England *was* the frontier, with the Western present and future; his subject was the American experience of town and forest, law and liberty, as well as the irony of a national experiment that had already been carried out, for better or worse, long before its terms were fully explicit. In the case of Poe, perhaps an even more unlikely "Western writer," the key is another identification—the popular merging of South and West which enabled Poe's tales of southward voyaging to become metaphorical equivalents of Western exploration into regions of unknown savagery. More generally, Poe's tales of terror were always concerned with borderline states of consciousness, frontiers of the soul; and it is no accident that the horrific dénouement of "The Masque of the Red Death" takes place in the westernmost chamber of Prospero's castle, where the red man has his vengeance.

The works of Thoreau, Melville, and Whitman are of course full of Western allusions. Mr. Fussell contends that these are more than allusions, that they carry the central theme of each writer. Thoreau's West was primarily the "inland" or "interior," and he thoroughly internalized his idea of the West itself. Unable to find very much to admire in the actual West, he treated the New England scene, and then his own inner sense of that scene, as the "real" locus of Western experience. In this way he could conceive of himself, the ideal American, as pioneer whenever he went for a walk and frontiersman whenever he "fronted a fact." The West of Melville was the most various of all. Located on the ocean beyond the last frontier, it was a place of infinite freedom, an endless prairie, and of infinite rapacity, a titanic hunting-ground. Or, brought back to the Mississippi in *The Confidence-Man,* it was a world of hard-headed realism and total illusion. In either form, it represented at once the self-destruction of America and the spiritual resources of the free and truthful man who chronicled the fall. In Whitman, finally, we have a record of the disappearance of the West as a viable imaginative theme. Whitman's poetic career began with a "western" journey to New

Orleans, flourished on his self-identification with the pioneer, and came to a virtual end with the 1860 *Leaves of Grass* (projected as a "Western Edition"). For by 1860 the frontier was gone.

The book is closely documented and elaborately argued, and so rapid a summary does no justice to it. By sheer accumulation of surprising detail, one is gradually induced, at least for the moment, to see things as Mr. Fussell does and to cheer him on in his enterprise. At the same time, it must be said that one always feels his project to be something of a *tour de force*, a deliberate pursuit of a thesis and a method as far as they can take him. Often one wishes that he were not so systematically committed to the primacy of the actual American West—that he could sometimes permit himself to explain "Western" elements in American literature as results of larger imaginative purposes instead of always taking them as imaginative causes. At some points, he parades an excess of data; at others, he is too much inclined to evaluate literary works on the basis of how successfully the West is used in them; and his constant insistence on a strict correlation between the end of the first period of American letters and the end of the frontier is too strident. But these are relatively minor reservations. The book is adventurous, and Mr. Fussell has established an important perspective in addition to making a great many interesting discoveries along the way.

CHARLES FEIDELSON

AN ENLIGHTENED VIEW OF MOZART

MOZART THE DRAMATIST, *by* BRIGID BROPHY, *Harcourt, Brace & World.*

BRIGID is a pious name, and Miss Brophy is entitled to it. She does not stoop or cower at any orthodox altar, for her brittle humanism put God in his place some time ago in *Black Ship to Hell.* But she does have a pantheon of sorts which houses divinities she adores and to whom she grants nearly absolute authority. Her saviors are at once a surprising and musty crew. The figures of the Enlightenment, particularly Tom Paine or a latter-day incarnation like Bernard Shaw, loom large and almost sufficient in her Temple of Reason, and she feels they would have been enough to redeem us if they hadn't overlooked or got hung up on the problem of evil. Because of this weakness at one point, its failure in handling the dark underside of things, the Enlightenment was a Golden Age *manqué.* Now, with the advent of Sigmund Freud, there is nothing to stop the human race, since the good doctor has dispelled all darkness in

the most rational way. Wedding eighteenth-century rationalism and psychoanalysis, Miss Brophy has the saving creed for mankind and she preaches it in a chicly messianic fashion.

The artist of her new vision is Mozart, and her pseudo-religiosity is thrilling when she writes of "people coming away after the performance [of a Mozart opera] wrapped in a look which means their Egos have been identified with the artistic Ego of Mozart (not by the conversion of the artist into flesh: but by the taking of the manhood into the artist)." If this is slightly obscure, much orthodox theology is too; it has the true scholastic stink. This religious temper pushes Miss Brophy to catechismic statements which in their assurance would leave Macaulay breathless. "Everybody knows (thanks to Tom Paine, who christened the enlightenment the Age of Reason) that the immediate duty of the emancipated Ego was to reason out its own moral judgements."

The reader may ask at this point what all this has to do with Mozart the dramatist; in truth, even less than one might think, but these devout assumptions are the central and fructifying ideas behind this book.

There could hardly be a more valid or fascinating subject than Mozart as dramatist. Some may be surprised, and a few worthy souls offended, by the claim that Mozart's genius is essentially dramatic, especially if one insists on the term in a literary sense and interprets some of Mozart's greatest music as a portrayal of human character and conflict which utilizes things akin to action and dialogue. This view confounds the advocates of pure music, and baffles those novices who haven't penetrated Mozart's style and consider it an end in itself, rather than a means of dramatic expression. The highly formal, traditional nature of his style is the same kind of wall that Pope's couplet is to those who do not see through it to the pity, terror, and laughter which are there. They assume that drama requires the Straussian orchestra and are innocent of the fact that the limited sound range and formal structure of Mozart's music, rather than precluding drama, often accommodate it.

However one feels about the complex and vexing problem of the relation between music and drama, it is clear that Mozart tended not to recognize any such dichotomy in his own art and, as Miss Brophy points out, is a precursor of Richard Wagner and the music drama. At one time, our ignorance of his working methods and motives as a composer might have clouded the issue, but his remarkable letters consistently show that musical and dramatic conception were often

inseparable in his imagination. Of a work as seemingly a-dramatic as the C Major Piano Sonata, K 309, he writes, "Young Danner asked me how I thought of composing the Andante. I said that I would make it fit closely the character of Mlle. Rosa. . . . It really is a fact. . . . She is exactly like the Andante."

Mozart wrote opera not because of fashion or necessity, but out of love and conviction. He himself repeatedly stated that it was his predestinate form. He carefully sought his libretti, high-handedly molded them to his own ends, and worked out dramatic detail with fastidious delight. "Let me now turn to Belmonte's aria, *O wie ängstlich, o wie feurig,*" he writes to his father during the composition of *Die Entführung aus dem Serail.* "Would you like to know how I have expressed it—and even indicated his throbbing heart? By two violins playing octaves. . . . You feel the trembling—the faltering—you see how his throbbing breast begins to swell; this I have expressed by a crescendo. You hear the whispering and the sighing—which I have indicated by the first violins with mutes and a flute playing in unison." This is, of course, only pale and partial evidence of Mozart's dramatic habit. The overwhelming evidence is the works themselves.

Since Miss Brophy has chosen so rich a subject and because her first chapter indicates she appreciates its possibilities, the reader wishes her to attack it with dispatch. His first dismay is at her tendency to stay on the periphery of it or to forget it entirely. We read of women's rights, the growth of cities, God, the inferiority of Beethoven, audience psychology, the trials of the *castrati,* of eighteenth-century philosophy, literature, architecture, and painting. She is a female Pico whose encyclopedic meanderings are sometimes delectable, but one still longs for a consideration of the things themselves, Mozart's operas, and supposes that her lively intelligence will finally come to grips with musical and dramatic realities.

Alas, we discover Mozart the psychoanalyst, albeit an unconscious one, has precedence over Mozart the musician or dramatist. With an awareness and candor that some of his absolutist disciples might emulate, Freud confesses that "Unfortunately, psycho-analysis . . . has less to say about beauty than about most things." Certainly Miss Brophy is not unfamiliar with this implicit warning, but she fails to heed it. Her treatment of Mozart's art plunges us more into the nursery than the theatre, puts us on our stools rather than in our loges, and, in effect, makes the dramatic and musical experience of Mozart's operas well nigh impossible. If anyone is puzzled by the

antipathy of Proust, Joyce, and Kafka toward psychoanalysis, a reading of this book should make it understandable. In her obsession with latent meanings, Miss Brophy obliterates most obvious delights.

There is an initial titillation, perhaps, in discovering that Cherubino is a phallus, in reflecting on Donna Anna's penis envy or Don Giovanni's homosexuality, but finally the desiccating monotony of an infallible doctrine palls. Since everybody is Oedipus, everybody is everybody else. Once we know the universal truth, there is a dull inevitability in being told that Mozart wrote *Don Giovanni* because of his sense of guilt over his father's death, that the Don himself, far from wanting to possess his ladies, merely wanted to kill their fathers. There is a commendable touch of invention in seeing the Commandatore as the ultimate and most horrible father image, God, whom the Don climactically and admirably defies, but even this seems oedipally obvious. Any absolutism which drives a critic to such flat and final definition, which assumes that it can contain or explain a work of art, is bound to do disservice to it. Here it obliterates it.

In the consideration of *Die Zauberflöte,* Freud is almost forgotten, but even here, another way is found, to use Houyhnhnm talk, of seeing the thing that is not there and not seeing the thing that is, since again the critic proceeds from abstract convictions to the actuality of the text. Typically, Miss Brophy has entitled her study, "*Die Zauberflöte* solved." Solving works of art is on a par with making cases for poems. Her approach to the opera is through its sources, and her findings, which must have cost torturous hours in the stacks, are tedious, forced, and totally unnecessary. Indeed, she infinitely compounds the mystery of *Die Zauberflöte,* for her argument, although she does not realize how it undercuts any serious consideration, makes the librettists seem like the rustics of *A Midsummers Night's Dream.* Schikaneder and Mozart emerge as innocent and not too bright buffoons, fitting the work to the occasion—and rather clumsily.

In her dedication to enlightenment with its attendant erasure of transcendent hanky-panky, she refuses to recognize any numinous suggestions in music that even Shaw said God might sing in Heaven. She is mystified, for example, that Tamino is initiated into the mysteries and that Papageno is not, and concludes this is a careless lapse or accident in the libretto. More probably it is a crucial and carefully contrived point. Papageno stresses, "*Ich bin ein Naturmensch,*" separating himself from the more exalted role of Tamino. The bird man is a good being within his limitations, fertile, charming, and

earthbound. Tamino goes on to the choral affirmation of the "*ewiger Kron*," an artifact Miss Brophy, who sees everyman as *ein Naturmensch*, wastes no time in discussing.

Certain moments in art, particularly in music, suggest possibilities that any purely humanistic view has great difficulty in accommodating. Whether these possibilities are related to an absolute reality or not is beside the point; experientially (and this is the crucial area of discussion surely) these suggestions of the numinous are genuine and part of the esthetic event. But Miss Brophy will not make such esthetic or historical adjustments as to allow Mozart's operas to exist as themselves.

The one mystery of this book is that Brigid Brophy finally appears to be more interesting than Mozart. Few will assent to her major tenets as relevant or sufficient, but many will be entranced by her fresh juxtapositions (Shaw, Richard Strauss, and Beardsley, for example, as the beginnings of the eighteenth-century revival) or impressed by her sometimes penetrating literary insight, which gives her a sense of the tension between the poised surface and underlying terror of much neo-classical art, or diverted by an occasional Freudian revelation.

> Since psycho-analysis obliged us to notice the obvious, everyone has observed that small children are intensely concerned with the sexuality of their parents. . . . This interest stimulates, and is stimulated by, the child's own sexual ambitions towards the parents; but the child is debarred from acting on his ambitions by the fact that he has not reached the age of potency, both in the sexual sense and the sense that he is not big and strong enough to assault the parents. This infantile situation is recreated in the theatre or opera house. The audience's attention and curiosity is concentrated on the stage. (Often this is done by the same physical means, the manipulations of light and darkness . . . as in hypnosis, another phenomenon Freud traced to the child-to-parent relationship.) And yet the audience is debarred—by its being unthinkable, 'impossible'—from assaulting the stage. The architecture of theatres usually arranges that a member of the audience really is too small to jump up or down on to the stage; and it goes further still when it fosters an illusion that the players are bigger than the audience (the glamour of being larger than life) by making sure they are, like genuinely tall objects, visible from a distance. . . . The glamour-situation places the audience in the position of the infant (quite literally so: the audience renounces the power of speech in favour of the persons on the stage and signifies its own feelings only by the infantile methods of inarticulate cries and hand-clapping). . . .

For a passage of approximate brilliance, certainly we would have to turn to the author of *A Tale of a Tub*. I wonder what that not too enlightened figure of the Enlightenment, Jonathan Swift, would make of it.

KENNETH CONNELLY

DOING GOOD

ENGLISH PHILANTHROPY, 1660-1960, *by* DAVID OWEN, *The Belknap Press of the Harvard University Press.*

BEFORE Owen, the jigsaw pieces composing the history of modern English philanthropy lay mostly strewn across the table, some not even turned right side up, others assembled in patches. Reluctant to put asunder what scholars have already joined together, Owen has now brilliantly completed the puzzle, and an amazingly complicated design it makes. In point of massive research, skill in wresting order out of chaos, regard for structure, function, the law, and influence of ideas, his book merits comparison with the historical writing of Beatrice and Sidney Webb. Owen has written a Coleridgian encyclopedia of English charities—with an Idea in it, themes, a narrative, and a culmination. Thanks to an invitation from the Ford Foundation, he has added to what W. K. Jordan began in his two works, *Philanthropy in England, 1480-1660* (1959) and *The Charities of London, 1480-1660* (1960). Owen's book marks a turning-point in the interpretation of modern English history.

Before Owen, our knowledge of modern English philanthropy was, to say the least, spotty—charity schools and charity sermons abounding; alms-giving and almshouses. We knew about endowed schools and colleges; the Evangelicals' vast compassion; a vague something about Dr. Barnado's Homes; the Charity Organization Society, of course; that stroke of genius, the National Trust; and even a little about some of the big twentieth-century trusts, for example, the Nuffield Foundation. But on the whole our attention had been quite consistently captivated by the public sector of social assistance—the Poor Law of 1834 and the blue books; the two reports of the Poor Law Commission of 1905-09; the seminal welfare legislation of the Liberals after 1906; the *Beveridge Report,* and Labor's welfare enactments of the late 1940's. I myself confess to having often wondered why the Englishman appeared to be so niggardly. Now, after Owen, I know better. It is heartening to learn that both Henry Fielding and Patrick Colquhoun believed the English to be the most

philanthropically minded of any people. Owen at the close of his book is inclined to agree with these two experienced observers. "Englishmen," he writes, "have taken responsibility, individually and collectively, for their community in a way that, whatever their failings, is almost unique in the Western world."

Owen, ever cautious about supposed certainties, is as interested as was Sir John Clapham in the quantitative approach to history. He is always asking the questions how much? how many? His answers accustom the reader to think in terms of pounds, especially during the nineteenth century to which he devotes most of his book. Between 1802 and 1825, years when George IV was rebuilding his lavish pleasure-dome at Brighton, the British and Foreign Bible Society spent £1,165,000 and distributed four and a half million Bibles. By 1859 eight voluntary societies concerned with education had raised a total of £1,400,000, and by 1860 leading missionary societies were credited with an annual income of over £450,000. "The charity expenditure of the Metropolis in the late '60's may have run between £5½ million and £7 million annually." Income of London charities, by the mid-1880's, exceeded the governmental revenues of Sweden, Denmark, and Portugal, and doubled that of the Swiss Confederation. Charitable trusts, almost 30,000 in number in the early nineteenth century, reached at least 110,000 by 1952 and, in future, may well go on to 250,000. But, as Owen twice warns, "To reach quantitative conclusions about the country's charitable organizations and their finances would be out of the question. It would be difficult for endowed charities and impossible for voluntary societies, to say nothing of the mass of unorganized charity. . . . Not until well toward the end of the century are even moderately informed guesses available." Owen, moreover, takes pains to make explicit what he means by philanthropy.

When in 1790 Parson Woodforde gave to old Tom Carr one shilling, he was giving alms but, in Owen's sense of the word, was no philanthropist. Owen's concept approaches that of a recent slogan used by New Haven's United Fund: Give Big, Feel Good—a maxim enjoined by Archbishop Tillotson in the later seventeenth century and actually enjoyed by the father of Beatrice Webb. Owen's primary test of philanthropy is, as he states, "pecuniary," by which he means neither good works nor personal services but "substantial contributions of money from individuals and groups." From the eighteenth century to the present, varying as have been the motives for giving, the major philanthropists have been a fairly homogeneous

lot. Four-and-twenty peers and prelates baked in a pie might prove useful at those innumerable charity dinners where subscriptions were collected, especially Victoria's uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, whose heart and mouth, *The Times* noted in 1845, were "always open to the call of charity." But with the notable exception of the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury (and his philanthropy shone more steadily in hard work than in gifts of money), the individual philanthropists were the upper- and middle-class men and women whose portraits Owen has sketched throughout his book, mostly with respect and affection. In the late seventeenth century there was Thomas Firman, "a kind of one-man council of social service"; in the early nineteenth, Zachary Macaulay: both men gave away most of their substantial fortunes. Thomas Guy, his capital resources multiplied by the sale of South Sea shares, founded the hospital bearing his name in an age that believed in founding hospitals. Among provincial philanthropists, Richard Reynolds, Quaker and partner of Abraham Darby II of Coalbrookdale, could indulge his passion for charity by reason of his being a successful industrialist. At Liverpool William Rathbone VI, a merchant prince of that city, became the founder and promoter of the district nursing movement. Two Quaker dynasties of chocolate manufacturers, at York the Rowntrees, at Birmingham the Cadburys, followed the pattern of Robert Owen's community plant at New Lanark and founded model villages for their workers: there they strove to abolish the cash nexus and to restore to human beings their proper environment.

In listing a few of these distinguished philanthropists I cannot overlook the fabulous Angela Burdett-Coutts, whom Owen ventures to call "the premier Victorian philanthropist." Thanks to a series of family crochets, she inherited, at the age of twenty-three, an income of about £80,000. Heiress beyond price, she became at once a "catch," and though pursued by countless suitors, she did not elect to marry until at the age of sixty-seven she became the bride of a twenty-seven-year-old youth—a marriage "complete with bridal veil and three little bridesmaids." She made philanthropy her profession. Even George Eliot did not carry a heavier burden of duty. Not only did she try to read every letter sent to her—sometimes to the number of three or four hundred a day—but she often originated the ideas for the projects which she financed. With Charles Dickens to guide her, she surveyed the needs of mankind almost from China to Peru: she founded the colonial bishoprics of Cape Town, Adelaide, and British Columbia; among other benefactions to her

friend Rajah Brooke of Sarawak she bought him a gunboat; she aided the African explorations of Livingstone and Stanley. There could, indeed, be something wildly romantic about the Victorian temperament. Shall we say, with Irving Babbitt, the pursuit of illusion in things for its own sake? We can point for examples to Gilbert Scott's Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras (an earlier version of which he designed for the Foreign Office, but Palmerston would have none of it), the third Marquess of Bute's bizarre and lavish decorations in Cardiff Castle, or the pill-man Holloway's seminary for young ladies at Egham (Owen's "Chambord-in-Surrey"). The Baroness Burdett-Coutts did not escape the call of romantic illusion. True, her manifold charities testified to her sense of the fiduciary nature of private property; and most were neither eccentric nor particularly imaginative—church-building in London, education, fallen women, emigration, child welfare, Shaftesbury's Ragged Schools, the London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, St. Stephen's Technical Institute, soup kitchens, Irish relief, housing, and so on and on. But observe her Columbia Market: the neo-Gothic "cathedral of plaice and cabbage" cost more than £200,000.

Three American millionaires chose to show their gratitude to the nation of their origin: in 1862 George Peabody's donation of £500,000 established the Peabody Trust; Andrew Carnegie in 1913 set up the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust with ten million dollars in United States Steel bonds; in 1930 Edward S. Harkness founded the Pilgrim Trust with a gift of £2 million.

There followed the Gulbenkian Foundation, the Wolfson Foundation, and, in 1943, the most munificent of all such trusts, the Nuffield Foundation—with assets, twenty years later, of over £36 million (market value). Relatively modest, these, as Owen points out, when contrasted with the American giants, Carnegie, Ford, and Rockefeller; and they are dwarfed by government-supported trusts in Britain today.

For only one famous English philanthropist does Owen reserve harsh words—Octavia Hill of the Charity Organization Society. Of Octavia he remarks that she became "the self-appointed school mistress of the lower classes." But, then, as Owen has good reason to conclude, the COS "resolutely refused to turn the corner into the twentieth century."

Now to turn the corner into the twentieth century is to reach the culmination of Owen's carefully wrought narrative. Of its leading themes one is central and appears at the outset of the book,

namely, the "dual importance of private charity—on the one hand, its role as a pioneering force [often as a pilot program], pointing the way to action by the State, and, on the other, its ultimate inadequacy when measured against the requirements of industrial-urban society"; in sum, the changing of places, whereby the State in the twentieth century became the senior in a partnership between private philanthropy and government agencies that has lasted from the Statute of Charitable Uses (1601) down to the very present.

Such changing of places could rarely be predicted until the last years of the nineteenth century. Old, tried motives persisted, and so did old, tried methods. But, Owen adds, "As the terms of the problem changed, the impulses also altered." Almost to the end of the eighteenth century dominant motives remained what they had been, piety, benevolence, and varied expressions of patriotism; the methods continued the Tudor-Stuart tradition of legacies and establishment of charitable trusts. One new technique of giving emerged at the end of the seventeenth century, one destined to remain most significant. This, influenced perhaps by joint-stock investment, was collective activity or "associated philanthropy," a process easily grasped by anyone familiar with the long subscription lists prefacing so many volumes printed in the eighteenth century. The charity-school movement became the first large-scale venture in associated philanthropy. By the '70's the device was applied to imprisonment for debt and spread out to support societies and associations themselves far more interested—and this is a point of importance—in the relief of indigence than of mere poverty. During the mid-nineteenth century associated philanthropy happened to run riot: by then charity had become, Owen reminds us, a "social imperative."

The principle was kept, the principle that the State should act only as junior partner (I refer to the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834); but the industrial revolution, combined with population explosion and the appalling increase in urban agglomerations in want of both proper housing and sanitation, altered the direction of giving and increasingly disclosed the inability of private philanthropy to cope with the problem. By the 1780's, the period now assigned to Britain's industrial "take-off," education had become the rage of the times. The rage increased with the growing realization that ability to read the Bible no longer sufficed for a growing population of industrial workers. In the long run education might better quell social unrest than Pitt's measures of repression and, in addi-

tion, teach the lower classes to stand on their own feet. Of this movement Henry Brougham became the major prophet, and with Charles Knight's *Penny Magazine* to assist, Brougham not only launched the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge but secured, first, a select committee, and, next, a Royal Commission to enquire into ways and means.

England, in time, became a society of Societies often overlapping and duplicating; and also of trusts, some of which were conceived in egotism and brought forth in folly or malice. Just about everything in the Victorian age, as Virginia Woolf has reminded us, proliferated—from births and books to beards. That philanthropic impulses followed suit should cause no surprise. Most failed to meet the demand. Needed were State services. But the individualism and Evangelical inclinations of the Victorians obliged them to see the problem of both poverty and indigence in strictly moral terms. Their social conscience kept far too many of them from turning the major corner well before the twentieth century.

Such efflorescence of humanitarianism happened to go hand in hand with harsh standards. These were needed if only on account of the number of professional mendicants and spongers. Moreover, the strict construction of St. Paul's maxim, "if any would not work, neither should he eat," gave rise to the distinction continually made between the deserving and the undeserving poor: to repeat, poverty and indigence appeared to be a moral, rather than a social, disease. Private charity should assist the deserving; the refuse of drunkards, prostitutes, "the aborigines of the East End," and plenty of other people too was assigned to the State. In the late 1860's the Charity Organization Society was established to provide "scientific" philanthropy. The COS existed, without flourishing, under the credal dichotomy of the deserving and the undeserving. Its most splendid achievement was the establishment of visiting and casework. In 1946, years after the Webbs' devastating attack on the Society's "principles" in the Minority Report of 1909, the COS, at long last accepting reality, became the Family Welfare Association.

Harshness in the distribution of charity obviously brought more satisfaction to the giver than to the applicant denied. Harshness reminds us of Victorian individualism and moral fervor. It could not possibly serve as a substitute for the rationalization of charitable endowments and subscriptions. Rationalization of their society proved to be one of the most distinguished administrative achievements of nineteenth-century Englishmen: it appeared in many places

—in the Post Office, the penny post; in the courts, Peel's consolidation of the whole of English criminal law, his abolition of over one hundred offences subject to the death penalty, and his reduction of perhaps more than 92 acts relating to larceny to a statute compressed into thirty pages; the Municipal Corporations Act; the Poor Law Amendment Act; and the Ecclesiastical Corporations Acts of the '30's; the statutes establishing councils, county, district, and parish; the Supreme Court of Judicature Act; Cardwell's army reforms; and Chamberlain's "caucus" at Birmingham. Within this milieu philanthropy, naturally enough, underwent attempts at rationalization. These reached back to the Gilbert Returns of the late eighteenth century. The Brougham Commission, after some twenty years of staggering labor and at a cost of more than £250,000, issued in 1837-40 its final report—the whole constituting what Owen calls a Domesday Book of endowed charities. Its principal recommendation seems now to have been self-evident—a permanent board of supervisors, "essentially administrative in character but exercising some of the quasi-judicial functions" of that Serbonian bog, the Court of Chancery. Not until 1853 did Parliament succeed in establishing the Charity Commissioners and by the Act of 1860 extended their judicial authority. There followed the report of the Taunton Commission (1867-8) and its consequence, The Endowed Schools Act of 1870; the report of the Bryce Commission (1895), which concluded that endowments "could not possibly provide an adequate system of secondary education." In the issue an Act of 1899 established as the central authority a Board of Education, and by Balfour's major Education Act of 1902 the State system of secondary education was vested in the County Councils. Thus, as Owen adds, "By the dawn of the new century education at all levels had lost most of its former character as a charitable activity and had taken on that of a public commitment."

An amusing chapter on the City of London Charities ("The seven hundred acres of the City comprehended more than a hundred parishes." . . . one "measured only four-fifths of an acre") recounts how rationalization worked: an Act of 1883 broadened the uses to which these City charities could be put. The City Parochial Foundation amalgamated most of the parochial endowments and in following years inaugurated pilot programs by helping to convert the Old Vic into the theatre it now is and also by assisting the Whitechapel Art Gallery and the District Nursing Association. The Foundation also saved from extinction the Chelsea Physic Garden,

founded by Hans Sloane in the eighteenth century: the Garden is now both an open space and a means for the study of botany. Significantly, indeed, the City Parochial Foundation "has functioned, with no apparent loss of effectiveness, within the framework of the Welfare State."

Such conflation of private philanthropy and the Welfare State is the central, the arresting theme of Owen's book. Like most things English the interdependence of the two services came about gradually. Circumstances, no less than opinion, prepared the ground. Circumstances showed in the later years of the century the heavy losses suffered by trusts whose charitable resources happened to be invested in agricultural land. Democratic institutions, notably in local government, the advent of universal adult suffrage, an improved Civil Service, and far more accurate information about the facts of poverty helped; so did, according to Çalvin Woodard, the emergence of a more favorable ratio between production and population: the rich, it was assumed, could now afford, and would continue to afford, higher taxes for public social services. Opinion, too, veered toward intervention by the State. Foresighted philanthropists (for example, Canon Barnett, George Cadbury, and Charles Booth) pointed to the discrepancy, ironic as it was, between the hugeness of private charity and the mounting mass of urban misery. Beatrice and Sidney Webb, as might be expected, cut to the heart of the problem. Social justice, Mrs. Webb realized, is a technical, not a moral, matter; whence the Webbs' revolutionary proposals that the State should provide "a prescribed national minimum of civilized life." They also recommended that the Poor Law be broken up and its services, by 1909 far different from "the principles of 1834," be distributed among qualified committees of the local authorities. This proposal was realized in part by Chamberlain's Local Government Act of 1929 (which Owen tends to skimp) and wholly by Labor's legislation of 1946-48. No need for Owen to mention either Conservatism or Socialism, any more than Sir Lewis Namier felt it necessary to discuss mid-eighteenth-century politics in terms of Whigs and Tories. The intended goal, like the Glorious Revolution, was to be both a revolution of necessity and a preserving revolution to boot; in fine, a truly "British Revolution," as Beveridge said of his proposals in his famous report, *Social Insurance and Allied Services* (1942), wherein he built on foundations laid, and experience learned, even before the Liberals took office in 1906. So things moved and progressed: artisans' housing by the '70's

passed in part to municipal authorities, while, soon afterwards, Booth and Joseph Chamberlain, among others, proposed State pensions for the aged. With "the boy Beveridge" to suggest, Lloyd George and Winston Churchill carried a brilliant series of measures designed to promote welfare. In 1919 was founded the National Council of Social Services. Its purposes were to coordinate voluntary social work and further to promote its partnership with the State. Conceivably these idealists failed to take into account British circumstances in the twentieth century—the cost of two world wars, inflation, restrictive practices in industry, and recurrent crises in Britain's balance of payments. The principle of statutory authorities was admitted, and their direction was altered to the point where the State became the senior partner. "Nobody, in short," Owen writes, "wished to cripple the voluntary agencies" by establishing a State monopoly of welfare. The voluntary services, as Herbert Morrison declared, were "fundamental to the health of a democratic society." The latest grand inquest to rationalize the "jungle" of charity law and administration has been the Nathan Committee (1950-52), its report containing more than 7500 questions, and its outcome, the Charities Act of 1960. Throughout, the Committee as well as Parliament strove, in Burke's phrase, to compensate, to reconcile, to balance. The Act made official and statutory the integration of voluntary action with "the machinery of the Welfare State."

Thus the Charitable Trusts Act of 1960 leaves the codifying Statute of Charitable Uses of 1601 "the undoubted fountainhead of charity law." Despite the vanity of human wishes, the chaos of motives and methods, the failures and so frequent obsolescence of trusts or inefficiency of commissioners, Owen's narrative provides justification for Burke's belief that the English political system "moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression." Precedent explains the continuity, and the current attitudes, having shifted from motives of piety to secular causes, disclose current national traits: witness the most appealing causes in order of preference, namely, sailors (the Royal Life-Boat Institution has never come under government control), animals, then children; and in contrast to trends in the United States today, corporate giving in Britain is "still in its infancy," and Englishmen fail to share our "suspicions of government spending as a step to government control." A case in point is the University Grants Committee (1919).

This noble book of history, wise, restrained, smoothly written,

could have profited from careful proof-reading and also from closer examination of the influence of that humanitarian prophet, Carlyle. Still, after Owen, understanding of modern English history can never again be quite the same. He has changed our presuppositions, our perspective, and therefore our comprehension. In both a narrower and, as well, a broader sense than Burke, quoting Cicero's *De officiis,* could have meant, Owen has shown that, today, England, "that relation our country," comprehends "all the charities of all."

L. P. CURTIS

THE GREAT WORDSWORTH

WORDSWORTH'S POETRY: 1787-1814, *by* GEOFFREY H. HARTMAN, *Yale University Press.*

"HE is the most isolated figure among the great English poets"—thus Geoffrey Hartman ends his masterful study of the "great Wordsworth," the poet whose truly creative life ended with *The Excursion.* Wordsworth became isolated as his humane vision failed during those last long years of increasing political and theological conservatism, and yet from another—and this is Hartman's—point of view, Wordsworth had always been the great alien of English poetry. He was finally isolated not so much because no one would listen to his "most dusty philosophy," but more painfully because "despite his love for the older writers, and especially for Milton, [he] can turn to no one in his desire to save nature for the human imagination." Wordsworth's loneliness is the more poignant since, as Hartman insists, he is fully aware of the continuity from one great poet to another which had made possible the English epic tradition. The natural heir to Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, Wordsworth broke from them—especially from Milton—even as he was renewing their vision. Indeed a major contribution of this study may be its revealing exclusion of *The Prelude* from the central English and Continental *mythic* tradition. Whereas Milton must tell a story, a mythos, of the Fall, Wordsworth must describe and perambulate through the mind imagining such a story. For mythic structure, Hartman shows an imaginative piety (and its disciplines) being exchanged.

Wordsworth's Poetry comments on a large number of single poems, at every point reflecting a subtle blend of close analysis with a cultivated, far-reaching historical awareness. With almost painful tenacity Hartman tries to define and, I think, succeeds in defining the interplay between a Nature from which the poet freed himself and the Imagination he as it were seduced from its natural hiding

place. Divided, dramatically, into three sections of argument and one final section of most useful critical bibliography, this book begins with four shorter poems, including "The Solitary Reaper" and "Tintern Abbey." This first section is a theoretical prelude in which Hartman analyzes the formal, poetic consequences of a Wordsworthian self-consciousness as they are manifest in a "poetry of surmise." A second section goes deep into the relationship between nature and imagination, through analysis of the Alpine climb in Book VI of *The Prelude,* to show how Wordsworth shifted from supernatural to natural apocalypse. The book then exfoliates into its longest, third part, where Hartman examines chronologically the growth of the poet's mind, once again by considering particular poems against the critical context developed. This last is a fine example of what literary history can achieve, when allied to the immediate datum of the poem.

A Wordsworth emerges from this account who is more tender and intelligent than we may be accustomed to remember. Hartman's second section, "Synopsis: The Via Naturaliter Negativa," shows "how nature came to be associated so strongly with [Wordsworth's] anti-apocalyptic view of regeneration." Concentrating on *Prelude,* VI, 592-99, where Imagination becomes the awesome, blocking, overweening power the poet could perhaps control only "in tranquility," this section gives various accounts of "unviolent passages" of consciousness from lower to higher states, where "immediacy acts as a medium," where finally the poet becomes "the matchmaker" between heaven and earth. The poet's wit and senses are "subdued and quiet as the ear/Of one that listens," and this meditative poetry stands emancipated from the modern requirement that poetry be ironic, mythopoeic, or even dramatic.

Certain trends of twentieth-century criticism have caused the average reader to be embarrassed by the apparent formlessness and lack of intensity in the long meditative narration. Now Hartman has recaptured the peculiarly Wordsworthian mode of intensity. Among many approaches let me cite only his analysis of the idea of "place" in Wordsworth. Drawing on the work of Mircea Eliade, Hartman has been able to show that Wordsworth exploits what he calls a "spot syndrome," a pregnant localization of nature's appeal to the regenerative imagination. The center of intensity will be, for example, the Vale of Chamonix, the scene of "Salisbury Plain," the scene of "The Ruined Cottage." (An archetypal "sacred place" would be the Cave of the Nymphs in *Odyssey,* XIII.) Hoping to

counteract the terror of history, the poet seeks to immobilize time and the decay of the terrestrial world by imagining such "sacred places," which are always temples of some kind. Sometimes the refuge from flux may be thought to lie at the center of the cosmos, the navel of the earth, the omphalos, where through divine agency earth and heaven are thought to meet. There imagination and external nature are permitted a fruitful, mutual interplay; there the mind's transcendental powers are liberated. By the most careful analysis of Wordsworth's usage and his relation to earlier nature poetry (e.g., Thomson), Hartman has shown that he always returned to "symbols of the center." This explains just how the poet "placed" his deep fears and anxieties before the sublime face of nature. For scholars like Rudolph Otto have observed that proper to the temple there is a complex of feelings in which predominate awe, wonder, hope, anxiety, and even terror—the consequences of meeting the *sacer* face to face. Here at last is a telling approach to the links between the mythic hierarchies of the Miltonic sublime, the personified artifice of eighteenth-century sublimity, and the natural sublime of Wordsworth. Not only is *place* given its place in nature, but so also is the concomitant "sacred time" of the *templum*. To the sacralized place there correspond numinous "spots" of time and motion. These two dimensions of the sacred may be invoked, as by Hartman, to allow a definition of Wordsworthian narrative style.

The poet was driven from his temple by furies whose names we can only guess. Hartman does not allow himself much speculation on the causes of Wordsworth's decline as a poet, though he suspects that *The Prelude* may have been somehow an exhaustive personal scripture, but when he compares the poet to Lear, I think we may have the right image of his doom. He is the poet of abdication, of melancholy complaint against a disorder almost self-created, of fearful longing to return to a maternal or sisterly *Natura,* of anxious, pious willingness to embrace the storm of the mind itself, of Imagination. I use these terms to express my own reaction to the critique, which may be a private reaction. The uses of this book, however, transcend such private response. It will enlighten and challenge every reader and will do much to open out Wordsworth's major poetry to our sometimes prejudiced minds. Whatever difficulties the author's style may occasionally have, they are made insignificant by the predominant felicity and wit of his expression. He is always precise and judicious, but many are the sentences that ring with the wit of epigram. The book's insights into a truly puzzling poetic are

second only to its impressive, yet always modestly worn learning. Curiously Hartman has written a book as much about Wordsworth's forerunners as about the poet himself—this Wordsworth's Spenser, for example, is a wonderfully alive creator. As to his subject, Hartman makes one wish to read Wordsworth anew and shows one how to do that, with fresh approaches.

ANGUS FLETCHER

PHILADELPHIAN AND BOSTONIAN

DAVID RITTENHOUSE, *by* BROOKE HINDLE, *Princeton University Press.*
BULFINCH'S BOSTON, 1787-1817, *by* HAROLD *and* JAMES KIRKER, *Oxford University Press.*

AMONG eminent Americans of the eighteenth century few present greater contrasts than David Rittenhouse and Charles Bulfinch. Bulfinch, to be sure, was thirty years younger than the famous Pennsylvanian and in fact lived more than half his life in the nineteenth century. Yet in important respects it is the well-born Federalist architect who seems part of a colonial past, while the largely self-educated astronomer who died in 1796 embodies much of modern man at his best. Neither book answers all questions about its subject. *Bulfinch's Boston* does not purport to be a biography of a gifted individual, but rather a portrayal of the Massachusetts Bay community whose outer mien Bulfinch changed and whose inner being he was apparently content to leave as he found it in 1787. Brooke Hindle's *David Rittenhouse,* on the contrary, focuses upon the artisan-mechanic-scientist and his many-faceted career in the thirty years that encompass the decade preceding the Revolution, the war, and postwar readjustments in a leading state of the new nation.

The younger man, a singularly gentle soul whose diffidence verged on timidity, endowed Boston with the imposing State House, the "New North Church," and several handsome private dwellings that still grace the city. The rest of his Boston edifices—the banks, the churches, the Boston Theatre, the India wharf, the sixty-foot eagle-crowned column commemorating the Revolution, the Tontine Crescent and other fine houses bearing the imprint of his neoclassical style—have disappeared, the last half of the India wharf as recently as 1962. Although he served more than twenty years as first selectman and for eighteen as chief of police, his administrative achievements made little permanent mark upon the community. His fellows rejected some of his dearest plans for his native town, and his development of the beautiful Tontine Crescent on Frank-

lin Place cost him his personal fortune. Yet when he accepted the post of architect of the Capitol in Washington in 1817, he left behind him not the drab provincial capital of the 1780's but the most architecturally perfect city in the United States.

"Bulfinch's Boston" nevertheless is in a sense a misnomer, for the Bulfinch family stood outside the inner circle of the Essex Junto, as John Adams dubbed the group of wealthy North Shore merchants who had moved to Boston shortly after the British evacuation and controlled the town from 1780 till the end of the War of 1812. Unlike the Bulfinches and other old Boston families allied to the royalist Province House regime before the 1770's but thereafter supporters of the patriot cause, the newcomers had given at most lip-service to the Revolution. They had not fought in the line, although they had engaged in privateering and reaped its rich rewards. Shrewd, imaginative, and adaptable in their commercial ventures, they were purse-proud and reactionary in their politics. "The disturbing paradox of Boston's new rulers," the Kirkers note, "was that though children of the Revolution in place, time, and opportunity, they either misunderstood or repudiated the upheaval in society and politics that accompanied independence." Eager to ape the British ruling class, they early came to regard Jeffersonian Republicans as Jacobins, the pawns of Napoleon, the equivalent today of Stalinists. Indeed the authors clearly indicate that the Bay Town of the Federalist period was more nearly the Junto's Boston than Bulfinch's.

Rather surprisingly at first thought, Rittenhouse's scientific papers and official correspondence convey a sharper image of the Pennsylvanian and his place in his world than the physical survivals of Bulfinch's art succeed in giving the Bostonian. Still, how a farmer's son with little or no formal education rose to the front ranks of American scientists, acknowledged in his day as second only to Benjamin Franklin, remains an enigma. Despite undistinguished parents, "his ancestry," Hindle observes, "contained enough evidences of capacity to make his own gifts believable." Clockmaker, astronomer, original thinker, surveyor, state treasurer during years of financial crisis, political liberal, and director of the United States mint, Rittenhouse never enjoyed robust health. While astronomy was his first and enduring interest and the realm in which he obtained his greatest distinction, his strong sense of public duty kept him at the thankless task of handling Pennsylvania's finances during the darkest days of the Revolution and led him to undertake

tiring surveying expeditions to mark out the state's southwestern, northern, and western boundaries. He played a conspicuous part in drafting the revolutionary Pennsylvania Constitution of 1776 which established manhood suffrage, a unicameral legislature, a plural executive, and rotation in office, features based on a political philosophy that rested government on the good judgment and virtue of the common man.

Rittenhouse always considered himself a common man, but few persons have received in their lifetimes the unstinted admiration, bordering on adulation, that he commanded. His observations of the transit of Venus in 1769 won him fame among the learned in Europe and America, but, after reading the printed version of his oration before the American Philosophical Society in 1775, people who could make no sense of his transit papers suddenly understood his renown. Ostensibly a plea for support of a public observatory, his oration became a confession of faith growing out of his study of astronomy. The meaning of life, he explained, was found " 'in a continually expanding knowledge of nature.' . . . He thought in terms of the chain of being which related all the forms of nature in an orderly sequence," a ladder of life stretching beyond earth and the grave. With understanding enlarged after death, men might be enabled "to follow truth in all her labyrinths . . . and thus lay the foundation of an eternal improvement in knowledge and happiness." Thenceforward in the eyes of contemporaries Rittenhouse was "the personification of truth in science in harmonious combination with Christian humility and virtue."

No man in public life in the troubled years of the Revolution and after could entirely escape public censure, but no one ever accused David Rittenhouse of dishonesty or self-seeking. He symbolized the best in America. As the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Rush proclaimed in a formal eulogy of his old friend after his death, "his name gave a splendor to the American character." He was "one of the luminaries of the eighteenth century."

CONSTANCE McLAUGHLIN GREEN

ALIENATION AGAIN: BEFORE AND AFTER

MAN IN THE MODERN NOVEL, *by* JOHN EDWARD HARDY, *University of Washington Press.*
AFTER ALIENATION: AMERICAN NOVELS IN MID-CENTURY, *by* MARCUS KLEIN, *World Publishing Co.*

"IF human nature does alter," E. M. Forster has observed, "it will be because individuals manage to look at themselves in a new way."

Or, since the poetry and prose fiction of this century have offered so many new ways, it may be because we have managed to discover beyond diversity the promise of something in common. These studies, two of a number recently published about how individuals see themselves and are seen, directly collide. They confront the modern with the contemporary; subversively, with some hope, they look ahead. The difficulties Hardy locates by critical inquiry in certain British and American novels (post 1899) are redefined and even found resolved, to some extent, in the five American novelists whose work (post World War II), says Klein, shows "something new historically."

Man in the Modern Novel opens with an Introduction surveying the various traditional dilemmas of "identity" and, after chapters on eleven novelists, ends in a somber, urgent Afterword. Such a format almost inevitably leads to two responses, one to the separate chapters, another to their effect within the larger framework of argument. Many of Hardy's essays, simply as essays, offer valid observations on works discussed more or less chronologically. The harlequin Russian in *The Heart of Darkness*, patched in motley, receives good treatment as Kurtz's court emissary; so do the contrasting relationships between the artist-heroes and their artist-authors in Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* and Joyce's *Portrait*. Much likewise is done with the curious impalpabilities of scene in *The Great Gatsby* and the mixture of romance and satire in *Brideshead Revisited*, as well as the causes of inarticulateness in *A Farewell to Arms* and the discriminating intelligences, flawed because of their talent, in *Howard's End* and *To the Lighthouse*. But it is with the fictional provinces of Faulkner, Eudora Welty, and Robert Penn Warren that Hardy seems most on native ground. Questions about Joe Christmas and Quentin-Shreve and Benjy, the convolutions in time of self-consciousness and the communal, are referred suggestively to Faulkner's style and his handling of Biblical materials. Yoknapatawpha is a world apart, Hardy asserts, far from the "shadow play of the dialectic" between Willie Stark and Jack Burden in *All the King's Men* and equally far from *Delta Wedding*, a "late pastoral" where the main interest in society is "for the vision it supports."

Oddly enough, throughout the whole discussion, Hardy creates in his own prose precisely that sense of a strong personality, assured and belligerently lucid, which he laments not finding in the modern world. Nowhere, he begins, not in the Catholic philosophers (their "more manful surliness," but . . .), nor in the liberal Protestant

and Jewish thinkers (their "mystical anthropology," but . . .), nor in the non-Christian existentialists (their "heroism of pure will," but . . .), nor in the Freudians (confined inside a self less real than its psychological states), nor even in the European phenomenologists (limited to eloquence and the descriptive phrase): nowhere is there really "coherent suggestion for putting man together." He remains a "unit" of history or biology, an "assemblage of functions," his ultimate identity lost in an analysis of its components. Nor in the modern novel, according to Hardy's recapitulation in the Afterword, do things look any better—its "themes" of loneliness and estrangement, the ambivalences of sexual identity and the search for a father or Christian rebirth, all the travail of selves divided inwardly or confounded by their doubles. So it passes, brought carefully into review by Hardy, the parade of the Hollow Men.

One problem here is the contradiction between these austere judgments and the critical emphasis announced in the Introduction. "I have insisted," says Hardy, "that the formal processes of the novel yield a distinct vision of the human being, available nowhere else." These processes, though, are seldom examined in any real depth because they yield a vision Hardy hopes we will transcend. *How* the novel means, ultimately, is too often not what he would want it to mean. For him, distortions of language and the narrative sequence indicate our loss of control, of will and responsibility in ordering our lives. The disappearance of the author is related to the decline of the Hero and the withdrawal of God. Hardy has yearnings for a more absolute and total concept of the personality, a self which exists out there before the novel, even before its telling, a firm and antecedent sense of character from which the plot has derived. He tends to suspect any pattern drawn from the mind alone; the self cannot originate in its own epistemology. Only through external circumstances and particulars, fully grounded in what men share, can a novel earn its right to signify. Sensibility, like egoism, must be indulged with care.

This, presumably, is why Hardy looks askance at the fictive, self-generated identities in *The Great Gatsby* and the desperate privacies in *A Farewell to Arms*—and why he so emphasizes the sustaining values of region in Faulkner, Warren, and Welty, the rich immediacy of earth in *Sons and Lovers*, or the ancestral house in *Howard's End* rather than Forster's subtle evoking of "proportion." This also is why, in finding Joyce's *Portrait* so cold-bloodedly verbal, he ignores the Diary and Stephen's ability to see himself there with

some of the bemused detachment Joyce rendered dramatically in the debate with Cranly; the young man has come of age ironically. This is, above all, why Hardy puts "pseudo-Bergsonism" in *To the Lighthouse* at the "philosophic center" of his critique. He arraigns Mrs. Ramsey's intuition, for all its warmth and royal finesse, as the "subtlest despotism" of a "colossal egoist." "Does not the metaphysical certainty she secures in her experience of 'losing personality' —what she gains through the *via negativa* . . . of her submergence in the 'core of darkness'—become the weapon consciously and deliberately used, of a purely personal victory in her conflict with her husband?" On that boat trip to the lighthouse there is scarcely any "psychological realism to account for the strange seachange" in the feelings between Mr. Ramsey and his children, nor is there any "representational image" or human concern in Lily Briscoe's painting. Virginia Woolf's final vision remains "purely aesthetic in a deliberately extramoral sense," denying the "communication" and "dimension" of the future required for morality, instead inflicting a "dehumanization" and "desexualization" on the characters and a "morbid triviality" on us.

It is clear, I think, no matter how urgently Hardy may argue for "desiccant aestheticism" in *To the Lighthouse,* that Virginia Woolf herself mistrusted the willfulness and artifice in all arranging, either of words or people, and did see it redeemed by an acquiescence in something beyond. This "making of scenes" about people, thought Lily (thereby confronting Mr. Bennett—and J. E. Hardy—with Mrs. Brown), was it really "knowing" them, "thinking" of them? All she knew that morning, before her easel, bewildered by myriad objects and impressions, was that some "common feeling held the whole." Her picture is completed not by an act of will but through a happenstance related to what composes itself in her remembering. Suddenly like a "stroke of luck," while Lily feels her way back into that day ten years ago, an "odd-shaped triangular shadow" appears in the foreground and brings momentarily, along with a nudge to finish her painting, the very composure of mind which had earlier come (a "wedge of darkness") to Mrs. Ramsey with the third stroke of the lighthouse. Another fragment of "desiccant aestheticism"? And a woman's weapon against the male intellect?

Perhaps not: all the while Lily is at her painting, memory in her overcoming inertia, there begins a flow of feeling outward to Mr. Ramsey. "Whatever she had wanted to give him, when he left her that morning, she had given him at last." This sympathy, like the

softening of James and Cam toward their father, far beyond words, reveals how "life, from being made up of little separate incidents which lived one by one, became curled and whole like a wave which bore one up with it and threw one down with it, with a dash on the beach." So moved, Lily as a self becomes far more than a mere consciousness of Bergsonian *durée* or a personified esthetic, deliberately extramoral. To her is revealed exactly the "dimension of potentiality, of the future" Hardy finds necessary for an "intelligible moral order." "It is finished," said Lily of her picture, but other and future moments of gathering and shaping could occur. The "ordinary" might again compose itself to miracle, that "blade" flash in the air. Like Virginia Woolf, Lily had long since learned that the "vision must be perpetually remade." It is *To,* not at, *the Lighthouse.*

For those tenacious of certainties this may appear a bit thin. It all depends, to take the ideal Hardy has from D. H. Lawrence, on how we want the "whole man alive." Some of us may seek and serve those kinds of vitality that imply within the novel and create within us, as we read, a sense of wholeness not definable by a concept or absolute of self. This sense can come from the powers, more inward, often prior to choice or public gesture, by which from moment to moment we compose ourselves. It can enter our conduct and belief without passing, in the novel, through conceptual and doctrinal terms or subjecting itself to the formulation of some social consensus.

After Alienation sees a prospect of this sort in the figures and personalities of certain post-World War II novelists. The American "artist-intellectual," not uniformly radical as in the '20's and '30's or "fortified by a deliberate strategy of discontent," now can no longer fulfill himself merely in assaults on the acquisitive, complacent, and prudish, the hypocritical custodians of "anachronistic pieties." No simple dissenter, he instead knows that historically "we are all on the edge of dissolution" and that "human living must be made barely possible." Hence occurs not a sense of "alienation" (Klein offers few distinctions among the varied kinds), but of "accommodation"—a "simultaneous engagement and disengagement" with society. Saul Bellow's heroes try to "meet with a strong sense of self the sacrifice of self demanded by social circumstances," while Bernard Malamud's exist in "permanent precariousness" and pay the "cost of holding on." They attend to the personal skills, as

we must politically, of keeping crises from the brink of catastrophe. Such jeopardy creates a need for improvisation in seeking self: especially if, like Ellison's invisible man, you run the risk of being "sociologized into an American dilemma" or, like Baldwin's spokesmen, you project the "role of besieged integrity" or, like the mid-Westerners of Wright Morris, you dally too long with the surfaces of nostalgia. From now on, it seems, the obstreperousness of the rebel is out; it leads to "mere paranoia or mere entertainment." The adroitness of the marginal man is in, whether his margin be racial or social, geographic or sexual. But why not, for instance, the characters of Purdy and Updike? Klein puts well the reasons for his choice of these five novelists and, except for tame paraphrase in later chapters, conveys sharply their pitch of insolence and endeavor.

Or in parable: the contemporaries Klein has put after alienation would answer the complaint of Hardy's moderns somewhat as Gulley Jimson, strapped in the ambulance, did the hospital nun who warned him, "It's dangerous for you to talk, you're very seriously ill." "Not so seriously as you're well. How don't you enjoy life, mother. I should laugh all round my neck at this minute if my shirt wasn't a bit on the tight side." "It would be better for you to pray." "Same thing, mother."

GEORGE S. FAYEN, JR.

RECENT POETRY: THE SUBSTANCE OF CHANGE

THE BROKEN GROUND, *by* WENDELL BERRY, *Harcourt, Brace & World.*
PREAMBLES, *by* ALVIN FEINMAN, *Oxford University Press.*
THE WHITSUN WEDDINGS, *by* PHILIP LARKIN, *Random House.*
DREAM BARKER, *by* JEAN VALENTINE, *Yale University Press.*
BIRTH OF A SHARK, *by* DAVID WEVILL, *St. Martin's Press.*
FIVE POETS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST, *edited by* ROBIN SKELTON *with drawings by* CARL MORRIS, *University of Washington Press.*

PHILIP LARKIN's poetry represents a concentration of what might be called the English University Tradition: the dexterous, witty, urbane, and unillusioned poetry cultivated by Auden, MacNeice, and Day Lewis at their best. But those writers were prolific in experiment: pursuing their discovery of the colloquial and the everyday, they tried their racy idiom in almost every conceivable poetic form: verse-drama, verse-letter, sestina, ballad, and formal elegy. By comparison Larkin seems withdrawn, spare: his reputation as one of the foremost English poets of his generation (that is, of poets now more or less in their forties) rests primarily upon some sixty short poems

gathered in two slim volumes, *The Less Deceived* (published in 1955) and the present book. Yet Larkin's reticence has its advantages, for most of these poems are perfect in their kind and four or five of them will serve, as the famous "Church Going" has already served, to man the steadfast anthologies of the future. Larkin to Auden is as Marvell to Donne: the parallel will hold in many ways, and not only because Larkin lives in Hull and had his volume of 1955 published by the Marvell Press in Yorkshire. There is in Larkin a superb Marvellian detachment, the quality of wit that Eliot long ago defined as "an equipoise, a balance and proportion of tones," along with "a kind of toughness which may be confused with cynicism by the tender-minded." It is an attitude, or set of attitudes, well equipped to deal with the nuances latent in England's complex decline, its state of hovering now between two worlds, one dead, though lingering as emotional fixation, and the other bound to be born, somehow. It was the evocation of this state of mind that gave "Church Going" its power, through its figure of the casual visitor in the empty parish church:

Back at the door
I sign the book, donate an Irish sixpence,
Reflect the place was not worth stopping for.

Yet stop I did: in fact I often do,
And always end much at a loss like this,
Wondering what to look for . . .

A serious house on serious earth it is,
In whose blent air all our compulsions meet,
Are recognised, and robed as destinies.
And that much never can be obsolete. . . .

The final, perfect poem of the new volume is also an episode of church going, focused on the symbolism of "An Arundel Tomb." Here, amid the "plainness of the pre-baroque," the poet's eye singles out the clasped hands of earl and countess. While finding here an image of a timeless fidelity, the observer feels the immense distance of that sculptured gesture:

They would not think to lie so long.
Such faithfulness in effigy
Was just a detail friends would see:

They had nothing like our sense of history, our modern substitute for resurrection; but as the seasons passed,

A bright
Litter of birdcalls strewed the same
Bone-riddled ground. And up the paths
The endless altered people came,

Washing at their identity.
Now, helpless in the hollow of
An unarmorial age, a trough
Of smoke in slow suspended skeins
Above their scrap of history,
Only an attitude remains:

Time has transfigured them into
Untruth. The stone fidelity
They hardly meant has come to be
Their final blazon, and to prove
Our almost-instinct almost true:
What will survive of us is love.

That open utterance of the long-repressed sentiment emerges with an effect of ironic hesitation. Our modern inference from the sculptured hands is only our own simplification of the imagery: for that other age had a broader meaning in its sepulture that we can never apprehend. What remains is our own attitude, based upon the "almost-instinct" of what we wish were true.

Yet to single out these two nostalgic poems as characteristic of Larkin is unfair to his whole achievement. In most of his poems he faces directly the world about him, trying to be less deceived than most of us about its meaning. Thus he looks upon "The large cool store selling cheap clothes" with an attitude that at first seems to promise the usual highbrow contempt for the machine-made and the mass-produced; but in the cheap "Modes For Night" with their "Bri-Nylon Baby-Dolls and Shorties" Larkin wryly finds a sign of

How separate and unearthly love is,
Or women are, or what they do,
Or in our young unreal wishes
Seem to be: synthetic, new,
And natureless in ecstasies.

All the better poems of this volume depend, in one way or another, upon some effect of reversal from the expected impact. "Faith Healing" is more than an easy satire on the efforts of the American evangelist, for what Larkin brings out at the end is the failure and emptiness of all the world's unloved:

By now, all's wrong. In everyone there sleeps
A sense of life lived according to love.
To some it means the difference they could make
By loving others, but across most it sweeps
As all they might have done had they been loved.
That nothing cures. An immense slackening ache,
As when, thawing, the rigid landscape weeps,
Spreads slowly through them—that, and the voice above
Saying *Dear child,* and all time has disproved.

In the strong title-poem, "The Whitsun Weddings," we follow a shift of attitudes as the poet makes out of his journey to London a study in the awakening of sensibility. The traveler moves from apathy and withdrawal toward a deepening arousal of interest in the signs of life about him, as his train moves on through the patchy landscape:

All afternoon, through the tall heat that slept
For miles inland,
A slow and stopping curve southwards we kept.
Wide farms went by, short-shadowed cattle, and
Canals with floatings of industrial froth;
A hothouse flashed uniquely: hedges dipped
And rose: and now and then a smell of grass
Displaced the reek of buttoned carriage-cloth
Until the next town, new and nondescript,
Approached with acres of dismantled cars.

Hardly worth looking at; but intermittently the poet looks up from his reading to become gradually aware of the wedding parties waving goodbye on station platforms: "grinning and pomaded, girls / In parodies of fashion, heels and veils." Here again, an easy satire on "nylon gloves and jewellery-substitutes" is not the point. The poet's mind moves toward the deeper attitudes in these farewells ("And, as we moved, each face seemed to define / Just what it saw departing"), until at the end the poet understands a promise of renewal, fertility, and natural strength:

and it was nearly done, this frail
Travelling coincidence; and what it held
Stood ready to be loosed with all the power
That being changed can give. We slowed again,
And as the tightened brakes took hold, there swelled
A sense of falling, like an arrow-shower
Sent out of sight, somewhere becoming rain.

The power of Larkin's new volume resides in this evocation of a hidden promise underlying the surface of drift and tawdriness. His slighter poems, such as "Dockery and Son," can deal effectively with this surface, but they lack resonance, they lack development. The full strength of Larkin, at his present stage, is found in the movement represented by this volume's opening poem, appropriately entitled "Here." It is another poem based upon the image of a journey—from inland to the sea. Through miscellanies of field and town, the traveler comes at last to a place where "leaves unnoticed thicken, / Hidden weeds flower, neglected waters quicken."

> Here is unfenced existence:
> Facing the sun, untalkative, out of reach.

Larkin's art does not reveal itself well in brief quotations, but perhaps these few examples will suggest the techniques of weak rime and half-rime by which he blends traditional stanza-form with his casual, colloquial mode of quiet thinking. Everything in Larkin's verse moves so easily that one may underestimate the firm craftsmanship by which his best poems move toward their muted climaxes. He draws together in his work the qualities of the intellectual tradition in modern English poetry; witty, analytic, metaphysical, and meditative, he brings that great tradition to a pause.

I say this because out of several dozen volumes of new poetry that have lately come in for review, Larkin's volume is the only one that works successfully in this tradition. Other poets of his generation seem now to be eddying about, seeking a new direction, while the younger poets seem to find their identities in poetry of quite another kind. One may perhaps suggest some new tendencies by looking closely at four recent collections that represent first volumes for these poets. Taken together, they suggest the re-emergence (after a long underground course) of the kind of poetry that D. H. Lawrence described in 1919 as the really new "Poetry of the Present": poetry based upon the principle that life "knows no finality, no finished crystallisation." "The perfect rose is only a running flame, emerging and flowing off, and never in any sense at rest, static, finished. . . . The whole tide of all life and all time suddenly heaves, and appears before us as an apparition, a revelation. We look at the very white quick of nascent creation. A water-lily heaves herself from the flood, looks round, gleams, and is gone. We have seen the incarnation, the quick of the ever-swirling flood. . . . We

have seen, we have touched, we have partaken of the very substance of creative change, creative mutation." "Such is the rare new poetry," he concluded. "One realm we have never conquered: the pure present. . . . The most superb mystery we have hardly recognised: the immediate, instant self. . . . Poetry gave us the clue: free verse: Whitman. Now we know." (For the whole essay see the new edition of *The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence*, in two volumes, admirably edited by Vivian de Sola Pinto and Warren Roberts, and handsomely produced by the Viking Press.)

David Wevill's poetry is indeed directly reminiscent of Lawrence, as his title-poem, "Birth of a Shark," may suggest. He seems to derive from the Lawrence of *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*, the Lawrence who attempted to enter into and evoke the natures of snake, elephant, humming-bird, tortoise, eagle, or wolf. Wevill's poetry may suggest, more immediately, the work of Ted Hughes, but the kinship with Lawrence is deeper, beyond any matter of poetical imitation. Wevill has his own true sense of natural energy and power, his sense of living in a world where man is only a creature among many creatures, all significant, all interesting. His shark's eye view of the human legs kicking above in the ocean has in it both terror and sympathy:

> Shark-shape, he lay there.
> But in the world above
> Six white legs dangled, thrashing for the fun of it,
> Fifty feet above the newborn shadow.
>
> The shark nosed up to spy them out;
> He rose slowly, a long grey feather
> Slendering up through the dense air of the sea. . . .
>
> He dawdled awhile, circling like a bee
> Above stems, cutting this new smell
> From the water in shapes of fresh razors.
> He wasn't even aware he would strike;
> That triggered last thrust was beyond his edgy
> Power to choose or predict.

Such are the active images in Wevill's universe: feather, bee, shark, or man; all kinds of waters, ocean, lake, river, or rain; along with rook, flying fish, snake, lizard, scorpion, donkey, spider, fly, horse, or groundhog shot with a rifle:

And now his brown blot melts to its darkest hole,
But I've beaten him there; in the dark, I feel him drop
Slithering past me, wet at the spot I touched.

There are also the intimate human relations, with father, brother, sister, or mate whose "fingers nibble gently." All these are parts of the swarming, shifting world that this poet tries to hold in disciplined staves of free verse designed to catch the contours of human response in the moment of its freshness: new, emergent, hard to grasp, impossible to explain.

But the tides that have wallowed through time
The first queasy jerkings of breath, break
Now, in the windstung half-dark of my brain.
The south wind won't let go—
These broken lives and habits wake and yawn
With the stretching simplicity of cats.
I feed my beginning, not my end.
Some curled small body stirs in the quick
Frozen spot at the heart of atom and flame.

It is significant that this volume, though seamed throughout with imagery of death and darkness, is nevertheless dominated by imagery of beginnings: birth, germination, dawning, change. "We come into a new time, / The world and myself," says the poet in "Fugue for Wind and Rain":

I look,
And can see no change: but am myself
The sign itself of change in everything: the clean, sharp
Fissure that bleeds the cactus, the deadly
Rote and scrabble of the red
Beetles spitting out their eggs. . . .

In Wevill's book one has the sense that here is the birth of a new awareness, struggling to emerge from the "crèche of faces" imaged in the Whitmanesque prose-poem with which the volume ends: "The face I was searching for lay there, among the others, undiscoverable; and sleeping, I imagined, but with its pink shocked mouth open wide on a high silent wailing that followed me, like the sharp tuning-forks of bullets striking the wires, as I stumbled out into the soft April mud, haunted and nameless, as before, belonging nowhere."

Alvin Feinman's first book, all but two of its poems here published for the first time, bears out the promise of its title-poem,

"Preambles," for here too one has the sense of movement toward a mode of apprehension not fully discovered, or only discovered fully in a half-dozen superbly successful poems. Among these I should number "Landscape (Sicily)," where amid the "stunted," "flatted," "withered," "worn," and "sun-struck" images of the ancient land the poet sees "These green reductions of your ancient freedoms" and finds in all these endings a sign that history

> At the close will cripple to these things:
> A body without eyes, a hand, the vacant
> Presence of unjoined, necessary things.

Feinman's poetry conveys the agonized effort to join these necessary things: as in another fine poem, "Pilgrim Heights," the speaker craves

> Something, something, the heart here
> Misses, something it knows it needs
> Unable to bless—

and finds that something created in a landscape that remains actual landscape even while its wording evokes the overtones of sexual encounter.

Elsewhere, as in "Waters," the poet succeeds in catching the evanescent moment of unity, "Sunlight stitching the water—"

> One and one
> leaves scuff into the lake and stop
> drily as swans exchange their motions.
>
> Last year's leaves. And boys
> —stopping and starting
> among the new vague blazes of the trees,
> yellow, and suggested green—have now
> a stiffened squirrel hung upon a stick
> and lower him
> with the firm excitement of natural action
>
> his quick and singular attentions, all
> that green and ragged round of starts
> slipped under sieving waters.

The technique resembles that of Williams; the momentary perception is akin to Lawrence; but all is here developed with a packed economy that these two poets seldom show. The imagery of fall and spring, of stopping and starting, of dead animal and live boys

—all is involved in the rich and culminating metaphor: "that green and ragged round of starts." These threats of inevitable disintegration always underlie the apprehended moment of these poems, as in "Relic," where the present moment looks forward to certain moments that the speaker knows surely out of the past of his own experience:

> I will see her stand
> half a step back of the edge of some high place
> or at a leafless tree in some city park
> or seated with her knees toward me and her face
>   turned toward the window
>
> And always the tips of the fingers of both her hands
> will pull or twist at a handkerchief
> like lovely deadly birds at a living thing
> trying to work apart something exquisitely,
>   unreasonably joined.

Best of all, perhaps, is "November Sunday Morning," where the poet wins a vision of the street such as the street hardly understands; but this prelude does not express the melancholy and the pity found in Eliot's "burnt-out ends of smoky days." Here is a sense of illumination that implies the kind of temporal satisfaction earned by Wallace Stevens, or by Hart Crane:

> That the actual streets I loitered in
> Lay lit like fields, or narrow channels
> About to open to a burning river;
> All brick and window vivid and calm
> As though composed in a rigid water
> No random traffic would dispel . . .
>
> As now through the park, and across
> The chill nailed colors of the roofs,
> And on near trees stripped bare,
> Corrected in the scant remaining leaf
> To their severe essential elegance,
> Light is the all-exacting good,
>
> That dry, forever virile stream
> That wipes each thing to what it is,
> The whole, collage and stone, cleansed
> To its proper pastoral . . .
>   I sit
> And smoke, and linger out desire.

One must add, however, that the influence of Crane is not often absorbed as beautifully as here; in many of the poems in this small volume Feinman has been led astray by Crane's weakness for inflated phrases, the turgid utterance of Crane's least successful lines. Such passages as these,

> Dawn under day, or dawning, lake, late edge,
> Assumptive pure periphery where one thrust prominence
> Now gives me back my eyes, my stride almost
> A next abode, and source

or

> You, where you are, eternal-eyed,
> The apparition of what will, what iron
> Archangel of its parable?

seem to obscure the tough particularity and taut phrasing elsewhere notable in this remarkable new voice.

As Jean Valentine's title-poem may suggest ("Dream Barker"), her volume is frequently touched with imagery of the subconscious. "First Love" is the best of the poems in this mode, a witty, inventive, accurate phantasia of the erotic memory, a poem which Dudley Fitts, in his brief and pungent Foreword, rightly praises for its "darting electrical interplay of epithet and image." Other poems in this mode, such as "Lines in Dejection" or the title-poem itself, seem mannered and forced, surrealist scenery too obviously painted. (It is a pity, too, that Miss Valentine has given twelve pages to a limp Joycean monologue in which an old lady's rambling memory drifts into apologia.) In one poem, "Asleep over Lines from Willa Cather," Miss Valentine seems to acknowledge and refuse the temptation to create this kind of reverie. Here the sleeper's mind moves backward into a garden over-styled in what amounts to a parody of the "high dream" of Eliot's "Ash Wednesday" or "Burnt Norton":

> The garden is here, as I knew it would be;
> The garden imagined through oblique windows in paintings,
> Earth's lost plantation, waiting for all, all,
> All to be well: . . .
> And I follow, without fear of madness,
> Paths and turnings that are both wild and formal,
> Of all colors or none, tiger-lily and rock,
> Pools dead with the weight of fallen leaves, and falls,
> Follow after him I love, who waits in the garden.

But abruptly, in the poem's conclusion, the pastiche is broken in lines that seem to renounce this whole idiom:

> The allegorists' arrow has struck me down.
> I freeze in the noise of the flood.
> When my love bends to speak, it is a language
> I do not know: I answer and have no voice . . .

Miss Valentine's best mode appears when she speaks the language she knows in direct images from the world about her, as in the finest poem of the book, the three-part poem entitled "A Bride's Hours." Here she sets her reminiscence in the present tense, while concentrating upon the apprehension of three moments. The first section, "Dawn," creates a sense of the dissolution of childhood simplicities:

> My eyes in Bachrach's rectangle look in.
> I, who was once at the core of the world,
> Whose childish outline held like a written word,
> Am frozen in blur: my body, waiting, pours
> Over its centaur dreams, and drowns, and wakes
> To terror of man and horse.

Then "The Bath" presents a moment of utter suspension, as "My sisters' voices whir like cardboard birds / On sticks," and "Even the shadows compose like waiting wings." The final section, "Night," draws the three parts together by renewing the imagery of childhood in a different vision:

> I am thrown open like a child's damp hand
> In sleep. You turn your back in sleep, unmanned.
> How can I be so light, at the core of things?

Here, and in "Riverside," "To Salter's Point," or "Tired of London," Miss Valentine finds her own voice, capturing the past in a present moment of security:

> This way love's conversation, the body and mind of it, goes
> On after love: we shall come to call this love,
> And this roar in our ears which before very long
> We become, we shall call our song.

The poems of Wendell Berry show a concern with the imagery of nature carried almost to the point of reversing the tendency of modern poetry to include things urban and industrial. This effect is especially marked in Berry's poetry because his style is closely

modeled on that of William Carlos Williams, so closely, in fact, that some of these poems could be included in Williams' *Collected Poems* without any sense that the authorship had changed:

> the ear finely attuned
> to the extravagant music
> of yellow pears ripening
> in the scrolled light
> of orchards as if the world
> were perfect
> hears the cicada burst its shell

Similarly, in "May Song" (one of the few poems concerned with urban imagery), Berry creates momentarily the effect of a typical Williams cityscape:

> The window flies from the dark
> of the subway mouth
>
> into the sunlight
> stained with the green
> of the spring weeds
>
> that crowd the improbable
> black earth
> of the embankment,
>
> their stout leaves
> like the tongues and bodies
> of a herd, feeding
>
> on the new heat,
> drinking at the seepage
> of the stones:

For the most part these poems use the mode of Williams to catch the sense of natural force and growth, and they do so with a quiet assurance that is sometimes attractive, though not often possessed of Williams' quirky surprises, his sudden junctures of factory and flower. In Williams the apparently casual manner allows for, and indeed has been practiced to receive, the incongruities that face the modern urban observer; when this manner is applied primarily to country things, it inevitably loses much of its tension and wit. Berry's mastery of this style may serve as a useful apprenticeship, but it is hard to see how it can lead beyond the competent verses

here presented, unless he can develop in the directions indicated by the hints of Whitman that we find in "Canticle," or the hints of Lawrence that we find in the dark water-imagery of "Diagon." That such a development may indeed be under way is suggested by the freedom and precision of one poem quite unlike the rest, "The Bird Killer":

> He sits in the doorway and softly
> plays the guitar; his fingers are stiff and heavy
> and touch the strings, not dextrously, so that he plays
> his own song, no true copy of a tune; sometimes the notes
> go away from melody, form singly, and die out,
> singly, in the hollow of the instrument, like single small
> lights in the dark. . . .

Finally, to amplify this sense of "creative change," one should look at the well-selected and beautifully-produced volume containing work by five talented poets of the Pacific Northwest: Kenneth O. Hanson, Richard Hugo, Carolyn Kizer, William Stafford, and David Wagoner. These are all experienced writers in their middle years, and all except Hanson have published at least one book of poetry. The present selection draws upon these books, along with poems scattered about in periodicals and other poems that have their first appearance here. It is a strong, fairly coherent grouping, for these poems have about them an authentic "spirit of place." Not that the poems are "regional" in any very limited sense (the scenes and subjects range far beyond the bounds of the Northwest), but there is the sense of a poetical community here. This is created partly by the frequent imitation of Chinese poetry (especially in Hanson and Miss Kizer), but more pervasively by a preoccupation with the natural wildness of river, ocean, mountain, or plain. One finds in all these poets the dissatisfaction with still life that Hanson expresses in his poem "Interior":

> The light where it enters the window
> is flat, the color of butter, and the sea
> if there is a sea beyond the fields
> is perfectly flat. From the picture
> it is difficult to imagine that the wheel
> has ever turned, or that the woman
> looking beyond the fields could ever
> guess the rummage of the sea, or that
> this light could shine too on the fierce
> intricate tropics, or the sun like butter

could burn itself down to a cinder
or ever be anything but round.

The same spirit is found throughout Hugo's poetry, from the opening poem in which he speaks of how "the odor of grain jumps in the wind," down through hundreds of natural images to the final, toughly-worded elegy, "Duwamish Head," which reflects the many ways in which the natural dies upon the encroachment of the modern:

To know is to be alien to rivers.
This river helped me play an easy role—
To be alone, to drink, to fail.
The world goes on with money. A tough cat
Dove here from a shingle mill on meat
That glittered as it swam. The mill is gone.

Or in another vein we have his sympathetic, humorous appreciation of a country woman ("The Way a Ghost Dissolves"):

Up at dawn. The earth provided food
if worked and watered, planted green
with rye grass every fall. Or driven wild
by snakes that kept the carrots clean,
she butchered snakes and carrots with a hoe.
Her screams were sea birds in the wind,
her chopping—nothing like it now.

Miss Kizer, in her best poems, deals with the image of "The Great Blue Heron" on the beach, or with memories of Indians wading in the icy water, or with various natural motifs fostered by her knowledge of the Chinese classics. Wagoner's muse is more cosmopolitan (he is the only one of these poets who was born east of the Mississippi), yet even he has his poetry of the cliff-edge and the "Minnesota Girl":

She was fifteen,
Eight thousand years ago, when she drowned in a glacial lake,
Curling to sleep like her sea-snail amulet, holding a turtle-shell,
A wolf's tooth, the tine of an antler, carrying somehow
A dozen bones from the feet of water birds.

One notes that the selection from Wagoner opens with an Audenesque piece, "After Consulting My Yellow Pages," with its brisk and clever catalogue:

All went well today in the barbers' college:
The razor handles pointed gracefully outward,
The clippers were singing like locusts. And far away
On the fox farms, the red and silver sun brushed lightly
Tail after tail. . . .
Business came flying out of the horse-meat market,
And under the skillful world, the conduits groped
Forward, heavy with wires, to branch at the lake.
Fish brokers prodded salmon on the walloping dock.
The manifold continuous forms and the luminous products
Emerged, endlessly shining, while the cooling towers
Poured water over themselves like elephants.

But this selection closes with a much more powerful poem, "A Guide to Dungeness Spit," written in a different style, and based upon a setting in the far Northwest where the speaker walks through a seaside ordering of natural things toward suggestions of an unknown future:

Stoop to the stones.
Overturn one: the grey-and-white, inch-long crabs come pulsing
And clambering from their hollows, tiptoeing sideways.
They lift their pincers
To defend the dark. Let us step this way. Follow me closely
Past snowy plovers bustling among sand fleas.
The air grows dense.
You must decide now whether we shall walk for miles and miles. . . .

The essence of this volume, with all its variety, lies in its realization of the impingement of vast natural forces upon the highly educated sensibility of the modern intellectual, who knows he cannot live without the learning and machinery of the modern world, and yet fears the inhumanity and desiccation of the manufactured, whether in poetry or other business. This basic theme is well represented by Stafford's poem "Traveling Through the Dark," which I will give entire:

Traveling through the dark I found a deer
dead on the edge of the Wilson River road.
It is usually best to roll them into the canyon:
that road is narrow; to swerve might make more dead.

By glow of the tail-light I stumbled back of the car
and stood by the heap, a doe, a recent killing;
she had stiffened already, almost cold.
I dragged her off; she was large in the belly.

My fingers touching her side brought me the reason—
her side was warm; her fawn lay there waiting,
alive, still, never to be born.
Beside that mountain road I hesitated.

The car aimed ahead its lowered parking lights;
under the hood purred the steady engine.
I stood in the glare of the warm exhaust turning red;
around our group I could hear the wilderness listen.

I thought hard for us all—my only swerving—,
then pushed her over the edge into the river.

The moment is one that would be violated by abstraction, but the poem may be said to involve a conflict between the natural instinct and the modern duty. A grim collocation of forces is suggested by the parallel between the unborn fawn and the engine purring under the hood. The car aims its lights ahead, but the speaker, spotted in the lurid glare, gains a momentary sense of unity: "us all" includes poet and reader and others who may be waiting in the car, along with doe and fawn, motor-car, and wilderness. Lawrence, I think, would have liked this, and so would Frost; it is at least a moment that would not have been accomplished without their distant exhortation and example.

LOUIS L. MARTZ

NEW RECORDS IN REVIEW

IT is almost thirty years since the historic series of recitals in Carnegie Hall in which Artur Schnabel played all thirty-two piano sonatas of Beethoven. He had already recorded his performances for HMV; the recordings were reissued on LP in de luxe sets, first by RCA Victor in 1957, and a year ago by Angel; and now Angel has begun to release the single records. This makes it possible for some to hear again, and for others to experience for the first time, the performances which in 1936 produced the effect of revelation—in which, that is, as in Toscanini's performances of Beethoven's symphonies, the clarifying articulation seemed literally to reveal the structure and expressive significance that one hadn't previously perceived in the work. One can, moreover, now acquire the performances of the interesting sonatas without having to take with them the performances of the uninteresting ones like Op. 2 Nos. 1 and 2

on Angel COLH-51 (mono only) and Op. 2 No. 3 on COLH-52, a record which, however, has the more interesting Op. 7 on the reverse side. The performances on COLH-52 are reproduced well; the ones on 51 poorly.

In addition Angel has issued on COLH-65 Schnabel's performances of Beethoven's Variations Op. 34 and Op. 35 *(Eroica)* and a few small pieces; and these are something no one should miss. The articulating and outlining of phrase is done in Op. 34 with a sensitiveness and grace that make the rather uninteresting piece fascinating; and in Op. 35 the playing gives impressive effect to a work of large-scale structure and expressive content. The performances are reproduced well.

At the same time as Schnabel was recording Beethoven's sonatas, Wanda Landowska recorded the Scarlatti sonatas that Angel issued here a few years ago on COLH-73. And now we get, on COLH-304, the additional ones she recorded in 1939 and 1940. The pieces include a number that are very fine—Longo Nos. 449, 213, 20, 14, 418, 461, 255, and above all 382. And in 1940 Landowska's playing hadn't yet developed into the gigantesque pounding and distortion of her later American years. But the performances come off the Angel record with a false gloss on their sound; and I therefore advise getting them on imported Odeon (La Voce del Padrone) QJLP-108 instead.

As for Vladimir Horowitz's performances of Scarlatti on Columbia ML-6058 and MS-6658, they exhibit the results of the Horowitz way of dealing with any and all music, which is to use it to display his high-powered virtuoso brilliance or the varieties and gradations of his tone. As it happens, the high-powered virtuosity works out into effective performances of the brilliant Scarlatti pieces in fast tempo; but the fussing with gradations of tone in the mannered, melting Horowitz cantilena is destructive of the proper style and effect of the pieces in slow tempo. Nos. 21 and 203 come off the stereo record with rattling distortion.

Some of the best playing on the harpsichord I have heard recently —best in its sensitive treatment of music and instrument—is Rafael Puyana's on Mercury MG-50411 (mono), in music by Telemann, C. P. E. Bach, Scarlatti, the two Couperins, and Rameau, among others. And I have enjoyed also Igor Kipnis's enliveningly sensitive performances of the pieces by François Couperin, Boismortier, and Rameau on Epic LC-3889 (mono).

Deutsche Grammophon's Archive series ARC-3207 (mono) ha two outstanding organ works of Bach—the magnificent Prelude i E-flat that introduces Part 3 of the *Clavierübung,* and the Prelud and Fugue in A minor (BWV 543)—in addition to the Fugue i E-flat that concludes Part 3 of the *Clavierübung,* and the Prelude and Fugues in C minor (BWV 546) and G (541). They are playe effectively by Walcha on the Schnittger organ of St. Laurenskerk Alkmaar; but, as in so many organ recordings, even on the mon record the polyphonic textures are made unclear by reverberation

The three Quartets Op. 54 of Haydn on Westminster XWN 19094 and WST-17094 are less frequently heard than others; bu they are, as it happens, among the incandescent examples of th high-spirited Haydn operation in this genre. Except for an exces sively fast tempo that lessens the effect of the first movement of No 2, the Allegri Quartet plays them well; and the tone of the firs violin that is flawed in the stereo version is agreeable in the mono

The slow movement of Beethoven's Quartet Op. 132 is one o several great variation structures of his last years that testify to th variation procedure's having been for him a major expressive me dium. Victor LM-2765 and LSC-2765 offer a highly satisfying per formance of the work by the Juilliard Quartet, in which the firs violin's tone is only occasionally, and slightly, disturbing.

There was a time when performances of Mozart's Piano Quartet K.478 and 493 by Horszowski and members of the Budapest Quarte would have been enjoyable experiences; but today the first violin' unpleasant tone makes the performances on Columbia ML-608 (mono) painful to listen to. I recommend instead the one of K.47 by Schnabel and members of the Pro Arte Quartet on Ange COLH-42, and the one of K.493 by Istomin, Stern, Katims, an Mischa Schneider on Columbia ML-5237 (mono).

Stern plays Prokofiev's fine Violin Concerto No. 1 and uninterest ing Concerto No. 2 superbly with the Philadelphia Orchestra unde Ormandy, on Columbia ML-6035 and MS-6635. And Prokofiev' Symphony No. 5, one of the more engaging of his later works, i played effectively by Ansermet with his Orchestre de la Suiss Romande, on London CM-9406 and CS-6406.

Victor LM-7032 (mono only), *Toscanini Concert Favorites,* offers first of all, a number of 78-rpm recordings transferred to LP for th first time. And one thing to say is that while it is good of Victor t let interested music-lovers hear how superbly Toscanini operate

with things like the Dance of the Blessed Spirits from Gluck's *Orfeo,* Bach's Air on the G-String, and the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream,* with "pop" numbers like Paganini's *Moto Perpetuo,* Johann Strauss's *Tritsch-Tratsch Polka,* and Sousa's *El Capitan* (taken from a broadcast), and with *The Star-Spangled Banner,* these should be issued in addition to, not in place of, such major achievements as Toscanini's performances with the Philadelphia Orchestra of Debussy's *La Mer* and *Ibéria,* Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique,* and Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream,* which Victor has withheld all these years and still gives no sign of releasing. (It is in the Philadelphia Orchestra performance of Mendelssohn's Scherzo, or in the 1947 performance with the NBC Symphony, that one hears the marvel Toscanini achieved with this piece, not in the 1946 NBC Symphony performance included in LM-7032.) Another thing to say is that these newly issued recordings should not be packaged, as they are in LM-7032, with old ones—Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet,* Strauss's *Don Juan,* and Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloë* Suite—which many people already have. And still another thing to say is that old and new should not, as they do in LM-7032, have their sound damaged in varying degree by the electronic monkeying with Toscanini's recordings that Victor continues to practice. In the transfers from 78 the damage is the lessened solidity, brightness, and liveness—enough to diminish the exciting effect of the *Moto Perpetuo* and *Tritsch-Tratsch Polka,* and extreme in Tchaikovsky's *Romeo,* where in addition the shallow, dull sound has a heavy varnish of echo-chamber gloss. And in the beefed-up Ravel *Daphnis* it is the lessened distinctness of the woodwind warblings, the strings' loss of their original liveness and bite, the lessened brightness of the trumpets.

An agreeable surprise in the *Magic Flute* on Angel 3651 (mono) is Klemperer's sufficiently animated pacing of the work. In addition, except for the unattractive voice of Walter Berry (Papageno) and the slightly metallic quality of the voice of Gundula Janowitz (Pamina), the singing—by Nicolai Gedda (Tamino), Lucia Popp (Queen of the Night), and Gottlob Frick (Sarastro)—is good; and there are the beautiful contributions of the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus. But there is even more beautiful singing by Stader, Streich, Häfliger, and Fischer-Dieskau in the older performance on Deutsche Grammophon 18-267/9, and by Lemnitz, Berger, Roswänge, and Hüsch in the prewar performance on imported Odeon

80471/3, which has in addition the superb conducting of Beecham.

Even with its moments of excessive vehemence that distorts voice and phrase, Callas's performance of the title role in the *Carmen* on Angel 3650 (mono) is the most powerful and exciting of those now on records; and there are also the excellent Don José of Gedda, a good Escamillo, and an acceptable Micaela. But Prêtre's occasionally unsatisfying and ineffective pacing would make me prefer the *Carmen* conducted by Beecham on Angel 3613, which has impressive singing by de los Angeles and Gedda.

The quarter has brought notable recordings of modern operas. Stravinsky amazes one with the clarity, tension, and power he imparts to the new performance of *The Rake's Progress* that he conducts on Columbia M3L-310 and M3S-710. The singing by Alexander Young (Rakewell), John Reardon (Shadow), Judith Raskin (Anne), and Regina Sarfaty (Baba) is excellent, as is the work of the Royal Philharmonic and the Sadlers Wells Opera Chorus; and the recorded sound is of course superior to that of the old performance on Columbia SL-125 (the mono sound is excessively sharp, requiring reduction of treble). But one point of enormous superiority in the old performance is the vocal beauty and dramatic power of Mack Harrell's Shadow.

The performance of Benjamin Britten's *Albert Herring* on London A-4378 and OSA-1378 confirms the impression I retained from the performances at Tanglewood years ago—of a considerable amount of real and effective musical invention for some of the dramatic situations; but it also reminds me of the stretches of writing which represent only the operation of Britten's fluent craftsmanship, and which merely carry the words and action without contributing anything to them or being of any interest in themselves. Britten conducts the excellent performance with Peter Pears in the title role.

And the abridgement of Virgil Thomson's *Four Saints in Three Acts* that he recorded for Victor in 1947 has been reissued on LM-2756 (mono only). This delightful and at times moving setting of Gertrude Stein's text is one of the very few distinguished achievements in American opera—Thomson's *The Mother of Us All* and Copland's *The Tender Land* being the others; and Thomson conducts the excellent soloists (some of whom sang in the historic 1934 stage production), chorus, and orchestra in an effective performance that is well reproduced.

A concert performance of Rossini's *Semiramide* a year or so ago was the occasion for remarkable singing not only by Joan Sutherland but by the mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne, who, unexpectedly, exhibited an accurate agility in florid passages, and a style in these and in the phrasing of melody, that were as impressive as Sutherland's —and this, moreover, in the deployment of a voice that was far more beautiful than Sutherland's throughout an extraordinary range from dark contralto low notes to bright soprano high notes. The beautiful voice and impressive singing are now to be heard on London 5910 and OSA-25910, on which Horne sings arias from Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito,* Rossini's *Semiramide, L'Italiana in Algeri,* and *La Cenerentola,* Donizetti's *The Daughter of the Regiment,* and Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète* and *Les Huguenots.*

And another notable recording of the quarter is the one, on Deutsche Grammophon 18-954 and 138-954, of Janáček's *Missa Glagolitica,* or *Slavonic Mass,* whose powerful writing in its individual idiom makes it the most impressive of the works of this composer I have heard. Kubelik conducts a superb performance with the singers Evelyn Lear, Hilde Rössl-Majdan, Ernst Häfliger, and Franz Crass, the organist Bedrich Janáček, and the chorus and orchestra of the Bavarian Radio.

B. H. HAGGIN

NEW FILMS IN REVIEW

FROM America: George Cukor, Billy Wilder, John Ford, George Stevens, Otto Preminger, William Wyler, Robert Wise, Stanley Kramer. From abroad: Michaelangelo Antonioni, Robert Bresson, Andre Cayatte, Leopoldo Torre Nilsson, Vittorio de Sica, Luis Buñuel, and Federico Fellini. It is not an embarrassment but an absurdity of riches. In the last six months, all of these eminent film makers have been represented by new pictures (Fellini's ten-year-old *Il Bidone* was new, not having been exhibited here, theatrically, before). I can hardly imagine a season in the theatre or in book publishing of anywhere near such grandeur in the sheer agglomeration of famous names. Maybe, if baseball players didn't grow old, but could keep on playing, up into their seventies, there might be some adequate comparison. Movies and baseball are about the same age, and both appeal directly to a large public, even while meeting

the most rigorous demands for excellence. Pick an imaginary team, an ideal team, with all players eligible, even back to the time of Wilder, Buñuel, and Ford—who began as makers of silent films—and you begin to get an idea of the scale of grandiose plenitude which the names, and their survival, imply.

The actual movies weren't quite so exciting, but if they had been, the simplicities of *auteur* criticism would have had to be replaced by something more recherché, like correlation of artistic activity with sunspots. All right, so the season wasn't wild, cataclysmic, absolutely apocalyptic, it was still more than respectable. I count maybe eight good movies in six months, which is a lot.

It is, at any rate, no small thing to sit and remember Vivien Leigh, in Stanley Kramer's *Ship of Fools,* tottering down the passageway at the end of a sad evening of flirting and festivity. She is tired, more than half-drunk, and still reeling from the true enough insults of her companion of the evening. It is late at night and the passageway is deserted. Suddenly, spontaneously, that splendid woman breaks into a Charleston, and on the sound track the music of her lost youth blares out. Just as abruptly it stops. She stops. She continues down the hall toward her cabin. Describing such a moment would be like giving the prose paraphrase of a complicated lyric, except that Vivien Leigh is a known quantity. The delicacy of her face, the still striking definition of nose and mouth, the grace of the brow are all just beginning to go, but they are not yet so far gone that she cannot execute such a lovely turn and recall her youth, which, because she is Vivien Leigh, is also our youth. Kramer has cast the film in such a way that the film careers of his stars work for him in his picture. Miss Leigh, for instance, plays a divorcee who was once a Southern belle. How can we not think of *Gone with the Wind,* and whose past is it—hers or ours—that Scarlett O'Hara can set to vibrating? Simone Signoret, in much the same way, is a gorgeous wreck, the woman of experience, the dope addict, who can still respond in fresh, authentic ways to the charm of the ship's doctor, and here, too, every role the woman has played in the last decade applies. The effect is not unlike Ezra Pound's flash-card poetry, in which the act of recognition duplicates the act of creation, except that these are human beings, walking, breathing allusions. Another difference, I suppose, is that even without the tradition, the types are immediately recognizable. Oscar Werner, Heinz Ruhman, and Lee Marvin carry with them their own auras. And Michael Dunn,

who is brilliant, is, after all, a dwarf. It is type casting, but of an odd, brilliant kind.

The film itself is a conventional panorama, a little less formal than Edmund Goulding's *Grand Hotel*, a little more structured than Billy Wilder's *People on Sunday*. What makes it impressive is the power and efficiency of its individual scenes, building one upon another with only infrequent descents to the trite and the obvious. The scenes between George Segal and Elizabeth Ashley are dreary, partly because of Miss Ashley's very limited range, and partly because their roles—intense young artist and intense young ingénue—are one-dimensional. But they aren't on screen much of the time. Otherwise, as a movie-ish movie, *Ship of Fools* is splendid, and by being so comfortable and remaining within its genre, it succeeds. It doesn't hit us over the head. It is not pretentious. It leaves us the option of finding meaning and significance, and being free to do so, we do.

Pomposity and pretension are surely the ruination of more movies than anything but bad craftsmanship. (Frequently they go hand in hand, with the pomposity daubed on to hide ineptitude.) Richard Brooks treated *Lord Jim* as if it were a new testament, and George Stevens treated the New Testament *(The Greatest Story Ever Told)* as if its survival depended on him. Both movies were positive torture. Peter O'Toole was Tuan Jim, and he has a nasty trick of looking two inches to the right of any person he addresses, which is supposed to pass for enormous specific gravity of spirit. And slow? The picture wasn't so much a version of the novel as a memorial to it, with a funereal drag step as its standard pace.

But *Lord Jim* was a veritable twinkle-toes compared to Stevens' idea of Jesus. The unendurable part of *The Greatest &c.* is that it comes with built-in reverence. There are not only the cues for our reactions, but the reactions themselves, as if Stevens were constantly tugging on our sleeves. This is the worst kind of religious kitsch, and of no religious conviction, either. The thing is approved by Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and Buddhists, and invokes, for the sake of those whom Jesus may not sufficiently impress, Carl Sandburg, Giuseppe Verdi, George Handel, Leonardo da Vinci, and John Wayne, some one of whom everyone ought to like.

There was real reverence, too, but for the tab, which is just on the ruinous side of $20,000,000, a number that's thrilling to type. This is about double the original budget. Twentieth Century-Fox bowed

out, long ago, when they had this and *Cleopatra* going at the same time, and production losses of $70,000,000. United Artists took it over. The banks came in, and they reached their limit, too. Speculative syndicate money came in to finish it off. Any movie maker would feel reverent, just thinking about the interest on all this short term paper.

In the true spirit of the film, United Artists has reportedly banned Dwight Macdonald because of his groans and sanity-preserving asides during the press preview of Stevens' movie. I have been banned, too, for crying out in pain during the intermission. I am also banned from Twentieth, mainly for commenting unkindly about Irina Demich in *The Visit,* and from the studios—but not yet the screenings—of Paramount, for letting the world know that John Wayne has a paunch. The only thing that I resent is that there isn't much distinction in getting banned. The bandits make it quite easy. But it can be amusing. I remember sneaking into the preview of *The Sound of Music* with a Peruvian ski mask from Saks Fifth Avenue's ski shop. They could tell, clearly, that some nut was coming into their screening, but they had no idea *which* nut.

That I disliked *The Sound of Music* has nothing to do with the nonsense about the screening. I have no argument, after all, with Robert Wise, bear him no ill will, and it is his movie. Still, it would be crazy to bend over backwards, and suspend all criticism *because* of the nonsense. The film begins with one of those location labels to tell us where we are. "Austria," it says. "The Last Golden Days of the Thirties." What golden days? The depression, Anschluss, and war don't add up to golden days in my book. Julie Andrews sings her way out of the Nazi occupation while Christopher Plummer moves his lips and another guy, justly obscure, sings along, too. And all those munchkin children nattering on with those catchy Hammerstein rhymes (Adieu / To yieu) is more than yieu can stand. The photography of the Alps is impressive, and Salzburg is pretty enough. And Julie Andrews saves something by her legitimate sweetness. In a song in *Mary Poppins,* in which she also played the part of a governess, she sang that "Just a spoonful of sugar makes the medicine go down," but the proportion is not right here, the spoon being very small, and the medicine being bitter, indeed.

I guess I ought to say something about *My Fair Lady,* which the mention of Miss Andrews brings to mind. It was a better picture than *The Sound of Music,* but a worse job of picture making. I

understand that Robert Wise improved somewhat upon the stage version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein work. George Cukor disimproved the Lerner and Loewe. Audrey Hepburn, with Marnie Nixon at the vocal cords, just wasn't up to Julie Andrews' acting or singing. Her gutter-snipe flower girl starts in the middle of the lower-middle class and rises to the middle of the upper-middle class, which is rather less spectacular than what Shaw maybe had in mind. The choreography by Hermes Pan is too much, too elaborate, probably because *My Fair Lady* also cost $20,000,000 and musicals are not a good risk on the export market unless they have a lot of dancing in them. Stanley Holloway's two numbers are pretty much ruined by excessive production. Still, the Cecil Beaton sets and costumes are quite smart, and the songs are nice, and the whole thing is at least civilized. Considering that Cukor's contribution is one of style, and that the great fault in this lavish production is its lack of style, there is hardly much reason for congratulations.

There were worse pictures, however. John Ford's *Cheyenne Autumn* is an absolute debacle. Ford's disintegration is very sad to see. Even the Indian battles, which the old master of Westerns could do with his eyes closed back in his heyday, are not only slovenly but wrong, with the Indians doing things no Indians ever did —like scattering the horses of their enemy instead of capturing them and riding them. The dramatic development is slow, and the exposition of the film is incoherent. How can you have a twenty-minute build-up to a surgical operation that never happens? Characters disappear, pieces of plot are left unresolved and unexplained. Other directors probably did some of the work, because there are inserts of an alien, but equally unsatisfactory, style. And other cutters snipped at the celluloid as if it were occupational therapy and they were working out aggressions of some terribly deep-seated kind.

Less pathetic, and therefore more annoying, is Otto Preminger's *In Harm's Way,* a story of the fighting in the Pacific in the early days of the Second World War. John Wayne, who slouched around in Ford's *They Were Expendable* twenty years ago, is still slouching, but at a higher rank, now. He's a captain, and then an admiral. But nothing else has changed much. In fact, the first among many questions which *In Harm's Way* raises is why Preminger was interested, what he thought the point was, in re-heating this stew of old leavings. If this were a little less of a shambles, it might be worth while to posit some sort of theory about Preminger's fondness for

large canvasses—the Catholic hierarchy, the United States Congress, the Israeli war of independence—but how yawn-making.

Who's left? Billy Wilder and William Wyler. Wilder came out with *Kiss Me, Stupid,* a nasty but rather efficient, and in many ways appealing little restoration comedy. Unfortunately, the Legion of Decency threatened to condemn it, and so Wilder made some changes. The Legion was not satisfied, perfected their threat, and condemned the work, but it was too late to recall all the prints and restore the film to its original version. I understand that one can see it properly in France. The structure of the movie is simplicity itself. An insanely jealous husband, who is also insanely greedy, tries to pass off a prostitute as his own wife so that he can lend her to a possible purchaser of his songs. Naturally, the scheme goes haywire and the intricate maneuvers cuckold the scheming husband. Because the Legion insisted that the coition of the real wife and the celebrity singer be fuzzed over, there is now no retribution and the movie makes no sense, unless you make the leap for yourself. And some of the best lines have been blurred badly.

William Wyler has fared rather better. He seemed for a while to be slipping, having made the ruinous *The Children's Hour,* and then having been involved in a couple of false starts—on *The Americanization of Emily* and *The Sound of Music.* He has finished a movie, now, and it is first rate. *The Collector* has Terence Stamp, who is a convincing maniac with that flat face of his, rather like Joseph Wiseman's. And Samantha Eggar, the girl he collects and locks up in his cellar stronghold, is simply gorgeous, with the delicacy and grace, and the lovely cheekbones that Katherine Hepburn had in the '30's. The reasonableness of the insane young man, catching and keeping the beautiful girl, is what makes the film so frightening, and with a certain amount of courage, Wyler has kept the ending of Fowles' novel, which is not likely to be popular in the zone of the interior, or to earn him lots of *Parents' Magazine* commendation seals. Beyond that basic fidelity, there are several extraordinary sequences. The one in which Stamp, bleeding from a whomp on the head with a spade, drags the screaming girl over the grass at night in a torrential rain is authoritatively Gothic and beautifully dreamlike. The film is all the more amiable and effective for its modesty, both in its budget and its stance. Except for the fact that it is in color, it could perfectly well be a horror movie of the '40's, but a good horror movie, of the kind that now seems "great."

Of the younger American directors, John Frankenheimer continued his career of stylish frivolousness with *The Train,* a suspense-meller about the resistance in France and the heroism of the French railroad workers. His presentation of the old trains, banging and clattering and hissing and rattling around France, was quite fine, and if one were to excerpt the shots of the trains, there would be a great, lyrical short that one could get. The plot, however, is terribly conventional and works only because it is so conventional. If you think about it at all, it falls apart entirely. But the business with the trains is so good that it holds the movie together and makes it look much better than it is. Maybe it even *is* much better than it is. But I keep wondering what Frankenheimer would do with a real story and a decent, intelligent script. His next picture, I hear, is about grand prix auto racing, and it, too, will probably be some conventional exercise redeemed by great moments of the little cars going vrooomm vrooommm! around the course.

There is a newcomer, though, who seems worth noticing. This spotting of talent is very risky. After *Ride the High Country,* I expected great things from Sam Peckinpah, and his new *Major Dundee* is absolute claptrap. So it is with some trepidation that I blow a faint horn for Elliot Silverstein, a television director whose maiden effort in films is *Cat Ballou,* the funniest movie I have seen in a long time. Lee Marvin plays both a good gunfighter who is all the time dead drunk, and his brother, a bad gunfighter who wears a silver nose tied on with ribbons. (His real nose got bit off in a fight.) The humor is insane and, at the same time, quite intelligent. There is, for instance, an old rancher who greets his Indian wrangler with "Sholem aleichem!" because he is convinced that the American Indians are the ten lost tribes of Israel. And the Indian, later on, comes across the good gunfighter who is sitting on a horse, drunk. Even the horse looks drunk. And then the Indian does a double take as he realizes that Marvin and the horse are posing as in Fraser's "The End of the Trail." And he says to Marvin, "You're drunk." "How can you tell?" "Your eyes look red." "You ought to see them from my side." Or, Jane Fonda, more pleasing than she has ever been before, responding to the rich tycoon's announcement that the painting in the private railroad car is Tintoretto: "Very Tintoretto."

The imports were nothing to shout about. *Goldfinger* made the biggest splash, but I found that I was beginning to get tired of Mr.

Bond and his antics. When an "in" joke gets to be that public, it loses much of its point. It was all right when a small coterie was reading the books, enjoying the outrageousness of it all, but the wholesale faddishness of these frankly homosexual fantasies which the mass audience is taking straight gets to be distressing. And I suppose I have the same kind of objection to Buñuel's *Diary of a Chambermaid.* Now that Buñuel has become respectable and even revered, it isn't any fun any more to see his old men embracing ladies' boots, the mistress of the house complaining of the pain of intercourse and begging the priest for permission to pleasure her husband in other ways, the husband pursuing the chambermaid and catching the scullery maid, the chauffeur raping the little girl, and the snails wandering around on the inner thigh of the ravished corpse. And, besides, Jeanne Moreau is ridiculous as a domestic.

Leopoldo Torre Nilsson's *The Terrace* was not quite up to his *The Hand in the Trap,* but it did explore the perils of freedom and ennui with some distinction. A bunch of teen-agers are orgying it up, on the terrace on top of an apartment house, and of course Torre Nilsson finds this an occasion for glamor and depravity, but for pointed statement, too. I could quarrel, maybe, with the little girl who works so hard while her elders play, and who becomes their victim, but the last shot of her and her little friend, playing in the leaves in the drained pool, crippled but happy, is too pretty to carp at. *The Terrace* is a sound piece of work by South America's most important (only important) director.

I detested the new Antonioni offering. Indeed, I have detested the whole direction of his last four films. Anybody wanting to go watch Monica Vitti eat a used sandwich down by the slag heap is welcome to do so. The point of the picture is that we are to welcome and rejoice in the industrialization, the depersonalization, the modern anomie. I can't imagine anything more boring, except that part of the audience which has allowed itself to be bulldozed into the conviction that Antonioni is unquestionably great, and therefore forces itself to admire, to like, or to say it likes, the movie.

Fellini's *Il Bidone* was a finger exercise for *La Dolce Vita* and *Otto e Mezzo,* with the same tropes—the party, the fountain in the piazza, the trailing away from a night of festivities, the abrupt spiritual crisis at the end. Had it not been for those two great films that further developed these figures, *Il Bidone* would be impressive and powerful. But it is hard not to think of the others while watching

this, which makes this *interesting*—a foul dodge-word, but applicable. Broderick Crawford, as the petty swindler, is very good, and Fellini uses his bull-necked squareness to point up the fragility of his whole life, the irregularity, the precariousness. It is a fine, theatrical movie, and that theatricality that Fellini brings to everything is marvelous, heightening, intensifying, sharpening a world that was crazy enough to begin with. Orson Welles, if he hadn't gone wrong, might have been a Fellini.

Vittorio de Sica's *Marriage Italian Style* is an exercise, too, but a tapering off exercise. This is a silly, rather pleasant piece of fluff, remarkable only for the performances of Marcello Mastroianni and Sophia Loren, and because de Sica's name is on it. It is not very sharp, or very funny, or very anything, but merely serviceable as it tells the story of a prostitute who contrives to marry her protector. The performances are fine, and I merely note its existence with a nod and a bland smile.

From France, Andre Cayatte's double movie, *Anatomy of a Marriage*, is an interrelated pair of independent films. In one, the husband tells his story, while in the other the wife tells hers. Cayatte has a fine sense of what the limitations are of human communication and even primary perception, and while one might have expected that different moments and different incidents would be emphasized in each of the films, Cayatte especially prided himself on the fact that there is not a single duplication of the same shot from the same angle in the two films. The man thinks his wife's a bitch and she thinks he's a bastard, and they are both right, and yet they cancel each other out so that, at the end of the second film (it doesn't matter which you see first or which second), they are both wrong, too. The main residuum is a quiet, unjudging sadness which is probably what Cayatte had in mind. He used to be a lawyer in France, but gave it up and turned to movies—mainly about the law. His *We Are All Murderers* was maybe the last word on capital punishment. This film may not say everything there is to say about domestic relations, but a lot, an awful lot. The device of the double film is an interesting novelty which probably won't—in fact, shouldn't—catch on, but which works perfectly well here and which is more than clever.

Robert Bresson's *The Trial of Joan of Arc* is fairly dry, terribly restrained, but, to me, brilliant and pure. I don't mean to be copping a plea with the "to me," but there are people who can't stand

Bresson's work, and, with no patronization at all, I can see how it could be boring and dull. But the flatness of it, the restraint, has, in my experience, an effect of magnification so that the smallest effect, the slightest angle, seems overwhelming. A tiny chink of light in the gray screen is almost shockingly obvious, because Bresson has so sensitized his audience that he has approximated in them a state of hyperesthesia. When he shows that little chink of light, you know immediately that it is a peep hole, and that the English are spying on Joan in her cell. The economy is amazing, and the hyperesthesia is very odd. It is like being drugged. It may be that liking or disliking Bresson has nothing to do with taste at all, but with one's neurological being. Which does make it hard to criticize. But for those who are compatible, this is one of his best films.

I have given up on Jack Clayton, the British director, for a couple of reasons. The first is his new picture, *The Pumpkin Eater,* which, despite some talented work by Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, and James Mason, was an arty, eccentric, self-indulgent nuisance. The second is the new Russian film, *The Overcoat,* directed by Alexei Batalov. I had admired Clayton for his first picture, a short I saw in 1956, called *The Bespoke Overcoat,* which was also based on the Gogol story. But now that I have seen the Batalov version, I realize that I was taken in, which is not a pleasant realization. With Roland Bykov as Akaky Akakievitch needing that overcoat, wanting it, craving it, loving it, and grieving for it when it is stolen, Batalov does it right. When Bykov goes for a walk, the first time, in the new coat, and looks in a shop window to admire himself, he sees his reflection in the glass frame of a picture of an elegant man admiring a beautiful lady, and he is the man, and he is the lady, too, and he is himself looking on, all at once. The complexity, the richness, and the ironic edge of Gogol are all there, visible and immediate. As far as translation from prose fiction to motion pictures is concerned, the Russians, at their best, are peerless. *The Overcoat* ranks with Joseph Heifitz's *The Lady with the Dog* as a perfect movie.

DAVID R. SLAVITT

LETTERS AND COMMENT

ELIOT IN MEMORY

WHAT a nest of paradoxes Eliot was! An American who was a royalist; a poet whose poems needed, and sometimes got, an apparatus of learned footnotes; a prophet of despair who was also a prophet of Christian hope; a Middle-Westerner wearing the British Order of Merit; a devotee of tradition who broke the mould of tradition to give new form to English poetry; a scholar and thinker who was a successful businessman; a hero of bohemians with a prim fastidious distaste for bohemians and their ways!

Eliot will be remembered chiefly as a poet. But what impresses one most as one looks back over his extraordinary career is how much more he was than a poet. That he was a critic of weight—probably the weightiest critic of his time—is indeed so obvious that I shall say nothing more about it.

I should like to say something, however, about his scholarship. Some readers have taken offence at the tag ends of Latin, Greek, and other tongues that he strewed about his poems; was he trying to give the impression that he was really at home in all these languages? But the strange fact is that he *was* at home in them. I recall a conversation of fifty years ago in which the talk turned on Plato, and some of us compared notes with him on how many dialogues we had read. He said he thought he had read them all. It was only later that I realized what he meant, namely that he had read them in Greek. I used to wonder occasionally how solid his Greek was. Many years later, at some dinner or other, I found myself sitting next to E. R. Dodds, Professor of Greek at Oxford. He would know if anyone did, and I ventured to put the question directly. The response was unqualified. Dodds had known Eliot as an undergraduate; they had sat together in a tiny seminar of J. A. Stewart's on the *Enneads* of Plotinus, which is formidably knotty Greek, and Eliot could hold his own with the best of them.

His learning was greater, not less, than he gave it out to be. William Empson tells of how he came to Cambridge for a week or two in the 1920's and held daily meetings with a group of students. One of them asked him what he thought of Proust. "I have not read

Proust" was the flat and rather surprising reply. A few days later a new member of the group asked him what he thought of Scott-Moncrieff's translation of Proust, and Eliot responded with a discriminating judgment in some detail of how it compared with the original. This seemed mere self-contradiction until it dawned on Empson that by "reading" a book Eliot meant studying and annotating the original. He could lecture in French if necessary. His studies of Dante were based on a familiar knowledge of thirteenth-century Italian. Frank Morley, who was associated with him in the publishing firm of Faber and Faber, says, "Of course anybody who did not speak English went to Eliot automatically, as did all correspondence and manuscripts in any foreign language."

That reminds us, by the way, that Eliot was also a business success. He was not an investor merely in the publishing firm; as Morley says, "he was in the firm as a man of business, as one of the inner council, making business decisions," and he proved to be a "willing work-horse" in the office. He had served in the foreign department of Lloyd's Bank; he was meticulous with his accounts; his financial judgment was respected; and it was thought that he would have gone far if he had cared to remain in the world of finance.

He was something of a scientist too. "He was always a great man for chemistry," writes one who knew him well; "his knowledge of the science was probably profound; his friends of the time still recall his evil-smelling retorts." Here he was in the tradition of his relative, the old President of Harvard, who was a chemist before he was an educator. One of the things that appear to have interested Eliot in Faber and Faber was that it started as "The Scientific Press."

It would be too much to say that along with his other attainments he was an athlete, but he was certainly not the pale recluse that some persons imagine. He was a well-built man about six feet tall, and in his Cambridge days had taken boxing lessons from an ex-pugilist in a south-side Boston gymnasium. Conrad Aiken recalls his coming to dinner one night, in "a small, dirty, and wonderfully inexpensive" Greek restaurant, with an iridescent black eye. It was the retort he had got from his tutor for hitting him too hard. At Oxford he went in for rowing, that grim sport of galley slaves. It was the first year of the war, and the regular eights were suspended, so there is no knowing how good he was. But I remember a humble race of fours in which his boat won by a tremendous margin; the memory is well burnt in because I was in the boat that was so soundly trounced.

In those days we thought of him not as a poet or critic or scholar, still less as a prospective man of affairs, but as a young philosopher of some promise. He had elected to write a dissertation for his Harvard doctorate on the philosophy of Bradley, and in the fall of 1914 he came to Merton College, Oxford, where Bradley was in residence. Whether he ever met the subject of his study I very much doubt; for the great old man, who was then the dominant figure in British philosophy, was all but inaccessible, though he was still holed up in his rooms overlooking the Christ Church meadows and writing sharp-edged articles. Eliot read his essays instead to H. H. Joachim, a better scholar than Bradley, though not his equal as writer or thinker. He managed to complete the thesis, and duly sent it back to Harvard, where it was appraised by Royce as "the work of an expert" and approved by the department. But Eliot did not return for his oral examination and allowed his degree in the end to fall by the wayside.

It was *in those remote days when he was struggling with Bradley* and trying to find himself as a philosopher that I first saw something [illegible]n. As a groping student some years his junior, I was trying to [illegible] the same thing. Three of us young Mertonians went off together in the spring of 1915 to the balmy little village of Swanage on the Dorset coast to get in some walking across the downs and some solid work on philosophy. To my astonishment Eliot spent his days not on Bradley, but on *Principia Mathematica.* He was feeling the pull of that rising luminary, Bertrand Russell. Russell had given his Lowell Lectures the year before in Boston. While there, he had given a course at Harvard on symbolic logic, and had reported that his two best students were Eliot and Raphael Demos, who later became a Harvard professor. Not that Eliot took symbolic logic very seriously; "it did not seem," he said, "to have anything to do with reality. But it gave me a sense of pleasure and power manipulating those curious little figures." Russell raised disturbing doubts about Bradley, but his attraction was never strong enough to pull Eliot out of orbit as Bradley's satellite, and anyone who reads the doctoral thesis, which has just been published, will see that this was in fact where Eliot belonged.

If he had gone on in philosophy, as he expected to do, would he have achieved the sort of distinction that he did as a man of letters? I do not think so. The Bradleyan way of thinking, to which he was committed, was doomed to a rapid eclipse, and Eliot's philosophical

style would certainly have done little to avert this. He says indeed that his style was closely formed on Bradley's, but this is hard to credit, for Bradley's clarity and force are muffled and damped down in Eliot's philosophical writing, which is haunted, like his poetry, by an inveterate obscurity. And obscurity has been declared off limits in Anglo-American philosophy. I recall his remarking once what a "lazy mind" Emerson had. Unhappily there was a touch of the same laziness in his own speculative thinking; he was too content with the sort of generalization that had not carried itself through to what was specific and unambiguous. He confessed in his later days that he did not understand his own dissertation; and the contemporary philosopher, with his passion for clear and exact analysis, would make even less of it. But then Eliot would have had little use, either, for the exercises in verbal analysis that pass [illegible] in some quarters today. He would have been as bor[illegible] as Russell is.

Eliot let seventeen years go by before visiting Harvard agai[illegible]d by then he had surrendered his American citizenship, marri[illegible]n English wife, and become an English subject. Why did he be[illegible] an expatriate? The real reason is that he took to England as [illegible] beloved cats took to cream. Not that he loved England blindly; no[illegible] people, he once remarked, could be quite civilized whose food was like English food. But by temperament he was a born Englishman. He abominated indiscriminate sociability; he never wore his heart on his sleeve; he was reserved, shy, economical of speech, rather frostily formal of manner as a hedge against invading familiarity. He felt England to be the natural home for such a person. He never lost his loyalty to America or to his American friends, for he was a signally loyal person; but he became aware in time—and somewhat painfully aware—of how far removed he was from the popular American scale of values. He was not by temperament or conviction a democrat. He had little use for noisy tribunes of the people; I recall his satirical query about Bryan, then Secretary of State, whether his mouth did really reach from ear to ear. He sat loose to popular hero-worship. When he and his wife came home from the Bahamas a few years ago, the reporters crowded around. Whom had they met in the islands? Nobody? Well, a few people perhaps. Eliot called to his wife to ask what was the name of that nice young man who was some sort of actor. "Gary Cooper." "Oh yes, a man named Gary Cooper." Eliot was capable of doing that intentionally. In

summing up the main facts about himself in *Who's Who* he listed, as in duty bound, the O. M., the Nobel Prize, and a mountain range of honorary doctorates stretching from Harvard, Yale, and Princeton through Oxford and Cambridge to the Sorbonne. He then recorded that he was also Deputy Sheriff of Dallas County, Texas.

His aloofness was at once his strength and his weakness. I used to feel that he sat apart from the rest of us, looking at us with his thoughtful, interested, appraising brown eyes, but with feelings that were singularly disengaged. This made it possible for him, as it did for Hegel, to view the *genus homo* with a curiously scientific objectivity. His tastes, like his intellect, were fastidious and individual (at the last luncheon I had with him he ordered seagull's eggs); and when one's preferences are sharply and reflectively defined, the enjoyments of the many are likely to seem bleak. And so they were for Eliot. To some critics his poetry has seemed warm and full of pity. That is not my impression of the poet or his poetry. I do not think he entered very fully into his "apeneck Sweeneys" or "the damp souls of housemaids at area gates," and I doubt therefore whether he had the makings of a first-rate dramatist; in his best dramatic work, *Murder in the Cathedral,* that kind of imagination was hardly necessary. But his fastidiousness made the modern city, "spread out against the sky like a patient etherized upon a table," a thing of horror to him, and no one has equalled his power to etch in browns and blacks the dreariness of its spiritual landscape. It is for this power that he will live in literature. In a few lines of the harsh poetic jazz that was his own invention, he can sketch a sordid London bedroom at dawn or a drunken woman slipping from Sweeney's knees; "Reorganized upon the floor / She yawns and pulls a stocking up"; then will come a few lines of pure melody, like "the horns of Elfland faintly blowing," and with them the whole world of what these sodden souls are missing comes flooding in.

Eliot pilloried his age with devastating effect. But if you are going to pillory someone, you must give him adequate proof of your authority. Eliot did not want to go down in men's memory as another Swift, and the second half of his life was devoted to the search for a positive evangel that he might announce from his now lofty pulpit in the waste land. It somehow never came. The chief failure of his life is that he never found anything that would lift men up as his earlier writing had flattened them. He was not a humanist; he had no great hopes of the human race if left to its natural sorry self. He espoused

royalism and classicism, but these were peripheral aids, not central gospels. What of traditional Christian faith? This, in the end, was what he settled for. It was man's last, best hope; and in the profoundly reflective *Four Quartets*, in the choruses of *The Rock*, and in *Christianity and Culture*, he pleaded its cause earnestly. "You, have you built well, have you forgotten the cornerstone? / Talking of right relations of men, but not of relations of men to God?"

I am afraid it did not come off. Perhaps some prophet will appear who can make the high Anglican version of Christianity the answer to the world's ills, but such a prophet Eliot was not. Even in urging it, he had to fall back on his old skill at scoring off "the decent godless people / Their only monument the asphalt road / And a thousand lost golf balls." There his true strength lay, not in making the faith attractive or intelligible. The kind of Christianity that would satisfy Eliot, with his delicate nostrils working at the expense of the commonplace and the vulgar, and an intellect that enjoyed exchanges with bishops over the subtleties of the creed, was not the kind that the mass of men could make much of.

Eliot was a great man, and—what does not always follow from greatness—he was a genuinely good man. With young and aspiring writers, whether of genius or not, he was extraordinarily patient and generous. He would not play to the gallery; he did not swim with the current; he never compromised his beliefs or his values. It was not the thing in his day to be an aristocrat, a classicist, and an Anglican, but that did not matter to his allegiance. And when he spoke, people listened. He might be preaching a lost cause, but there was nothing fanatical, nothing shallow, nothing glib or mechanical or fustian, about this oddly bourgeois poet. He was an American from the Middle West (can anything good come out of that? asked the British), who spoke with a weight of quiet thought and scholarship that Europeans had seldom matched. Because people did listen, they at least saw the waste around them with new eyes; and if that is not as good as escaping, it is the first condition of escape.

BRAND BLANSHARD